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April 1930

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SMALL VOICE: Of course not. This soft, modern food that you are eating doesn't give the gums enough exercise to keep them in a fit condition. The circulation of the blood through them grows sluggish and before you know it they have become soft and spongy and tender.

YOU: *I know. I heard about that somewhere.*

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YOU: *Wait a minute! Don't let's think about pyorrhea.*

SMALL VOICE: Maybe you've *got* to think about it and the sooner the better. What's the use of sticking your head in the sand? "Pink tooth brush" isn't going to kill you. It won't take long to clear it up. Not if you massage your gums with Ipana.

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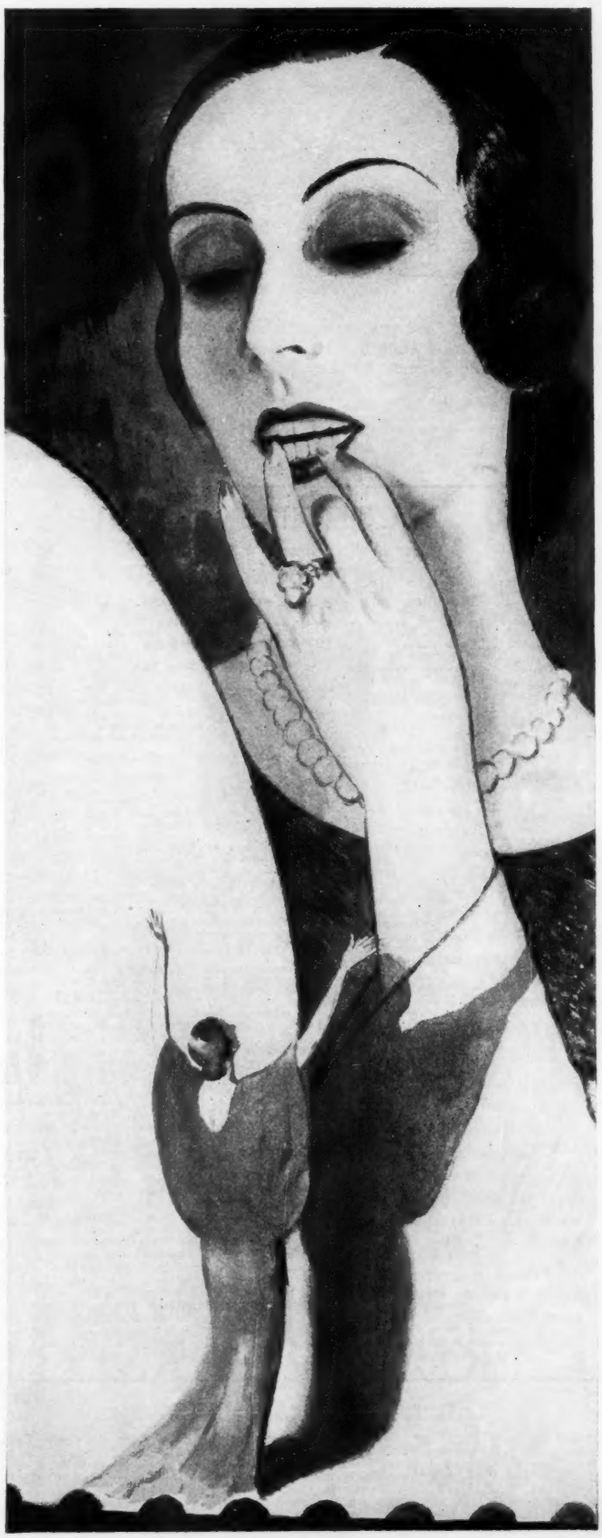

YOU: *But I don't have to use Ipana. There are plenty of other good tooth pastes.*

SMALL VOICE: That's true, there are many pleasant tooth pastes made. But Ipana not only tastes good, it does good, too. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic that has an extremely beneficial effect on the gum tissue. Why, dentists have been using ziratol for years.

YOU: *I think I'll send for a sample of Ipana and give it a trial.*

SMALL VOICE: Go ahead. They'll be glad to send it to you, but is this the time to be looking for a ten-day sample? If you are going to clear up "pink tooth brush", the thing to do is to go right down to the corner drug store and buy a full-size tube. That's the only way to get the good result that comes with the steady use of Ipana. It'll last you a month and at the end of that time you'll know what it is to have hard, rosy gums as well as shining white teeth.

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Reita Lambert

McCALL MIRRORS

APRIL heralds spring—and the return of Robert W. Chambers to McCall's Magazine. In this issue, the famous author of *Cardigan, The Fighting Chance, The Firing Line, The Restless Sex,* begins a brilliant modern novel of New York, *The Fifth Horseman,* which will run through four long installments. You will find all the fire of the old Chambers' successes in this poignant story of a bewitching waif who, through the power of her subtle charm, becomes a beloved figure of Broadway.

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

Several weeks ago a blond, slender man of about middle height dropped into the office on his way back to Birmingham, Alabama, from Brussels. This jaunt to Europe has become almost an annual affair with Octavus Roy Cohen, a kind of recess from the more arduous responsibilities of being one of America's most successful authors, for he is the distinguished creator of over two dozen novels, forty motion pictures, five plays and about five hundred short stories. During his crowded life—he is still under forty—Mr. Cohen has found time, too, on one occasion or another, to be an engineer, a reporter, an editor, a lawyer, and an amateur boxer. His story in the current issue begins a series of short stories, each complete in itself, in which Mary Rutledge, Dave Glenn and Eddie Ware are the leading characters. If you find *Confidence* fascinating, look for *They Also Serve* in the June issue.

The small Indiana town in which Margaret Weymouth Jackson lives knows her as a very gracious member of the community, as well as a writer. Mrs. Jackson says, "I have to squeeze in my writing wherever it will fit best, for you see, I really keep house for a husband and three small children."

Reita Lambert is the distinguished sister-in-law of Ethelbert Nevin who would still be beloved if he had done nothing else besides set the world to singing "Mighty Lak' A Rose." She has spent much time on the Continent—and shares a taste for the magic of spring in the Bois with the charming heroine of *A Paris Bargain.*

Gregory Mason, the intrepid explorer who led both the Mason-Spinden and Mason-Blodgett Expeditions in 1926 and 1928, literally carved his way by hand through miles of almost impenetrable jungle to uncover the secrets buried in the crumbling walls of twelve ancient Maya cities in Guatemala and Yucatan. A few of these amazing secrets he reveals dramatically in *The Great American Mystery,* the first of a series of articles, having to do with mysterious persons and places, to appear in McCall's. The next is *The Curse of Amen-Ra,* by Edgar Wallace, the most spectacular of all English authors.

Helen Topping Miller brought *Lover Come Back* to a delighted McCall audience in December. In this month's issue her contribution is *Broomtails;* and in May, *Lady Alone,* one of the most distinguished short stories Mrs. Miller has ever written, will be featured. She sends us word from her winter home in Washington, D. C.: "I love my little farm in the mountains of North Carolina where in every spare moment, in summer, I dig in my garden, prune apple trees, grow strawberries, raise collie dogs and amuse myself by making charming little cottages out of forlorn and abandoned ruins. My study was once a shanty housing the family engine and pump, and an ornate and unprofitable chicken coop is now a delightful guest house."

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, whose daily sermons reach an unseen congregation of millions, has written, especially for McCall's, a group of inspiring articles woven about the lives of beloved and saintly characters. *Susanna Wesley* is the first portrait of a colorful series.

While we have only space enough on this page to touch on the brilliant features for May, we want to add a word about Mrs. Graham McNamee, wife of the most popular announcer in America, who says in a delightful interview, "If the whole world insists upon spoiling my husband, I must spoil him too." And, very charmingly, she tells us how she does it in a special article for McCall's.

Underwood & Underwood

Helen Topping Miller

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THE SECOND STEP IS TONING

LESSON NUMBER TWO—*Last month Miss Arden told you how to cleanse your skin scientifically. (Extra copies of this lesson may be had on request.) This month Miss Arden explains the second step in her famous Treatments — TONING.*

A SALLOW skin is a sleepy skin. It indicates that a tired, or lazy circulation is making mischief for you—dull eyes, muddy color, coarse pores. My Skin Tonic and Special Astringent act as definite stimulants. The gently bracing effects of Skin Tonic make it desirable for all types of skin, while Special Astringent is indispensable for the skin which requires more vigorous treatment.

After the skin has been completely cleansed, following the directions I gave you last month, it is ready for Toning. This may be done by means of a pad of absorbent cotton shaped conveniently for patting and squeezed out in cold water. It is better, however, to use the special Patter which I have designed, so that you may secure for yourself at home the same brisk effective strokes given in my Salon Treatments by the deft fingers of my trained Assistants.

Cover the head of the patter with cotton held in place by an elastic band. Moisten this pad either with cold water or by direct contact with ice. (The toning and tightening effects are greatly increased by chilling.) Next saturate the cotton either with Skin Tonic or Astringent and you are ready for a most revivifying experience. Beginning at the base of the throat, work upward toward the back of the neck. Pat confidently, with a definite upward stroke.

Next pat away every suspicion of a jowl . . . pat at the side of the chin to discourage heaviness . . . pat the throat to keep it young and firm . . . pat over the whole surface of the face, being sure that your motion is always *up*, and that you keep away from the tender tissues around the eyes. You will feel your face commence to tingle in less than a minute and if you will continue faithfully for five to ten minutes, you will develop a fine fresh glow. Do this at least once every day . . . twice if you can manage the time, and you will soon have your napping circulation thoroughly waked up.

At night when you have awakened your face into a state of vivid responsiveness, pat in a little Muscle Oil. This rich penetrating preparation will assist in the toning process, and do quite marvelous things for your droopy spots . . . around the mouth . . . under the chin . . . under the eyes. If you have any open pores apply a little Pore Cream which may be mixed with Muscle Oil with excellent effect. Toning your skin this way is just as important as exercising your body, and should be made part of your daily routine.

THE PREPARATIONS REQUIRED IN THIS LESSON ARE:

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For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin and restores the contours. . $2.25, $4.

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Round and flat, with unique flexibility of handle which gives accurate patting strokes without effort . . $5.

WHOLLY ALIVE

Very few people slip out of life all at once . . . most of us died a little yesterday — some dear dream, some hope, a bit of our courage, some fine firmness in us that we thought never could sag; and tomorrow, unless we are superbly strong and clear, we shall probably die a little more.

When we are young, hurrying along in our eager "teens," we think we are gloriously alive—but surely he is most alive who is using every part of himself—so, we are not wholly alive until we are beyond our first youth, until back of our desires and our dreams there lies knowledge, until many a purple evening, many a gray dawn have traced a pattern in our hearts.

To understand instead of to condemn, to realize that losses are only a difficult kind of gain, to look into yourself and know that no part of you has begun to sag—neither your dreams, nor your desires, nor your high intent—to love, to laugh, to play, to still be able to weep . . . that is to be wholly alive.

I have seen pale opal women who never have lived, I have seen scarred women, who have lived too hungrily I have seen great women, who like the eagle, have gazed into the sun.

Life can go by like a parade, or it can come in and sup with you.

Which is it to be . . . for you?

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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From an etching by WALTER TITTLE

The author of a Pulitzer Prize novel —as cordial as her South, as real, as abundant as its soil

In Miniature — Mrs. Julia Peterkin

October's Child

By Selma Robinson

ABOUT six years ago, a woman in her middle forties cast about for a new hobby. She had tried gardening, and raising pigeons and turkeys, embroidering linens and planting unusual fruits and vegetables to see how they would grow in her plantation home. But one after another these occupations lost their glamor and she was left with the terrifying possibility that old age might find her with empty hands and empty thoughts. Music seemed to her a solace and a joy, and though the nearest music teacher was forty miles away over bad roads, she decided on music.

She played with a great earnestness, but not particularly well. That much was apparent to her teacher, and soon to her as well. About that time, the foreman on her husband's vast plantation was stricken with a horrible disease so that his long legs had to be cut off at the hips, leaving him a poor, shortened, withered creature instead of the huge negro he had been. His pride and spirit were with him to the end; before he died he said to her:

"Bury me in a man-size box—you unerstan'? A man-size box—I been six foot fo'—six foot fo'—"

She came to her music lesson that day full of the poignancy of the tragedy and told her teacher the story in her straightforward, colorful way. When she had done he said: "You ought to write that. You tell stories better than you play."

THE idea startled her at first, and then tempted her. Truly, there was no harm in trying. But her husband and her grown son must never know; she was half ashamed of herself. What happened is past history: She crammed all she knew of the negroes into that one book—ecstasy, hatred, frenzy, lust, and the quieter emotions, everything—for it never occurred to her that she would ever do another—that was *Green Thursday*.

With *Black April* a new writer made her emergence into American literature; and Julia Peterkin took her place among the handful of great native novelists. Critics, blasé and severe, went into rhapsodies of praise. Everybody except the author herself considered it a monumental work; she merely shook her head and murmured that she hoped she would be forgiven. Then came the rich, vital story of *Scarlet Sister Mary*, which last year was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. Mrs. Peterkin, now a little more hopeful, still shakes her head.

"There can never be a written word as fine as life itself," she says.

As a child, Julia Mood never believed she would be a writer. Spelling tortures her to this day. Semicolons looked like nothing more than the twisty pneumonia germs that her father, Dr. Julius Mood, showed her under his microscope. Stars were infinitely more interesting than periods; and comets than commas. The letters she wrote were as terse as telegrams. She never could use words. Her marks in English were shameful.

Her childhood was a happy one, despite the fact that her mother died giving birth to her. She was born on Halloween, 1880, with a caul on her head, which her negro nurse insisted would bring her good luck and the power to understand secret things. Four figures wove themselves through her early life: Her nurse, who said to her, "You' skin may be white, but you' heart sho' is black"; her father, who told her wonderful stories and made her feel brave; her grandfather, who taught her ambition; and her grandmother, wise in the ways of life.

Julia was a red-headed, freckle-faced girl whose beloved older sister always seemed to be two jumps ahead of her in everything. She begged her father to use his medical skill and remove some of her freckles; he answered, not very helpfully, that he loved every one of them. His mother, however, told the child: "Darling, if a girl is not beautiful at sixteen, she cannot help it. But if she fails to be beautiful at forty, that is her own fault."

She died years ago, too soon to see her granddaughter besieged by portrait painters and photographers. But perhaps it is because of her that Julia Peterkin is naïvely delighted when anyone calls her beautiful.

And many persons do. She is alive. She has a quality which cannot be neatly catalogued under vitality, or energy, or alertness. She is sensitive, superstitious, endowed with what the Gullah negroes call second sight. There is about her a feeling that she gets sustenance from the soil as trees and flowers do, that the elements whisper mysteries to her as to animals and birds. For Julia Peterkin is earthly, and as warm, as real, as abundant as the earth. Her hair is the color of rich red soil. Her mouth is wide, her eyes intense, her hands quiet. She is tall, girlishly slender, handsome. She wears leaf green and coppery orange, and a band of amber around her slender throat like a sudden flash of sunshine. Her smile is expectant, the look in her eyes eager. It is as if she would burst into loud flames with her first words, like an explosion. But then she speaks in a gentle, subdued, Southern voice . . . .

Her enthusiasm for life is unquenchable, youthful. A new scarf, a midnight visit to a restaurant, the hum of voices, indistinct and blurred, fill her with an excitement that is contagious to those about her. Living suddenly takes on a fresh glamor as she explains it.

THERE are so many surprises in life," she told me one day when I called on her in New York. "Here is a one-armed painter from Mexico who is doing my portrait; here are you, a girl in a red dress, who has just lost her purse in a taxicab; here am I from the South where there are ancient trees, and I am seated on the twentieth floor of a Manhattan skyscraper hotel. Life is always dramatic."

She has made strong men weep and almost every man she meets falls in love with her. On her most recent visit to New York, a young man telephoned her and said he must see her. "Why?" she asked.

"Because I hear you're so beautiful, so marvelous."

Mrs. Peterkin drawled softly: "Son, do you know how old I am?"

He guessed thirty or thirty-five from her pictures.

"Well, son, you're dead wrong. I'm pushin' the deuce out of fifty."

Lang Syne Plantation in South Carolina, where Julia Peterkin lives with her husband, a successful planter, and their twenty-five [*Turn to page 121*]

A car for her too!

Today, more than ever before, "A Car for Her, Too" suggests the Chevrolet Six. For in this smoother, faster, better car—Chevrolet has provided literally scores of features which add to the comfort, safety and enjoyment of the woman driver.

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Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is $3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

The Last Word on the Woman Question?

By Mary Margaret McBride

HAVE we finally heard the last word on the woman question?

Four prominent men, representing industries that employ thousands of women, and four women at the top of their several professions have just sat in solemn judgment upon the mooted issue and handed down a decision.

Will it be accepted as the Voice of Authority and made the working plan for women everywhere? Or—but let us to the facts!

"Women can get anything they want whenever they begin to want it hard enough," the eight affirmed.

"Sex barriers as such are down."

"The only reason women now find difficulty in getting what they want is lack of experience and lack of serious application. These will yield to a passionate and determined desire to overcome them."

Even more to the point, the men employers declared they would as soon hire women as men for executive positions *when* and *if* the training and experience of women should equal the training and experience of men.

All of which, on the surface at least, was encouraging if not startling to the 5,000 members of the American Woman's Association who instigated the conclave. These 5,000, who hold important positions in a hundred and fifty leading industries and professions, staged the gathering in frank rebellion against the persistent and contradictory squabbling about woman's place.

"Come on, tell us the worst," they said to the eight men and women. "Let's once get it all out of our systems, then stop talking about women and set to work."

Selected to press the point to a conclusion were Matthew Sloan, president of the New York Edison Company; Samuel W. Reyburn, president of Lord and Taylor; Howell Cheney, head of Industrial Relations, Cheney Silks; Ernest Boyd, editor and author; Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner of the State of New York; Ida A. R. Wylie, author; Dr. Beatrice Hinkle, psychologist; and Dr. Mary Crawford, medical director of the Federal Reserve Bank.

Said one of the audience, after it was over: "We've heard again all the *ifs* and *buts* usually found in a presentation of the woman question. But I never before heard competent opinion massed and clarified in just this way. There was no aimless talk and much specific instruction."

Indictments came first.

THE chief reason women have not pulled down the highest jobs is that they do not analyze the required general qualifications as carefully as men do, Mr. Sloan pointed out.

"Neither do they, when in a job, try as hard to learn all the things that contribute to steady advancement," he continued. "To become head of a department requires long years of experience. "*If* in future generations, woman can build up, as man has done, a physique and a point of view capable of meeting any situation, then the big jobs will be equally divided between the men and women who really go after them."

Only one "if" there!

"There is no difficulty about the quality of the feminine mind," Mr. Reyburn maintained. "Woman's mind can be developed along industrial lines as readily as man's *if* taken in time. *But* such development must begin in childhood.

"As things are now, little brother early starts training for work and competition in the business world, *but* little sister's training is along the line of loving and conserving the small group.

"After a woman attains to an executive position in our organization, she makes two mistakes oftener than men: One is that she is more often cast down by criticism than a man employee of the same grade. She takes it all as a personal matter and forgets to look at it as a problem.

"Her other mistake is taking a too-loving and conserving attitude toward the members of her little group. That means she protects the weakling and never builds up a strong organization, because strong individuals, who do not need this protection, do not want to stay with her and be mothered."

One "if" and two "buts"!

Statistics formed part of the damaging evidence. Mr. Reyburn pointed out that according to the most recent census, the percentage of women of marriageable age, gainfully employed, drops; while that of men of the same age rises. Thus, at eighteen, while forty-eight per cent of women are gainfully employed and seventy-eight per cent of men, between the ages of twenty and twenty-four, the percentage of women falls to thirty-eight, and that of men rises to ninety-one. And between twenty-five and forty-four the feminine percentage drops down to twenty-two, while the masculine rises to ninety-two.

"Twenty to forty-four are the years when women marry," Mr. Reyburn comments. "Therefore, I think I am justified in holding that the biggest obstacle to women in business is the conflict between marriage and a job.

"With a man, there is not the least conflict in these two contracts. They run along together and his plans for marriage make him a better and more loyal job-holder, even causing him to try particularly for permanency in employment. With women, exactly the opposite is true, though it need not be, of course, *if* she wants her job enough to give up a home for it."

Another "if"!

Mr. Cheney also offered significant statistics: For every man who gives up a job in industry as we now know it, two women give up their jobs. For every day of absence that a man loses, a woman loses one and two-thirds days. For every year of service that a man in industry gives, a woman gives only two-thirds of a year.

"While these figures concern those in the rank and file of industry and not the executives, they have a direct bearing upon the question of women executives, for executives of any sex come up from the ranks," Mr. Cheney pointed out.

"Woman's handicap is not because she has not equal mental ability and judgment with men, but because she has not yet got the grasp of detail and routine upon which a sense of perspective and judgment is built."

But how is woman to develop perspective, experience, and judgment?

First, say these wise and learned judges, by wanting her career above everything, by forsaking all else to follow it! By digging at it as a man would dig. Then: "Women's colleges can do a good deal," Mr. Cheney suggested. "At least, they can study women. They can take the professions and occupations and analyze them into fundamentals, then build their courses around the services into which women are going.

"Those already at the top in industry can also do something quite definite toward the advancement of women in executive positions. That is, they can take their own jobs, analyze them according to the demands they make, and create an entering point for a better instruction of woman. Then, when she has received in the new type of college the science and art she needs for industry, forces will be ready to induct her into business."

"It is time women began to think as individuals, not as women," Miss Wylie offered.

"It is time that they become individuals and go forward and succeed as individuals and, if they succeed, not to boast as women, and if they fail, not to whine as women. Women have allowed their individuality to be impinged upon by uncles, aunts, cousins. Any woman who refuses to hang on anyone or to allow anyone to hang on her, is doing more for the future woman genius than anybody else possibly can."

These "ifs" don't count. They cancel each other.

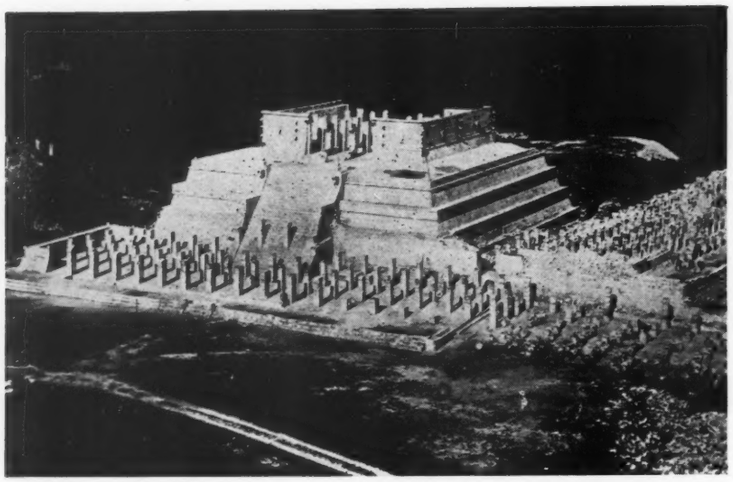
Dr. Hinkle, accustomed to delve in the feminine subconscious, suggests that women help themselves by ceasing to pattern themselves upon men. Instead of keeping her eyes glued on man and his achievements, woman must be herself.

SAYS Dr. Crawford: "It is better for a young woman, who has no such urge, to spend her time learning how to run a home. Otherwise, she will likely turn out two mediocrities. Whatever obligation a woman has first is the one that should receive first consideration. If she had a husband first, she must carefully consider whether, after giving him all that he has a right to expect from marriage, she has time and energy enough to do justice to a job. If she first had a job and intends to keep it after marriage, can she do so and still turn out as good work as before?

"Her child has a right to expect health, education, and companionship. Can she give him these and keep a job? The whole problem of a job and marriage resolves itself to a question of how much any individual woman can do efficiently."

The last word was had by Mr. Boyd and it was a surprise. Said he: "The present discussion is characteristic of all discussions of feminism. Feminism argues that whatever difficulties woman has had to contend with are due to men. Apparently, unless everything is made simple and easy, nothing is to be expected of women. Yet it has been contended that when a Shakespeare exists, he comes to the fullest expression regardless of circumstances!"

Which, taken with the *ifs* and *buts*, made us wonder whether there ever will be a "last word" on the woman question!



Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh caught a view of this ancient temple on their epic flight over Central America

THE GREAT AMERICAN MYSTERY

Did Columbus discover America or did America discover Columbus? Here is an enchanting picture of what that great explorer would have found had he sailed another course

By Gregory Mason

New York's set-back skyscrapers are built after the Maya plan

THIS is a mystery story; but it is not one conceived in the fertile brain of a Gaboriau or Van Dine or Poe. It is also a tale of high human achievement; but it is not one imagined by a Scott or Dickens or Conrad. However, if you like such tales as those, you should like this one. For this is a true story; and the hero is not a single individual but an entire nation.

The achievement of which I write is that of one of the noblest peoples which has flourished on the face of this earth since the obscure origin of man. This people was the Maya nation, of ancient Central America. The mystery covers largely their entire history; but it enshrouds particularly the abrupt manner in which the Mayas suddenly burst on the foreline of history with a highly developed civilization functioning smoothly; and the almost equally abrupt manner of their decline just before the first Spanish caravels poured conquering men-at-arms into doomed America.

The Mayas—and the first syllable of this name is pronounced to rime with *buy*, not with *hay*—the Mayas dominated the territory which is today made up of northern Honduras, Guatemala, the British Honduras, and those parts of Mexico which we call Vera Cruz, Chiapas, Tabasco, Campeche, Yucatan, and Quintana Roo. It was over the last two States and part of Guatemala that Lindbergh flew on his recent spectacular exploration of the thick "bush" for cities of limestone—dull gray as the explorer finds them; but once snow white by day and silvery by night.

The Maya maize god

The Mayas, the Mayas! Expect no neutrality in words of them from one who has had the privilege of recovering their crumbling temples and palaces from the detritus of centuries of decaying jungle. Nor from one who has seen the towers of Tikal and Tulum; Tikal's "set-back" turrets, which are the progenitors of our New York skyscrapers, swimming in mist at dawn above the dim green of the "big bush"; Tulum's crenelated profile, majestic and serene, rising above the heaving limpid green of the Caribbean Sea.

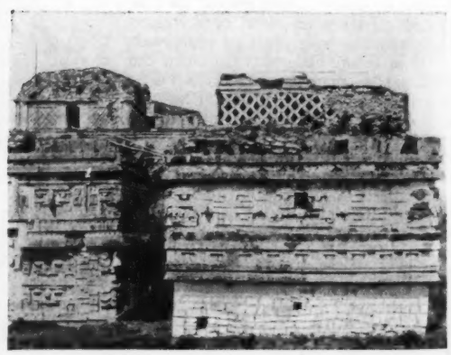
Warriors who fought for home and country unnumbered centuries ago wore quilted cotton armor; at right, the sacred chapel of a nunnery

As fine as Greek art

The first of the Maya dates carved in stone archaeologists have yet found is believed to correspond to 98 B.C. But the almost incredibly accurate Maya calendar, which took its origin from certain celestial events in 613 B.C., must have required centuries of study to formulate. This calendar, by the way, is far more accurate than that which served all Europe in 1492 and which served Greece and Russia until about 1922. Not bad for "barbarians," as the brave but stupid adventurers under Cortes called the Great Americans!

The Maya mathematicians independently invented zero several centuries before the Arabs. They counted by twenties instead of by tens as we do; and every twenty years they put up inscribed monuments. These might throw an important light on the early history of human civilization if we could only read them. But possible clues to the riddle of the Maya writing were destroyed when the Spanish Bishop, Diego de Landa, had a whole library of Maya books of wood fiber burned because the Spanish ecclesiastic considered them "writings of the devil."

These same illustrious mathematicians and astronomers of Ancient America dated everything from 4 Ahau 8 Cumhu (3113 B.C.), which, however, was not *necessarily* contemporaneous with anything in their memorized history. Yet imitations of log-cribbing and lattice work which their architects have [*Turn to page 72*]



The bright-clean City of Sunbrite

"THE pot can't call the kettle black at our house! I'm so proud of my Sunbrite-cleaned kitchenware. No scouring orgies, either. Pans are sprinkled with Sunbrite before dishwashing begins. Then just a rub makes them sweet and shining!"... Sweetens and *purifies* as it cleans—that's the secret of "double-action" Sunbrite's power. The reason why it makes all cleaning easier .. and saves your hands. Saves money too. Order a supply of Sunbrite today.

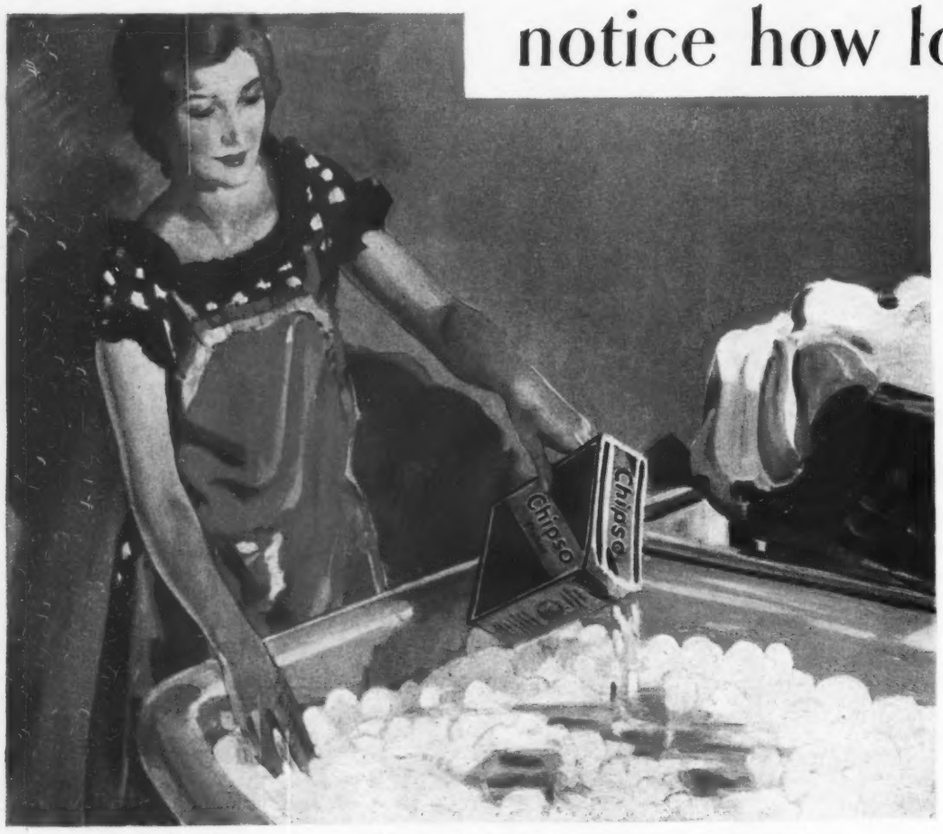
Swift & Company

Give your fine household linens this simple care. Wash them in Quick Arrow White Soap Chips' light, snowy lather. Leaves them spotless!

Extra-rich suds –

notice how long they last

in tub or washing machine



Rich, lasting suds—that's why these thin flakes loosen all the dirt so quickly.

Almost all the women who write to me about Chipso, mention Chipso's wonderful suds.

"I find Chipso a wonderful time saver because it makes such quantities of beautiful suds at the touch of hot water, and the suds stand up for such a long time." Mrs. J. U., Calgary, Canada.

"With other soaps I find I must keep adding soap to keep my suds. But Chipso! What there is about these thin flakes that makes the suds last, I do not know, but *Chipso suds stay*." Mrs. L. C., Massachusetts.

When you run hot water on Chipso's thin white flakes, they fluff up into a velvety rich, thick foam. Then—when you put in your clothes—comes the real test! These suds "stay up."

There are other soaps, of course, that give nice-looking suds, but *often these suds don't last long enough* to do real work. They have no "body." They fall down almost as soon as they meet dirt, and practically stop working.

But Chipso is extra-rich soap—the suds *last*. Chipso suds are so rich they soak dirt out of clothes. In the tub they save hard rubbing. In the machine they save time and power. And what a marvelous, spotless wash!

Chipso is economical too—I've had letters from women who tell me that they get 8 washes out of the 25¢ Chipso box. Even if your washes are larger you'll do 4 or 5. Chipso goes far because it is a *rich* soap.

And a new *Chipso Granules* that washes dishes a new speedy 1, 2, 3 way

If you're like me, and would like to save as much time from your dishwashing as possible, you'll be delighted with the new form of Chipso that's been made especially for dishes.

I've never washed dishes so quickly!

This new form of Chipso is Chipso Granules, a *ready-prepared soap for dishes*. It looks almost like a powder, but isn't a powder. Chipso Granules are rich, lasting *Chipso suds in steam-dried form*, and they wash dishes like magic.

1 You merely add water and there are your suds! Special, rich, lasting suds!
2 Then let your dishes soak for a moment—grease and stickiness vanish. A swish with a mop and your dishes are clean!
3 A hot rinse and no wiping! Your dishes will dry themselves with an extra sparkle.

I found that I could save about 10 minutes each time with Chipso Granules. It was nice to discover too that I used very little soap because the rich suds were so lasting. (A box of Chipso Granules, the same size as the Chipso flakes box, does a whole month of dish-washing for 25¢. And I think that is thrifty, don't you?)

Ruth Turner

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Important! Chipso–Now in 2 Forms–*Flakes* and *Granules*

"So you are the town terror," he said. "You seem to get into lots of trouble, don't you?"

The Fifth Horseman

With the tantalizing lure of the lovely ladies who swayed the destinies of kingdoms, a modern dream princess steps out of drab obscurity to fame on the Great White Way

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by HUBERT MATHIEU

WAR, Hunger, Murder, and Pestilence—the four sinister horsemen of the Apocalypse—are merely outriders heralding the advent of a Fifth Horseman, more terrible than they. For the Fifth Horseman is their Master.

Clad in cap and bells, he advances leisurely across the world, mounted upon an ass.

The Fifth Horseman's name is Ignorance.

NOW, follows the history of the Fifth Horseman, the fallible creature he rides, and Josephine Moreland. Josephine had been born late in the lives of her parents. Her father was nearly sixty, her mother fifteen years younger.

By the rules of inheritance she should have been born a solemn child and wizened; she was born a perfect and vital thing. She had a dull home, heavy food, ugly clothing; yet her spirit remained uncrushed.

The law, in course of time, ordered the child to go to school. The local truant officer, Peter McQueen, saw that she went.

School, Sunday school and housework restrained her dynamic activities intermittently. Intermittently her mother whaled her. But Joshua Moreland never laid hand upon the daughter of his old age—seldom even spoke to her. Never had he recovered from his astonishment and alarm at her arrival. And when he spoke to her at all it was with circumspection; and when he observed her it was out of furtive eyes.

Joshua Moreland did not look to be sixty when he was seventy; but a cavalry horse had kicked a dent in his back during the Civil War and he drew a pension.

He was a small man, with small, sly eyes, scant hair and mustache, and shoulders which yearly became more humped by labor and weakness.

Cora Moreland ruled her husband, his house, barn, farm, stock and hired man. Whenever Truant Officer Peter McQueen appeared with the erring Josephine's small hand clasped tightly in his, Moreland always scuttled to cover. At such times, Cora would come waddling to the front door, wiping her hands on a soiled apron, all ingratiating smiles to Peter McQueen.

"Now ain't it jest terrible, Mr. McQueen," she'd exclaim. "That naughty child playin' hookey again an' makin' you chase her all over Brook Hollow!"

"I dunno what gits into Josie," McQueen would reply. "Seems like I ben a-chasin' her sence the day I fust clapt eyes on her! Ain't you a mite sorry for what you done, Josie?"

The child, her hand in his, brown-eyed, twisting her bare legs in restless suspense, spoke in a low voice: "You mean, for what I did, don't you?"

"Hey?" demanded McQueen angrily.

And Mrs. Moreland, unctuous, nasal, reassuring: "Well, I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, Mr. McQueen. Josie, she's jest as naughty as can be, but she's only a little ignorant, silly thing, Mr. McQueen, an' she don't know no better."

"Any better," murmured the child under her breath.

Mrs. Moreland's gross features purpled. And when the truant officer had disappeared: "Come here to me, you little brat!" she resumed in an altered voice; and jerked the child into the house.

But there Josephine somehow slipped from her grasp and ran. But no matter where the child hid, sooner or later Cora would unearth her and start her into flight again. Upstairs, through the attic, downstairs, through sitting room and kitchen, out by the woodshed, out to the barn, back across the yard—until pudgy red hands closed upon a shrinking prey.

Josephine never cried out or wept at such moments, but sometimes Cora screamed in her fury. But always she was careful to avoid leaving visible bruises on the flushed face and pale little limbs of her daughter. Josephine never wept; never seemed to harbor malice. Even in pain her spirits revived immediately, even when her body was almost crippled.

And neighbors passing often heard the child singing to herself as she lay in the grass, playing with her thin, black cat, or turning the tattered pages of some favorite book.

On one occasion in May, her two little friends in naughtiness passed by the picket fence, inside of which she lay upon her stomach, caressing her black cat.

She glanced up at her fellow criminals—one a wet-haired boy of seven and the other a blonde girl with suspiciously damp locks.

"Hello!" said Josephine cheerfully. "That was a great swim we had, wasn't it?"

"You get licked?" inquired the boy in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, it hurt terrible— Did you get licked, Max?"

"I ain't been home."

"He dasn't, and I don't want to, neither," added the girl with the wet blonde locks. "We been walkin' around the block to make up our minds."

"You'd better get it over, Floris," Josephine remarked to the Eden girl, "and then you're all right till next time. It's hard," she added, "not to run away from trouble. I still run, a little. But I'm learning not to. It's best to have it over with; nobody can get away from what they done — what — they've done," she finished carefully.

BOTH little truants were worried; and now they moved homeward with tragic reluctance.

There was a scent of lilacs in the still evening air and a lilac-tinted haze over the village; and a loud, joyous noise of robins.

Josephine savored the approaching twilight with delicate nose and wide-open eyes. Even her cat, Trouble, seemed tired of his human playfellow; was becoming absent-minded and aloof, sitting on the new grass as though intent on something that the child could neither hear nor see. Josephine arose. Trouble had melted away among other shadows. Somewhere in the village Bert Flashner's beagle was barking. The distant mill was brightly lighted. They were working at night—she could hear the far hum and the clatter of machinery.

The child was too sore to sally forth and reconnoiter the few vague passing shapes of children glimpsed beyond the dooryard pickets. Also, she had eaten no supper—part of the penalty of truancy.

Behind drawn curtains at the lighted window she saw the fat shadow of her mother, magnified, rocking, reading and steadily eating.

From the woodshed came furtive shuffling and scraping sounds, where her father was puttering around by lantern light.

Josephine went around by the kitchen door, took from the pantry a pie, pickles, cake and a pint cupful of milk, and carefully concealing her plunder retired to the barn without a sound.

She was pretty well satisfied when old man Moreland came sidling along to lock the barn.

"It's me, Daddy. I mean it is I," said the child cheerfully.

Her father regarded her sideways, cunningly.

"I've been punished," she remarked. "It hurt terrible—ly. I shall have to sleep on my stomick—mach, I mean. Want the rest of this pie? I can't."

Moreland shook his head.

"You want to lock up, I guess," said the child.

She came slowly out of the barn, gave him a friendly look and stood aside.

"I'll keep the pie. Maybe I'll wake up and eat it. I guess I was naughty, but I had such a good swim. The water is awful—fully—cold. Max speared two suckers but he was afraid to take them home, so we buried them like a real funeral and everything."

"You go to bed," he said, shuffling to the barn door.

"All right; goodnight," she said cheerfully.

She never remembered being kissed by him. Nor by her mother, either, except when company was present. So she gave such matters no thought as she went up the back stairs, yawning slightly, feeling stiff and very sore, but not resenting anything.

At seven Josephine was "contrary"; at ten she was known as a "case" in Brook Hollow. She had learned the facts of life all wrong—absorbed fragmentary, twisted, unlovely, untruthful versions. And the ugly, vulgar and falsified version of natural and interesting facts disgusted her.

Yet, at twelve, she was at times profane and occasionally vigorously crude and primitive.

One day old Stanhope, the village recluse, found Josephine and her companions in his strawberry patch after dark. There was a general scattering, but he managed to collar Josephine.

"So you are the town terror," he said. "You seem to get into lots of trouble, don't you?"

He was spoken of in the village as George Stanhope, and was shrugged at as "queer."

"I—had friends," she said. "I haven't any now"

He had the bearing and manner of a gentleman, a gray, straight man who had emerged from the Civil War a Major of cavalry. He was the leading dentist in the village; he read, collected birds and lived by himself on the Willow Bridge Road. Seclusion and kindly aloofness were sufficient in Brook Hollow to stamp him as queer.

"You're the little Moreland girl," he said, taking the child by the hand and leading her along with him to his cottage.

"Yes, sir."

They regarded each other in silence. Josephine, vaguely smiling, undaunted, awaited punishment.

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a chair. And seated himself.

The little girl's restless gaze appraising the chances for sudden escape encountered a glass case filled with stuffed birds.

"I suppose you know you have done wrong to steal my strawberries," said Stanhope mildly.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you really know why you did it?"

"I—I suppose I wanted them."

"Haven't you enough to eat at home? You have strawberries, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then oughtn't you to be punished?"

The child heaved a slight sigh: "Yes, sir—I guess so."

"But I'm not going to do it," added Stanhope.

She said, surprised: "Why not?"

"Well, I don't believe you know what the difference is between right and wrong. Do you?"

"Yes, I know I done—I did wrong to steal your berries."

"What things are wrong?" he asked pleasantly.

The girl looked at the birds; turned her brown eyes on him. "The things I mustn't do?" she repeated. "Well—the ten commandments—"

"One is enough. We need only one commandment."

'Which one is that?" she asked curiously, " 'Thou shall not steal,' I suppose."

"No. It isn't written as a 'Thou shalt not' commandment. What is your name, my child?"

"Josephine."

"Well, Josephine, the general idea of it is this—to live one's life without making any trouble for others. That about includes all ten commandments. That's simple to remember, isn't it?"

THE child was reflecting. After a while she nodded doubtfully and looked again at the stuffed birds.

"Do you want to see them closer?" he inquired. He lifted the glass lamp and they went over to the case.

Some of the birds she recognized, as she did a few of the gorgeously colored butterflies pinned to the background.

Other species of the birds, like the rose-breasted grosbeak, the great fly-catcher, the veery, he named for her.

She became quite talkative, relating childish experience with bird and bird nest; grew dramatic in describing the discovery of an owl in her father's woodlot; mentioned the golden-brown butterflies with silver "money" under their wings.

"Suppose we have some milk and a slice of cake?"

Josephine was enchanted.

Stanhope came in presently carrying a tray, and when he had placed it upon the chenille table-scarf, Josephine blushed violently, for there were two saucers of strawberries there beside the milk and cake.

He poured out two cups of milk, but the child made no motion to eat.

"Aren't you hungry?" he asked.

"The strawberries would—choke me—I don't want to eat your berries—"

"I want you to."

She lifted her brown eyes to him. Her cheeks still bore strawberry stains.

"I'm sorry," she said frankly, "for stealing from you."

"I know you are. It's forgiven. Now, let's eat."

He took both her small, soiled hands, drew her to him and kissed her lightly. "I don't think you are as much of a 'case' as people say."

His caress surprised her and perhaps for the first time in her life, she experienced the childish emotion that she never had known at home.

She rested one of her hands against his coat; played absently with the lapel, standing with head bent and her mouth a troubled, sensitive curve.

"You seem to get into lots of trouble, don't you?" he said, looking at her curiously.

"Yes, I do," the little girl answered.

"The thing to do," he said, "is to go on having a good time, but not at anybody's expense . . . . Not even at your own, Josephine."

She looked up: "My own?"

"Yes. Respect yourself."

He saw in her brown eyes that she didn't understand, so he decided to postpone the lecture. "All right," he said. "When you need strawberries come and pay me a call. And now run home."

She gave him both hands. Her troubled lips were silent, but in her child's eyes there was something nobody had yet discovered there.

So she went out into the June night and ran all the way home.

Her companions were fearfully awaiting her on the corner of her street.

"D'he lick you good?" they demanded, breathless.

She approached Bert Flashner and gripped him fiercely by the sleeve, jerking it for emphasis.

"You let Mr. Stanhope alone. It's a low-down, mean trick to steal his berries when he's all alone and gets his own meals and don't trouble nobody —anybody."

"Aw," retorted the boy, "he's a nut. I'll do 's' I like—"

"You won't," she interrupted savagely, jerking him about. "You bother Mr. Stanhope and I'll lick the—I'll lam the stuffin' out of you, Bert Flashner!"

"Milk-sop sissy," he jeered; and instantly they clenched, locked in furious combat.

WHEN the child entered her house by the back door her flimsy clothes were in rags and her nose was still bleeding.

Cautiously, from the banister on the landing, she peered down into the sitting room. Her mother was there, a great mass in a rocking chair. Twice she took a swallow out of a flat bottle of dark glass and wiped her lips with the back of a mottled hand.

The child recognized it as the "pain medicine" bottle, and that her mother had one of her "spells." When her mother took "pain medicine" she became very queer and drowsy; and her speech seemed incoherent and not at all plain to the child.

Her mother had warned her never to say anything to anybody about her spells or the medicine and Josephine never did. But gradually, as she grew older, the girl began, vaguely, to suspect both medicine and spells—and Josephine finally understood.

Even so, she believed that her mother really was in pain at intervals; that the use of the pain medicine became justifiable; and she understood that secrecy was advisable.

At thirteen Josephine was too old to be spanked; then correction was administered with her mother's flat fist, or with a stick, or with any chance small article at hand.

After a while Josephine had a red scar on her thigh, one below the left knee, another at the base of the right thumb. All turned white, ultimately, as snowy as her skin and teeth.

The child was growing into a lank girl of middle height. Her hair was thick, glossy, and a golden brown; her eyes, a trifle oblique, were much darker. With vivid lips, bright color on her cheek bones, and thinness characteristic of growth too rapid, Josephine looked for a while as though she might become consumptive. At sixteen, however, her slender figure filled and became delicately rounded.

To Brook Hollow the war meant nothing. Even when the draft took a few young men and sugar was rationed, there seemed little reality about the war to the inhabitants.

Josephine slouched through high school, ignorantly taught, careless of her dress and person, careless of what she learned, caring nothing for her studies and brightly indifferent—excepting only an instinctive preference to a good voice, good grammar and a better choice of words.

She had recoiled from childish love though there was the normal amount of flirtation among her companions. It bored her or made her uneasy.

Besides, Josephine had other matters to occupy her. For a year or two she had been vaguely conscious of a slightly changing attitude toward her. At first there seemed to be nothing definite—perhaps a smile she did not understand, silences that troubled her like innuendoes, glances which resembled hints.

Gradually the child began to be uncomfortably aware that her mother's name was involved in these troubling

"Daddy! Daddy! They won't let me alone!" he heard her cry

perplexities. One day, having driven over to buy a calf at Green River, three miles north, Mrs. Moreland was taken ill and her husband was telephoned for. But he was somewhere out in the back lot, so Josephine harnessed the remaining vehicle, a box wagon, and drove over.

Her mother had been taking the "pain medicine" and was now maudlin—her first lapse in public.

JOSEPHINE brought her home by back roads after dark, apparently escaping observations. But in villages there seems to be a sort of wireless malevolence which in some occult manner carries gossip to every inhabitant.

Then, too, that summer, while shopping at High Falls, the county seat, Mrs. Moreland was conducted to a rear room by the department store detective; and there the folds of her cape were relieved of a bolt of lace and yards of silk. She was a customer. She was known. They let her go and made no charge.

But malevolent waves broadcast the affair. Thereafter shopkeepers kept an eye on her in their shops.

It was inevitable, too, that Josephine should learn of it.

At seventeen Josephine finished high school. Neither of her parents attended graduating exercises. She wore a limp white dress, clean but not very fresh. Her brown eyes roamed out over the audience. On her face was that pleasant dauntless directness which was now moulding definitely the expression of her features in repose. There was the sweetness of youth in it, as though a faint smile was not far away. She had tucked a rose into her hair, and it was as limp as her dress.

There was a dance at the opera house that evening. She was the best dancer in Brook Hollow and she had all the dances she wanted. Otherwise, not a great deal of consideration was shown her except by boys whose manners were rough and noisy.

The minister spoke to her with mechanical suavity; one or two of the trustees were formally civil. For the rest, except for nods and a patronizing word or two, Brook Hollow ignored the child of the house of Moreland. And she was aware of their attitude.

Like all villages, Brook Hollow looked upon itself as a good community because it "did its duty." But there was nobody in Brook Hollow to tell the inhabitants that the only thing in the world that counts is kindness—and that kindness is really the only thing that Christ preached.

As far as the Morelands were concerned, that family was now practically taboo in Brook Hollow. It was more than suspect; it was understood to be beyond the pale of respectability.

Brook Hollow whispered about Cora Moreland, about her habits, about her terrible and merciless tongue, her language to old Joshua and to her daughter when angered—all these were discussed in shocked whispers.

So, except for the wayward element in the younger generation, Josephine gradually lost companions. This was hard, for the child was sociably inclined; she wanted companionship, pleasure, activity, amusement, with those of her own age. Secretly, too, she wished passionately for respectability—longed almost savagely for the safe, comfortable, ordinary consideration of neighbors in a community now practically closed to her.

However, there was nothing to do about it. Somehow or other things in her life had gone wrong. This was punishment; she knew what punishment was. And as always she faced it undaunted.

ALMOST companionless, she thought she would like to work in the mill merely for the sake of being in the vicinity of other young folk. Her mother, always avaricious, hesitated, balancing her daughter's value as cook and houseworker, against the mill wages. Then she let Josephine try it that summer and part of the winter.

There were some rough young men and women in the mill and the child had that sort of companionship. But her companions seemed chiefly interested in sentimental combinations, were careless, ruthless and had irregular affairs. For the sake of companionship, she tried to accommodate herself to the atmosphere, made a desperate attempt to remain with it, if not of it—being very lonely and very young.

"Aw," importuned Bert Flashner one day, "what kind of a girl are you, anyway? Don't you want a fella?"

"Well, where does it get you?"

"Say, have a heart, kid! If a fella treats you right, why don't you go with him?"

"I do if he doesn't try to get fresh."

"Well, what's a kiss? I never seen a girl that don't like a little lovin'—"

"I'm one. Take a slant at me, Bert. I want fun, not mush. But the bunch acts so rotten that I'm through."

"Well, what are you lookin' for?"

"Fun. You fellows can't even dance without getting fresh. You take her out in a flivver and try to get fresh. Whatever you do you're always spoiling it!" she added passionately.

Hard times necessitated retrenchment at the mill. Unskilled labor began to be dropped, salaries and wages were reduced and the operative force combed out and pruned. Among others, Josephine was notified that she was laid off.

She had become a tall, pale girl, low-voiced, listless, solitary.

Her labor in the mill had been confining, but light—the pasting of gilt paper on cardboard boxes—and she had operated the machine that did this work.

Her loneliness preyed on her; her sociable inclination checked at all outlets, was being damned up.

There was nothing for her to do but to resume kitchen and housework at home.

But the house was becoming a miserable nightmare.

Twice, during the winter, State Troopers had ridden up to the Moreland house. There had been anonymous complaints that liquor was sold there and that doubtful characters resorted thither.

These visits of the constabulary settled the status of the house. Brook Hollow definitely "placed" it and the Morelands as undesirable. Young lads in Brook Hollow were admonished to "keep away from that Moreland girl."

Josephine, now occupied with kitchen and housework, slowly realized that her family was considered to be beyond the pale. Silence, averted faces, the puzzling cruelty of smiles, the disconcerting brutality of jests flung at her across the picket fence, combined to enlighten her.

Visitors from other towns and villages came at night in cheap automobiles which they left standing in the barnyard; and they drank and paid her mother money. Some nights she was awakened by her mother, obliged to get up and cook chicken for parties of men and women in the sitting room.

On the eve of the Fourth of July a number of people arrived at and departed from the Moreland house; automobiles were noisy in the barnyard; the odor of food and liquor pervaded the place.

Old Moreland came home from the back lot, milked, ate a little supper in the pantry, shuffled away to do chores and went to bed.

JOSEPHINE, lying in her lonely cot in her little chamber, called, "Goodnight Daddy"—and he grunted something; and she heard his heavy shoes fall on the floor.

Hours later, she was awakened by a crash. Someone was at the door, rattling it, calling her by name. She recognized the voice as Earl Holden's. He had been drinking heavily. Suddenly the thin panels of the door splintered.

She lifted herself from the tumbled bed and beat with wavering fists upon the partition.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she cried. "They won't let me sleep! They won't let me alone!"

In the silence, old Joshua's bed suddenly creaked; there came a thud of bare feet on the floor, a clatter and dragging sound. Holden and her father fought each other in the room. Then Holden descended the stairs. Joshua sidled back to his room, set the cocked gun in a corner, blew out the candle and crept into bed.

The Grand Army Post was the one thing which Joshua Moreland clung to—the only thing, now, that ever stirred him toward the village.

Social ostracism mattered nothing to him as far as the Post was concerned. There were only six comrades left alive—very old men who still were able to meet on Memorial Day and on the Fourth and trudge through the dust wearing on their shrunken bodies the uncouth blue uniforms of an epoch gone.

"Are you going to carry that heavy flag?" his daughter inquired of him the morning of the Fourth. He was counted on to carry the colors.

"I guess," he said dully, "I can tote it."

Josephine brought him fresh coffee, then fetched her own breakfast to the table, seated herself and ate silently.

After a while: "I wish strangers wouldn't come to our house to drink and carry on," she remarked; "that Matty McCue and the others."

"Don't you notice them, Josie."

"Well, I got to wait on them. I can't see why Ma acts like that. She didn't always, did she?"

He said: "No." And then: "My back hurts me 'n' I'm afraid o' your Ma. When she hits me it's like to kill me."

"I wish you could beat her," said the girl coolly.

He shook his head, not looking at her: "I can't do nothin' to her unless I shoot her. 'N' I don't wanta do that."

The girl looked around at him, startled.

Presently she resumed her breakfast. Her father got up, pulled the faded military cap over his grizzled head and sidled toward the kitchen door.

"Your Ma don't want nothin'."

"Why? Is she—sick?"

"No, but look out for her when she wakes up."

"Yes, I will."

He sidled out of the door, greeted by a rush of hens and chickens in hopes of feeding.

In the pantry Josephine wrapped up in a bit of newspaper, half a cold chicken left from the night before, some cold biscuits split and buttered, pepper and salt, pickles, a wedge of peach pie. Now she was ready to drive the cattle into the back lot; and she went out by the pantry door, picking a careful way across the yard and through the cattle pen, followed by the little cat, Trouble.

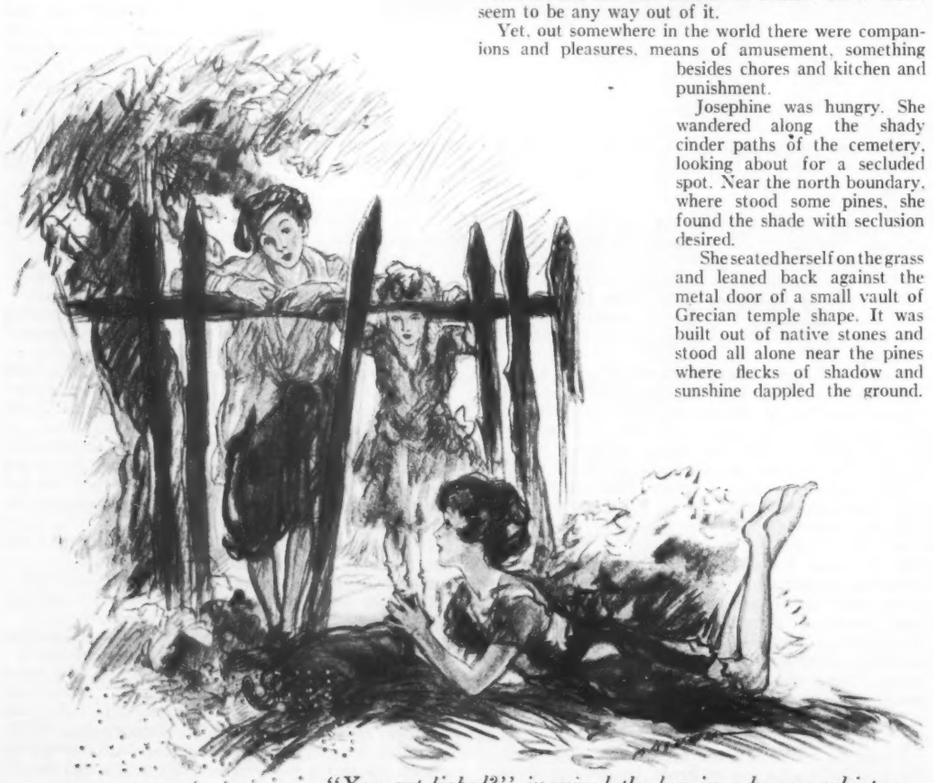
On the crest of the hill Josephine sat down upon the low stone wall surrounding the cemetery. The morning air was already hazy with July heat. Far to the south she could hear the bell in the schoolhouse ringing to summon the paraders. The mill whistle would not blow until the morrow. There was nobody for her to seek, nothing to do except to look at the procession which she could see from where she sat when it moved along the Willow Bridge Road.

She fixed her eyes on the mill. It had been less lonesome when she was working there. There had been people near her—young people. That the men had been "fresh" with her now seemed of less consequence. She felt, vaguely, that she could endure, now, much that had annoyed her a few months ago—after all, men were men, and so to be reckoned with. It was not as bad as this solitude and silence. This stillness in the world around her was difficult to endure. There didn't seem to be any way out of it.

Yet, out somewhere in the world there were companions and pleasures, means of amusement, something besides chores and kitchen and punishment.

Josephine was hungry. She wandered along the shady cinder paths of the cemetery, looking about for a secluded spot. Near the north boundary, where stood some pines, she found the shade with seclusion desired.

She seated herself on the grass and leaned back against the metal door of a small vault of Grecian temple shape. It was built out of native stones and stood all alone near the pines where flecks of shadow and sunshine dappled the ground.



"You get licked?" inquired the boy in a hoarse whisper

Woodbine and bittersweet climbed over it. Above the door of this vault, deeply incised, was the name, Seafield. Josephine never had known any Seafields in Brook Hollow. She stood for a moment looking at the name, wondering about the family.

Now she spread her skirts, opened the newspaper that wrapped her lunch, spread it carefully over her knees so that no crumbs should litter the clipped grass. When she finished, she brushed together chicken bones and fragments, picked up a stray crumb or two, rolled all into the newspaper. While she was tying it with the bit of string, something—a shadow perhaps, perhaps a sound—caused her to glance around. A man was standing behind her on the grass. He carried in his left hand two long-stemmed pink roses as big as peonies.

It did not occur to Josephine that she was trespassing, and she made no movement to get up. He said in a polite voice: "You seem to be very comfortable there and you are not to disturb yourself. This is rather a pretty cemetery, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said.

"Yes, compared with some cemeteries it's agreeable," he went on. "I don't come here often, though I try to come once every year. Do you live in Brook Hollow?"

"Yes."

"My family lived here many years ago. I was born here—nearly forty years ago."

"Oh," she said, without interest.

He looked up at the name on the vault. "Three generations of us rest here," he remarked.

"Is your name Seafield?" she inquired.

"Yes." He walked to the bronze door of the vault. "Don't move," he said: and he laid the two pink roses on the threshold. This interested Josephine. For a while he stood as though lost in thought. Then he inspected the clipped grass, the two young oak trees flanking the portal, the woodbine and bittersweet climbing over it.

"The place seems to be well cared for," he remarked.

After a moment: "I don't like cemeteries," he said. "This one is nearer to what a cemetery ought to be—a part of the natural woodland. Or it should be a beautiful garden with inconspicuous memorials in native stone."

HE HAD not been looking at the girl on the grass; he had been speaking as though to himself. Now he glanced down at her as though slightly amused.

He turned toward the vault: "Ten years ago my parents were laid here and the place sealed forever. But they are not in there in darkness. If they are anywhere in this sunny cemetery, they are right here under these trees—here on the grass near us. They are wherever there is sunlight and blossoms and green leaves. You don't mind if I talk, do you?"

She shook her head slightly.

"All right. Then I'll recite my creed: The Supreme Creator of conscious energy is an Intelligence. The only real trouble with the world is ignorance. Every evil arises from it. That's the root of all evil, ignorance. That's the world's malady. The only cure is education — Are you being properly educated?"

"I've been to high school," she said in a low voice.

He laughed: "Nobody's education is ever finished. And I think death means merely a post-graduate course. Nobody ever lived who knew enough."

His humorous fluency confused the girl.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Josephine Moreland."

"That's a pretty name. You are eighteen, perhaps?"

"Seventeen."

"Do you live at home with your parents?"

"Yes."

"Do you work?"

"I did work in the mill, but they laid me off."

"You have friends? You have your social pleasures, don't you?"

She remained silent.

"Haven't you these?" he repeated, watching the pale young face, set in pleasant curves yet so oddly still.

"I—had friends," she said.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Nothing—I haven't any now." Then she was silent.

"Are you lonely?" he asked.

She nodded, listlessly.

After a moment: "Do you care to tell me what the trouble is?"

"They don't like us in Brook Hollow," she said.

"You mean your family isn't liked?"

"Yes, I mean that." The girl, cross-legged on the grass, framed her face in her hands and her gaze wandered remotely.

"Is your home life happy?" he asked gently.

"Not very."

"Are you not treated well?" [*Turn to page 47*]

"WHAT'LL I DO NOW?"

What chance have the college boy and girl of making good in business? What have they to offer? What do they expect? And what do they get? Here is their answer

By Rita S. Halle
Author of "Which College?"

Decorations by George Howe

AN AMAZING change has taken place in the last decade in the relationship between college graduates and business. As the head of one of those corporations whose tentacles extend into every corner of this increasingly civilized globe, said to me:

"We certainly have capitulated to the college graduate in the last few years. Up to that time his lack of success in business was part of the orthodox public gospel, the legitimate subject for mirth-inspiring cartoons. If the college graduate wanted to get into business, he carefully concealed his sheepskin as he journeyed disconsolately from office to office. Now he no longer needs to journey at all. We, on the other hand, go to seek him at the college gate.

"In recent years," he went on, "we have come to look on colleges as a high type of employment agency; and we keep in touch with promising students through vocational bureaus and members of the faculties, as well as by sending representatives each year—I hear that as many as two hundred visit one Eastern college alone—to look over the spring crop of graduates, and to compete for their services.

"By that I do not mean to imply that every young man leaving college is to have his choice of some two hundred jobs at a salary that will permit him to live in the style for which he probably thinks he is fitted. The average salary offered is $28, I am told, and probably four out of five of the men who accept this, with high hopes for the future, will find themselves in a blind alley from which only unusual ability, rare personality, or a lucky accident will save them. But the fact remains that the college graduate is now in demand in business."

This is one of the several reasons why John Smith, Jr. of Main Street, wants to go to college. Of course he wants to learn things, too; and he hopes—or his parents hope for him—that he may acquire that indefinite something called culture. He likes, too, the idea of spending four pleasant years with other boys and girls of his age; and his parents hope that this may help him socially and financially later on. But the reason that most strongly induces John, Sr., and Johnny's mother to dig down into the ginger jar where is hoarded what might have meant automobiles and radios and other things of immediate comfort and luxury, in order that Johnny may go to college, is that they feel that he will get on better in the world if he does.

Every American boy is brought up on the "Log Cabin to White House" tradition. But who has followed this tradition in recent years? With the single exception of Warren Gamaliel Harding every President of the present century has been a college graduate. Forty per cent of our Supreme Court Justices and Secretaries of State for the last hundred and twenty-five years have been not only college men, but members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which is made up of the highest scholarship students in our colleges and universities. Moreover, it has been estimated that the one per cent of our population who attend college furnish 36% of all our members of Congress, 55% of our Cabinet officers, and 87% of our Chief Justices; while the chances of a college man to be listed in *Who's Who in America,* the only compilation of general distinction we have, are just about a thousand times as great as those of the elementary school graduate.

But it is not so much these distinctions that the Smiths have in mind in sending Johnny to college, as the desire that he should make more money than his father has, and with less labor and more leisure. And if he has the qualities that will enable him to get there and to stick there, the chances are that he will.

The Bureau of Education at Washington has proved by actual figures that each additional year in school has a definite cash value. If this is true, it would seem a short-sighted policy for [*Turn to page 154*]

Is there a power greater than the will that forces two men, cut out of the same mold, faced by the same problems, to go down different paths to their ultimate destinies—one forever devious and the other unflinchingly true? Dapper Eddie Ware and honest Dave Glenn typify this trick of fate in the first story of a thrilling series

Confidence

By Octavus Roy Cohen

"You're lying!" A deep flush stained his cheeks

THE doorbell sounded insistently, but Eddie Ware refused to hurry. In leisurely fashion he untangled his long legs and hoisted himself to his feet.

Before answering the summons at the apartment door, he took a last lingering glance through the window. He resented this rude interruption of his reverie. It had been most delightful to gaze idly through the haze of smoke hovering over the New York skyline, to look through drowsy, half-closed eyes at the winding silver band which marked the East River—and to dream.

As he wrapped the elaborate dressing gown about his slender, sinewy figure, a mirror over the console phonograph caught his reflection. It gave back the picture of a man only slightly more than twenty-six years of age; a young man with the figure and eyes of the trained athlete.

Eddie Ware was handsome, not with the Greek God good looks which somehow pall quickly, but in an intensely masculine way which carried a well-nigh irresistible appeal. He was better than six feet in height, and the light complexion of his boyish, good-natured face was accentuated by a thin brown mustache which decorated a portion of his upper lip. He gave one the impression of belonging on the polo field, or the sands of Palm Beach and Newport. Obviously he was intelligent and educated—and to the casual observer he was a gentleman.

But to the casual observer only. Actually, Mr. Edward Morgan Ware was a professional—and astoundingly successful—crook.

Once again the bell sounded; it was a prolonged ringing as though the person in the hallway of the luxurious apartment house was feverishly impatient. A shadow of annoyance crossed Eddie's clean-cut face. On this particular afternoon he resented intrusion. He had settled himself for a few hours of delightful reading . . . yet his book lay untouched on the floor. His thoughts had proved more pleasant companions. His finely muscled figure had enjoyed complete relaxation.

He opened the door, and dropped back a step; his expression and manner changing like magic.

A girl stood there. Her deep brown eyes met his levelly and angrily. She was a tiny thing, and she wore a simple, yet expensive mink coat which was pulled tightly about a provocative figure.

He drew in his breath sharply, and a flush mounted to his cheeks. Then he forced a smile, and bent slightly at the waist.

"Won't you come in, Mary?"

She brushed past him without a word, and walked into the living room with a firm tap-tapping of her French heels. He was vaguely disturbed by her manner, yet suddenly his indolence had vanished and he was keenly and gloriously alive.

Mary Rutledge invariably affected him this way. Her very presence acted as a tonic; and now, as he stood in the door of the living room and gazed humbly and hungrily on her petite beauty, he made a serious remark in a bantering manner.

"If you get any prettier, Mary, I shall not be responsible for my actions."

She paid no heed to his words. She stood motionless, her cheeks white and her lips compressed into a straight red line. Her eyes blazed with accusation, and quite without knowing that he did so, the young man cringed. He made a valiant attempt at lightness.

"Why so happy, my little maid?"

For a few seconds she remained silent. Then she spoke, her voice low and vibrant.

"I thought I could trust you, Eddie."

He nodded. "I was rather of the same opinion. And what has happened to change your mind?"

"You know perfectly well," she said incisively.

"I'm afraid I don't."

"You're lying!"

A deep flush stained his cheeks and he became suddenly serious. "Won't you have a seat, Mary? You're all wrought up."

YES, I'm wrought up. I'm wrought up because I've learned to appreciate the rottenness of the crooked streak that is in you." Suddenly she paused and her eyes misted. "Oh, Eddie!" she cried— "How could you do a thing like that? How could you even think of it?"

He bit his lip, his own face dead white.

"Like what, dear?"

"Please don't make it worse by equivocating." She laughed bitterly. "And I . . . what a little fool I was! When my jewels were stolen day before yesterday I was idiot enough to believe that I had been the victim of an ordinary burglary. Until I had time to think I didn't understand. Somehow, it isn't easy or pleasant to realize that one's apartment could be robbed by the man who pretends to love one."

He started toward her, arms outstretched. "Mary! Please! You don't know what you're saying!"

"I do know! And I don't want you near me. I'm not blind, Eddie. God knows I'm not entirely a simpleton, particularly when it comes to thinking as a criminal thinks. Don't you understand, Eddie, that you might have fooled any other girl in the world . . . but that you couldn't fool me? It was a cheap trick, Eddie—cheap because I was involved; cheap because it forced me to become a partner in something wrong, when all my life I have hated dishonesty and fought to keep myself uncontaminated by the atmosphere into which I was forced."

She walked to the window and stood looking down on the city; her figure a small and glorious silhouette

against the radiance of mid-afternoon. Suddenly she whirled and threw her arms wide in an unconsciously dramatic gesture.

"Can't you see how you have hurt me, my dear? Can't you understand what it means to me to be involved, however remotely, in a rotten swindle?"

The young man spoke gently: "Do you accuse me of having something to do with the robbery of your apartment?"

"Yes. You and your friends were the only ones who knew that I had the jewelry there . . . and where it was hidden. You knew that it was insured; and you knew that I never wore it." Her voice was harsh with emotion. "Did you ever stop to think why I never wore that jewelry, Eddie?"

He answered with a question: "Why?"

"Because my brother gave it to me—all of it. And that meant, Eddie, that every stone of it had been bought with stolen money. I kept it—yes; but I wouldn't parade it. Since day before yesterday, I have thought about your interest in that jewelry. It was on your advice that I insured it against all risks a few months ago. You have tried to argue me into wearing it, and I consistently refused. Don't you realize that I can follow your thought processes perfectly? You knew where a quarter of a million dollars worth of jewelry was sitting unwanted and unused. You knew that it was insured by a big company. You realized that if it were stolen, the insurance company would be forced to make good the loss to me, and you and your friends would divide a fine profit. So you sneaked into my apartment and stole that jewelry. Then you disheveled the apartment so I would think I had been robbed by an ordinary yegg . . . which was just what I did think in the first rush of emotional excitement. I thought it because you had worked cleverly and because—even though I know you are crooked and always have been and always will be—I never thought you could stoop low enough to steal from me."

"Wait!" His voice was hoarse. "Suppose your accusation were true, Mary: don't you realize that it wouldn't have been a theft from you? It was a theft from the insurance company . . . and they can afford it."

SHE laughed bitterly. "I knew that was the way you regarded it, Eddie. I have been unfortunate enough to learn how crooks think. I know that the idea of that jewelry was eating on you. I know it was like dangling morphine before an addict: I give you credit for not wishing to involve me. I even understand that you never considered me at all—that you thought only of the insurance company. But that doesn't alter the fact that if your love for me was what you claim, you couldn't have done this thing."

"You know I love you more than my life, Mary."

"Yes . . . And so did my brother love me. Tommy idolized me, just as I worshipped him. But his love for me didn't prevent his bringing me into the rotten society of so-called 'gentlemen crooks'. Gentlemen! What a travesty!" She became quiet for a moment. "You've never quite appreciated the tragedy of my life, Eddie. Because I loved Tommy and had no one else to turn to, I went to keep house for him when I left high school. Then came the shock of learning that my brother was a criminal. He loved me—I don't question that—but no love on earth was equal to his passion for dishonesty. It's just a queer streak that is born in men like you and Tommy. You have birth, breeding and even money; but you can't resist the lure of crookedness. It's in your blood like the craving for drugs. Those nearest and dearest to you are sacrificed on the altar of what you call 'adventure'.

"Then Tommy died. You know how he died . . . killed in a desperate and dishonest coup. Don't I remember how the thing was planned? Didn't I plead and beg and argue with him? But no, he wouldn't listen. He loved me more than anyone else in the world. He was father and mother to me, as well as brother. But the horrible thing was that you and he both went into that thing with the same spirit of sporting light-heartedness that accompanies most young men on to the football field. It was a game. Robbery, with possible murder attached, was a game.

"And when he died, Eddie—shot by an officer—I tried to get away from this atmosphere. But could I? Every friend I had was a friend of his: men and women all crooked and twisted. And what was more tragic, Eddie, I had fallen in love with you. Oh, keep away from me! I'm not getting sentimental—I'm merely stating a fact. You know that I love you. But it's rather ghastly that the two men in the world who have ever meant anything to me—my brother and then you—should both bring me untold misery because they are mentally twisted. I'm through, Eddie. I came here today to tell you that. Let's admit that I love you and always will. Let's admit that you love me. I am never going to marry a crook; and this last thing has told me that you never can be anything else."

"But I didn't do it, Mary! You're all wrong!"

"I'm not wrong."

"You say yourself it looked like a legitimate robbery."

"Certainly." She bit her lip. "That's where I was a fool—that's where I fell in with your scheme. If I had taken twenty-four hours to think, I would have said nothing to the insurance company. I would have refused to make a claim for the stolen jewelry. Perhaps that might have awakened you to the enormity of what you had done. But no! You were too clever. You knew that I was a woman, that my first impulse would be to notify the insurance company. That is precisely what I did, Eddie. And it was Dave Glenn who opened my eyes."

"They've put Glenn on the case?" Ware asked. "Certainly. You knew they would, didn't you?"

"I suppose so. He's representing the insurance company, of course. I don't count the city detectives." Ware was scrutinizing the girl closely. "Just what did you mean when you said that Dave Glenn opened your eyes?"

She shrugged. "If you are trying to ask whether he suspects you—the answer is No. He never mentioned your name."

"Then how—?"

"Don't underrate Glenn, Eddie. He's keen."

"And how! I like that chap, Mary. I like to play ball with Dave. He's a square-shooter. What you're driving at, I presume, is that Glenn questioned you pretty closely. Is that it?"

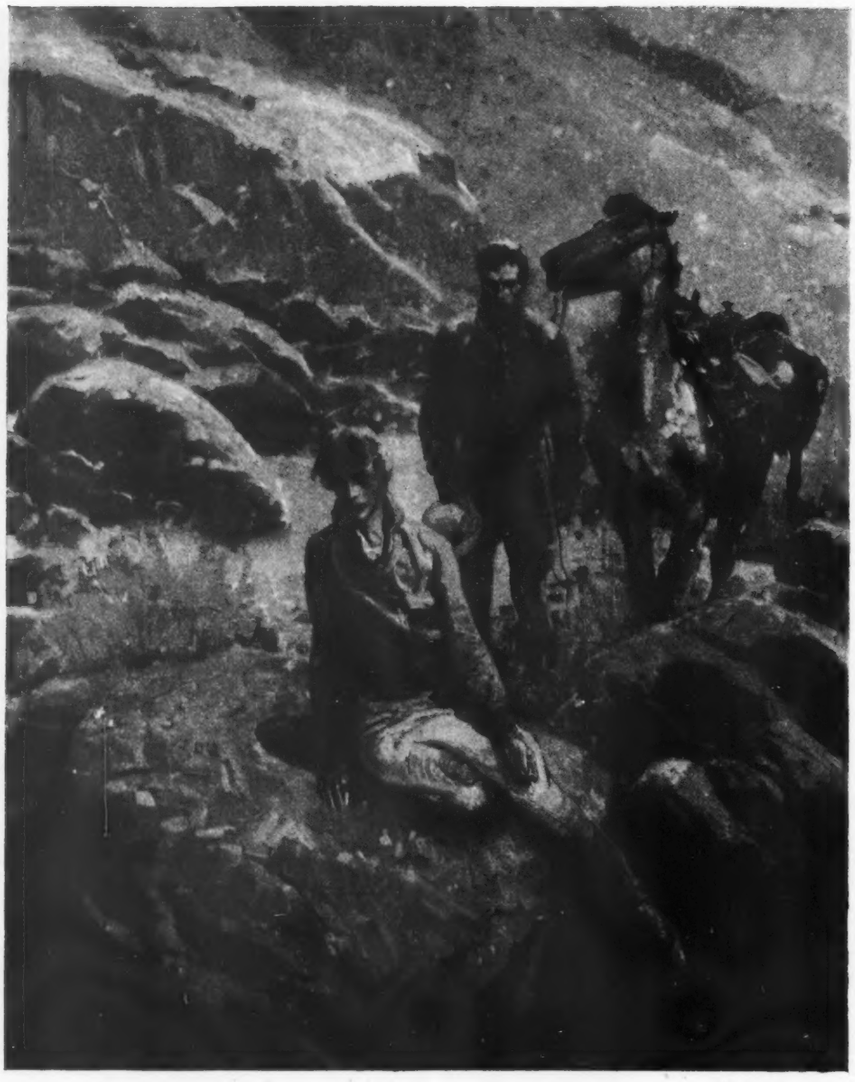
"Exactly. Apparently my apartment had been robbed. When he showed up I thought it was the usual routine matter of establishing definitely that the jewelry had been lost. It was only when Glenn didn't seem entirely satisfied that I began to think . . . and then I realized what he must be thinking."

Eddie lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply. "You're all wrong dear—and on both counts. In the first place, any insurance company dick is going to ask a lot of questions before he advises his [*Turn to page 67*]

A glorious silhouette against the radiance of mid-afternoon

Illustrated by JOHN LA GATTA

Illustrated by HERBERT STOOPS



"Let's not fight any more, Payne. Please ride along and leave me alone. We're lucky to find out—"

BROOMTAILS

Tossing forefeet... windblown tails... a stampede of mustangs dancing through the whirling snow. And in their midst, helpless, a girl looks on the face of death and sees the glory of love unfold

By Helen Topping Miller

WHERE the road grew narrower and the landscape wilder at the head of the canyon, Shannon Wright pulled her horse to a standstill. Her shining hair was reflected in the angry glow of her eyes as she answered his challenge.

"And suppose I refuse?" She fixed this young man she had promised to marry with a level look. "What are you going to do about it?"

"That's all then, I suppose." Payne Carter's hair was not red, but he had impatient eyebrows and a mouth that could be savage on occasion. "We're through!" His voice was as cold as her own.

Shannon sat still for a minute, her lip curling, her eyes twin sparks.

"Thanks," she said presently, her voice small, and dry and brittle. "Glad to know where I stand! Here, take your jewelry!"

Carter stared, stunned at the ring she handed him. "But, Shannon, listen—" he began.

"I've listened enough, Payne. There's nothing more to say—about anything!"

She pulled her horse about, flicked him with the end of the rein and without looking at Carter, wheeled suddenly into the narrow, descending trail that slid down the steep walls of the canyon.

Carter looked after her, troubled. At the bottom of the canyon boiled the silent, sullen Bear River. Higher up the hills the river split a mountain in two, rived out a gorge for itself, walled with painted rocks as fantastic as dreams. The canyons Easterners call Lodore. But here the great gulf was shallower, widened at the bottom to hem in a little expanse of meadow.

A famous outlaw, one Buck Peeples, had once had his hangout there, and from where Payne sat he could make out the silvered roofs of the buildings. Now it was deserted and ghostly, cold autumn twilight lay over it like a mist. But remote as it was, it was obviously no place for a high-tempered young lady to ride alone. Carter followed her slowly down the angling, treacherously hairpinning trail.

He had been engaged to Shannon Wright for two weeks and they had not been easy weeks. Not easy for an imperious young man accustomed to ordering crews of men about to watch his fiancée holding court in a masculine group wholly devoted, ranging from magazine publishers to cowpunchers. Not easy to share her with glib young oil men and Harvard alumni. Not easy at all. And since the arrival of Barrett Norris it had been worse. Much worse. Intolerable in fact. So intolerable that Carter had exploded into blunt commands here on the canyon trail.

Any man who knew anything about women could have told Payne Carter how futile blunt commands

can be with a red-headed girl. The trouble was that Carter knew so little about women. There had been so few of them in the Chilean desert, where for nine years he had managed a nitrate mine for a British concession—and no red-headed ones at all.

So he rode ruefully down the jagged trail which was cut like a shelf in the canyon wall, wondering what the devil to do next. Values were confused. He had no precedents. When he told a callow young British engineer to go to the devil, that C. B. E. having no recourse and no place to go except home, invariably came to heel and proved tractable the next day. When he informed a dusty roto, with adjective and hyperbole, that that roto was through, the laborer promptly wept and begged and made wild promises in mongrel Chilean-Spanish. But it appeared that it was not easy to lay down the law to a young person with delicious eyelashes and a whimsy mouth, even when that young person was supposed to be one's especial property.

PROBABLY, he admitted to himself, he had been a bit curt about this fellow Barrett Norris. But Norris' superior airs had irritated him. Norris came to the Wright ranch every summer; he knew the country, the horses, even gave advice condescendingly. Shannon he had looked upon as his particular playmate and confidante until Carter, burning with jealousy, had told Shannon she was not to ride with Norris any more. And now he had to take wild chances on being flung into the sullen river to catch even a glimpse of her red cardigan and white-calicoed horse—with the wind growing colder and the sky more sullen every moment, and a smell of snow in the air.

The tiny expanse of meadow which was called Buck's Hole, had a frozen, huddled look. Bleak frost-burnt grass lay flat, beaten by the wind. There was a corral fence, broken now, and tangled with ragged creeper, and beyond a trampled space a lurking, sour-browed cabin with a crooked chimney.

The whole place had a sinister air, and Carter regarded it dubiously. Rattlesnakes, reptilian and human, would find it a perfect denning place. But for a girl—

They ought, too, to be well on the road back to the ranch by now. There was a good two hours' ride south through rough country, and Carter, tenderfoot that he was, did not like the menace of the sky.

At the foot of the trail Carter slid out of the saddle, left the reins loose as he had been taught, walked across the frozen, brittle grass. The cabin door gaped black in the failing light.

"Come out, Shannon," he called. "I apologize. Let's go home."

But there was no answer. His voice echoed weirdly about the walls towering over him, then silence fell again except for the dull suck-suck of the river, lapping a jutting point of rock. Carter strode into the building. It was one-roomed, empty, the roof sagged at one corner, green stuff grew in the pounded earth of the floor, a loose shutter squeaked in the restless wind.

Carter walked to the gate, his horse following. He noted now that his own track was the only one that crossed the bare yard. Norris would have pointed that out to him, amiably. In the dim light he picked up the trail of Shannon's horse, turning down toward the river. Mounting, he followed.

The light was going out of the sky and a heavy loneliness, charged with unease, settled over the place. It was as though the frowning rock walls glowered down at him, resenting him. A sudden snowflake spatted in his face. Night was coming. Night and snow.

"Shannon!" he shouted, feeling a queer, taut sense of panic. The echoes cracked like artillery overhead. Then a horse nickered a little further on and he saw her. She was sitting on a rock thrust out into the river, her hat off, smoking a cigarette, her hair shining alive in the dull light. She lifted her head as Carter came near, went on smoking, lighting a match on her boot. Superb indifference lay in every line of her slim young body, the wind blowing icy cold off the hills seemed to touch her not at all. Hard to believe that she could be so sweet and relenting, so bewilderingly dear!

HER horse, whom she called Patch, was not so content. He complained a little, snuffing the air, pawing with fretful forefoot, shivering. He was a hill horse and he knew things that humans did not know about that sky.

Carter slid out of the saddle. "Come along home, Shannon," he urged, trying to keep his tone impersonal. "I'm sorry. I apologize."

She flicked off ashes with her little finger.

"I'm in no hurry, Carter," she answered evenly. "You know the way, or Tark does at any rate—ride along home. I'm not afraid, and I want to think."

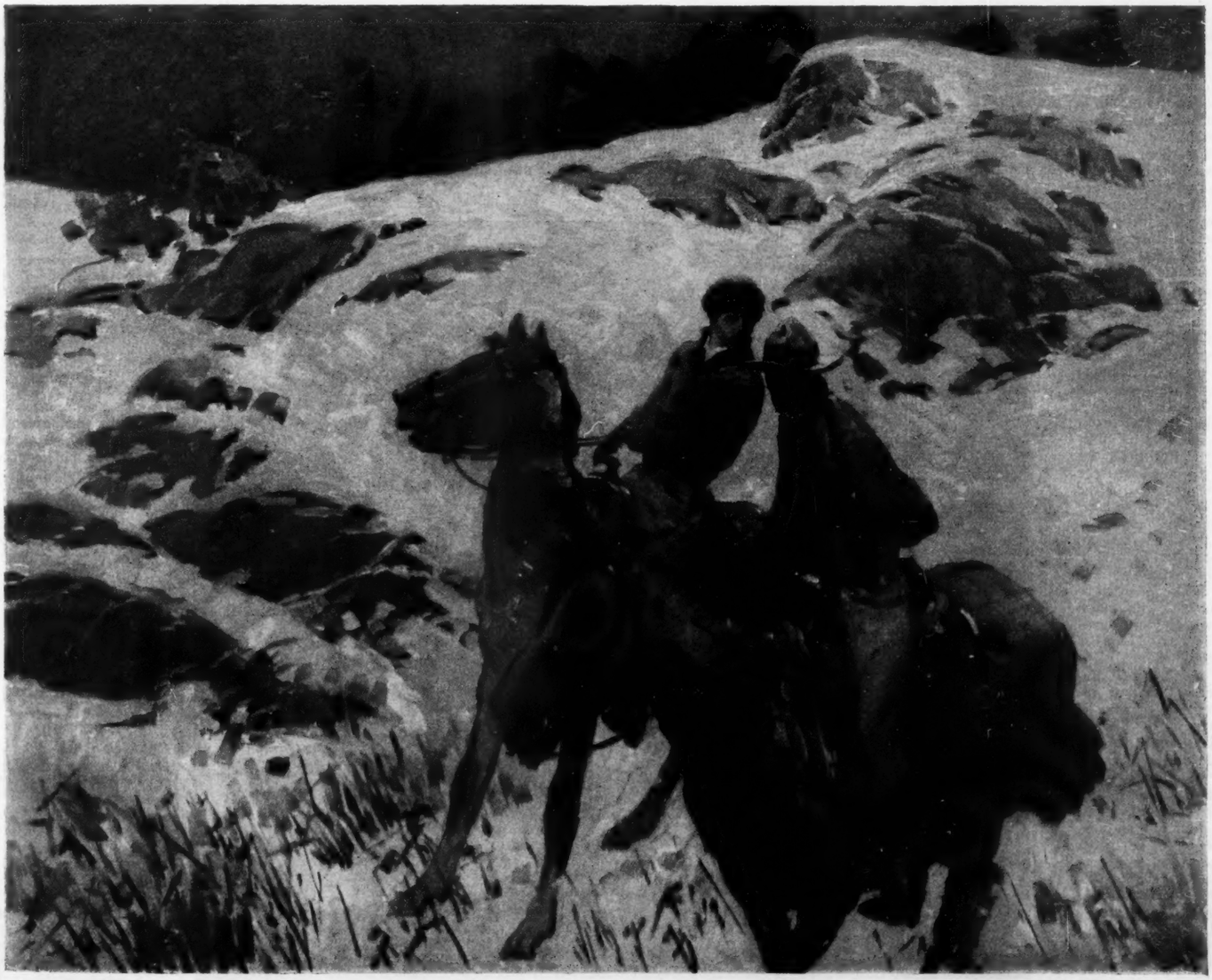
The wind was bitter over the stream and stinging flakes of snow rode it, more and more thickly.

"I tell you I'm sorry, Shannon. Can't you accept my apology in a sporting spirit and come along?"

She sighed a little, tucking her feet under her, childishly. "Let's not fight any more, Payne," she said. "It isn't any use. We're lucky, that's all. Lucky to find out—things—before it's too late!"

Payne Carter jerked his collar up. He had come from a long season in a country of no rain, and the cold cut through him like a knife.

"At least you can come home," he argued; "even wearing your air of offense. There's a storm coming. And in this country—" [*Turn to page 130*]



"Broomtails!" Shannon shouted. "Wild horses—an outlaw herd! Hold Tark—don't let him bolt under you!"

Susanna Wesley—The Madonna of Epworth

The first of a series of short studies of famous saints

By Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.

Illustrated by MAURICE BOWER

WOMEN who today celebrate the new freedom might well remember how much of it was created in the cold, bleak, ill-furnished Rectory of the Lincolnshire fen lands where Susanna Wesley dwelt obscure, unfriended, and unknown. Certainly it is high time that she came into her kingdom, where her radiant personality, ready wit, keen vision, and unfailing goodness would move to the manner born.

Her cell was the home, her austerities those of child-bearing and rearing, her discipline one of continuous physical hardships, her fruit, the sons who illuminated the evangelical world. Truly if the mother of the Gracchi was the model for pagan emulation, the mother of the Wesleys is the model for Christian emulation.

The fact that Susanna Wesley exists for us mainly because she was a wife and a mother is a speaking comment on the temper of her troubled time. The Eighteenth Century had light but not love, sense but not sympathy, strength but not wisdom. Its very merits were of the earth, earthy.

No contemporaries seem to have thought of Susanna Wesley as a human being, with a sacredness all her own, and endowments of body and mind which could easily have secured her an influential place in vital affairs. Regarded intellectually or morally she was equal to any reasonable demands within the limits of her physical equipment. Nor does it tell against her holiness of life and behavior that she chose the solemn obligations of wife and mother.

Other "saints" of her sex wedded heaven or the church and made their causes their dearest concerns. Susanna Wesley was in no way inferior to them in spiritual renown because she married a learned but eccentric country parson, smoothed his perplexed path, shared his poverty, enlarged his pastoral supervision, and bore him nineteen children, two of whom became the most famous religious leaders of current Protestantism.

CONTRAST her pinched and meager temporalities with the scenes of fashionable splendor; the balls, ridottos, revelries and routs of court and camp during the reigns of George the First and George the Second in Britain, and Louis the Fourteenth and his grandson, Louis the Fifteenth, in France. Not a few of their gaieties were afterward quenched in ignominy or drowned in blood. But her homestead nourished the religious zeal and sagacity which revived the spiritualities of great nations.

The answer to the pride and prodigality of the Bourbon paradise was the guillotine. The answer to the humility and restriction of Epworth Rectory was a regenerated civilization. Their incessant outrages of decency and justice were terribly revenged. Susanna Wesley's trust in the cradle she rocked was vindicated.

At Epworth, as at Bethlehem, were hidden the fountains of a purer faith and a nobler affection. Countless myriads who passed from darkness to light have blessed the place and the mother who adorned it. One is eager to scan every detail of her sacrificial career; to lift her into delayed but deserved prominence; to show why every maid and wife can delight in this princess of celestial lineage, and to cause American womanhood to exult in her admirable qualities. But the somewhat dense Samuel Wesley; erstwhile Rector of Epworth and second-rate poet, obstructs a full-length view of his better half.

He tells us complacently of the woman "who graced my roof and blest my life" and goes on to say:

> "Yet still I bore an undisputed sway,
> Nor was't her task but pleasure to obey—
> Scarce thought, much less could act, what I denied."

Susanna Wesley's routine can scarcely be realized by her modern sisters for whom all doors fly open at a touch. The hourly conflict of this cultured and winsome creature with debt and duns, furious rustics and rancorous parishioners, may be read between the lines of her few letters which are still extant. They reveal her as belonging to a race which triumphed in tribulation and relished formidable obstacles as the signs of Divine approval. Self-obliterating toil was embraced by her as a providential mercy. The conceptions of feminine privilege and opportunity which prevail in the Twentieth Century would have been repudiated by her as something strange and heathenish. For she was by descent a Puritan, the beautiful and beloved daughter of a pious and scholarly Doctor of that sect, the Reverend Samuel Annesley, who by his brethren's consent was entitled "The St. Paul of London's Nonconformity."

Although Annesley had been ejected from a rich London parish because he would not bow the knee to Stuart tyranny, he kept his piety and his poise, shone in conversation, resisted evildoers, displaying to the end the conspicuous firmness of principle and the fraternal attitude becoming a Puritan graduate of Queen's College, Oxford, and a Christian gentleman.

FROM him Susanna inherited her persistent and quiet courage, her boldness of innovation, her exemplary patience and fortitude, and that fervid devotion which breathed her soul into her deeds. He stimulated her independence of mind; and so much did he respect it that when at thirteen years of age she abandoned Puritan tenets he offered no objection.

Susanna grew up fair and fascinating, one of a bevy of eight sisters who formed a distinguished group, all of whom were married. She was not destined to be the bride of some solitary Sir Galahad of that treacherous man-ridden era. Indeed, had there abounded knights as fine and brave as those of the Table Round, needless to say she would have married the man of her heart. He came into her youthful dreams when she was in her 'teens through their united opposition to ancestral beliefs.

For Samuel Wesley, like Susanna Annesley had honestly rejected Puritan traditions and thrown in his lot with the Anglicans. This coincidence led to their friendship and the friendship to love.

They married in 1689, soon after his graduation from Oxford, and launched their frail bark in what turned out to be a tempestuous sea.

Lovers of great hymns upon the Passion of Christ cannot forget the Epworth Rector's moving lines:

> "Behold the Savior of mankind!
> Nailed to the shameful tree . . ."

nor wonder that the man who wrote them was beloved by Susanna Wesley. True, he was not worthy of her; few men were; but she saw in his whimsical nature possibilities which his sons afterward demonstrated.

After short tenures in London, and South Ormsby, Lincolnshire, he brought her and their first-born child, Samuel, to Epworth,

[*Turn to page 118*]

Her home was the birthplace and shrine of a world-wide faith

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

"What's good enough for us is good enough for you"

LEFT-OVER MOTHERS

By Elizabeth Jordan

What is left for the mothers whose sons and daughters have gone out into the world and succeeded, fortified by college educations and the splendid training of sound homes—gifts bestowed at the price of a life's devotion? And what of the sons and daughters? Must they always be reminded of their debt?

THE other day a humble friend of mine came to talk to me. For years she has earned her living and that of her only child, a daughter, by doing household sewing. She is a widow; and the dream of her life was to educate her daughter—to put her through grade school, and high school, and then through college. She has done this, at a terrific cost. For twenty years she spent practically everything she earned on the girl. She herself went without decent clothing, even without proper food. Diversion of any kind was out of the question for her. She worked until she dropped, exhausted, into her bed at night. When her eyes began to fail one of her patrons sent her to an oculist and paid for the glasses she needed; otherwise she would have felt that she could not have them. When her arches gave way, another patron took her to a specialist and bought arch-supporting shoes for her. Vital help such as this she accepted, but only at the rarest intervals. No one could overpay her, or give her charity. She is a fine woman, wholly uneducated but clean and stout of heart, and an unusually efficient worker. Her tired eyes have always held the light of one who follows a vision. Up till now she has been happy, for her dream was coming true.

What she wished to tell me was that she is now wretched and wants to die. Her daughter, who last year graduated with honor from one of our best woman's colleges, immediately secured a situation, made good in it, and is able to support both herself and her mother. There was every indication that the latter's long struggle was over. The daughter rented a small flat, which she is furnishing attractively as fast as she can afford to do so. The mother does the work in it, which requires only a few hours each day. The rest of her time she can do anything she chooses—go out, read, rest, make friends. But—and here is what she came to say—any real companionship between herself and her daughter is impossible.

The girl is brilliant, is successful, is extremely ambitious, has hitched her wagon to the star of success. She has no mental interests in common with her mother. Her friends and companions are classmates who also work in New York and who are "as high brow," to quote the mother, "as Addie is herself." (We'll call the girl Addie). They speak a language the mother of Addie does not understand. They read books that mean nothing to her. They are courteous, but they rarely try to talk to her; and when they do she can barely hear their voices across the wide gulf that separates the educated and the ignorant. And—the final confidence came out with a wail that was a tragic sound to hear—Addie is ashamed of her!

"Oh, Addie tries not to show it," the mother went on, mopping her eyes.

Addie is a fine girl and she fully realizes all her mother has done for her. Addie tries to play the game. Addie is delighted to feel that her mother need work hard no longer. But Addie is young and not as understanding as she will be a few years hence; and, as it happens, the mothers of Addie's closest friends are all educated women who are the intellectual companions of their daughters. Addie's mother had difficulty in putting her final tragedy into words, for her vocabulary is not large, but I grasped it. She is not only pierced to the heart by Addie's embarrassment over her "breaks"; but she unselfishly suffers because "a girl like Addie needs the kind of mother those other girls have." Addie needs "someone who can understand her ambitions."

It isn't right that Addie should have to go to her friends for such comprehension and for advice when she needs it, but that's what Addie has to do. The vision that foresaw Addie's need of education is still clear enough to see and sympathize with Addie's present situation, and therein lies the great hope for Addie and her mother. But Addie's mother saw no hope. She cannot educate herself at this late day. She came to me convinced that she had made her good fight and met her Waterloo.

"I wish I could die right now," she wailed. "It would be better for Addie if I did. I can't help her any more. I'm in her way. I'm just a drag on her and a burden."

The situation is a real tragedy, there's no getting away from that. And it doesn't follow that Addie is an ungrateful little beast as one might lightly assume. In common fairness there is Addie's side of the tragedy to be considered. Addie made good. She worked and studied and used every opportunity her mother gave her. She, too, knew privation all through her college life, for her mother could pay only for bare necessities and Addie earned as much of her way as the college authorities would permit. There was no money for pretty clothes; there was no time for the companionship and amusement which are among the most delightful features of college life. Addie had to be a "grind."

Now for the first time Addie is able to step out a bit. She has her own home. She can entertain her friends.

BUT I'm not even a good housekeeper—*yet*," Addie's mother sniffed drearily. "I'm clean and I keep the flat clean. But I ain't used to the way Addie wants things and I can't cook the sort of dinners she likes to have for her friends. So she wants me to set back and let her get a hired girl in. I won't have that and I said so flat. If a hired girl comes in I go out. The only thing I can do for Addie is to work for her, and I ain't goin' to leave her take *that* away from me. 'Course," she added more cheerfully, "I can learn to cook an' keep house. I go to a cookin' school right now."

"You can learn a lot of things," I suggested. "Hasn't that occurred to you?"

[*Turn to page 112*]

"Darling, speak! Phil! Phil! Open your eyes!"

FIRE OF

Portraying love's conquest over a burning doubt that threatens the foundations of two lives

BENEATH the hot July sun, the bay of St. Torrens dozed, blue and calm and tranquil; and the fair gold of its beach glinted like the dust from a million diamonds—a haven during the long summer for:

Guy Wetherby, a man of forty-six, weary, restless of spirit, unhappy, the father of four children who had come to him and Monica, his wife—the woman he had idolized with an endless devotion, who had given up her life at the birth of the youngest of the four—

Venetia, about whom it had been said: "She is far too beautiful to end happily!" But her glorious body served only as a chalice for the deep, golden voice that she dreamed would make her famous. Next older was

Piers, the possessor of dark un-English beauty, with the soul of a painter looking through his somber brown eyes. Then there came

Budge, seventeen, sun-tanned to a glowing bronze, besprinkled with freckles, clear eyes dancing, and the hope in his heart of breeding ponies. And

Phyllis, heart-breakingly like Monica, boyishly slim, lithe-limbed, holding the greatest talent of all, that of understanding. Over them

Aunt Jem watched with motherly tenderness, for, as a girl, she had loved Guy, and even after his marriage, when he had chosen her sister Monica as his bride. And when

Doctor Luke Brodie asked Aunt Jem to marry him, she shook her head. "Guy's children are my job," she said a little wistfully. It was Aunt Jem who saw that

Terry Maclean was comfortable at Wetherby Grange after Phyllis dragged him from the pounding surf, when it seemed almost too late. Before Terry's recovery, he and Phyllis had heard the call of love and knew it could not be denied. Yet Terry did not speak; the words Phyllis longed to hear remained unsaid. And not until the girl lay a crumpled heap in the bottom of "The Last Hope," the blackness crowding around her, knocked unconscious by the boom of the little sailing boat as the beam swung over her, did Terry speak. Then a torrent of words tumbled from his frightened lips.

Part II

PHIL! . . . Phil darling, do speak! . . ."

The words, broken and disjointed, shaken with an agonized demand, slowly filtered through the immense, soundless darkness into which Phil had descended.

Then something wet and cold splashed suddenly onto her face, and with it recollection stirred and began to struggle back to life. There had been a storm . . . she and Terry had been out in it together. She remembered waves breaking away from the bows of the boat amid a smother of spume which drenched her as it flew by. Instinctively she raised her hand to wipe it away, and immediately the same voice which had spoken before cut through the queer medley of her thoughts.

"She's coming round! . . . Phil! Phil! Open your eyes."

The voice was so insistent that she felt she had better try and do what it said. So she opened her eyes obediently and found herself looking straight up into Terry's face bent above her. Only it was Terry's face all wrung and twisted. Very white, too—like paper.

"I'm all right, Terry," she said uncertainly. "We'll pull through."

At the sound of her weak, valiant little voice he threw back his head and gave a great laugh—a laugh of triumphant, unutterable relief. Then he put his strong young arms round her and gathered her up so that she leaned against his shoulder.

"Oh, my darling!" he exclaimed joyfully. "*We're through!* Sweetheart, we're through!"

The mists that had closed round her, making everything seem vague and unreal, were gradually melting away. "What's happened, Terry?" she asked. "My arm hurts."

"The boom caught you as it came over," he explained quietly. "Not full force, thank goodness. But it knocked you sideways and I think you must have struck your head as you fell. Have some more cold water on it," he added eagerly. "I'll go and soak this handkerchief again."

"No—no. I'm all right, really." She looked toward the sea, still seething with angry, tufted waves as the gale lashed them into increasing fury.

Her brows drew together in a puzzled fashion. She turned to Terry in bewilderment.

"But—how did we get home?"

"We didn't," he said grimly. "We're still on the island, and likely to remain here till someone comes along to fetch us off."

Phil sat up and stared about her. Vaguely she had been thinking that they were on the mainland shore, but now, with returning faculties, she recognized her mistake.

"Then you put back?" she said, realizing what must have happened. "How ever did you manage it?"

"It was our only chance," he answered. "I couldn't sail the boat, single-handed, in such a sea. Even together, we'd never have made Torrenby. So I got her round, somehow, and then just let her rip before the wind. We drove straight on to the shore—over by those rocks."

"And after that?" she prompted.

"I dragged you out and carried you here. Since when I've been dabbing your face with sea water and waiting for you to recover."

He spoke with an airy nonchalance which discounted the hazard of the situation, but Phil guessed the risks he must have run.

A swift, warm flush ran up into her pale cheeks. So Terry *did* care, then, after all! The blessed certainty of it caught away her breath—seemed to tingle through her whole being . . . Only for some unknown reason of his own he had been trying to conceal it from her, trying to convince her to the contrary.

YOUTH

By
Margaret Pedler

Illustrated by
W. C. HOOPLE

Straight and slim and golden, like a hazel-rod

And now that Phil knew, the knowledge brought her such a deep, inner wonder and content that the question as to whether Terry could, or could not, marry her didn't seem to matter at all. For the moment nothing mattered except the one glorious fact that he cared. She was temporarily oblivious even of the storm which was still churning up the sea into a wild fury of crested waves that fought and struggled together beneath a livid sky.

"I'm afraid," Terry suddenly said, glancing at the heavy black clouds which seemed to billow overhead like a huge curtain that might fall and smother them at any moment, "I'm afraid there'll be a downpour before long, and you'll be drenched to the skin unless we get under shelter."

"I can get to the hut," she answered. "I'm all right now."

"Good. Then let's make a start. I'll pick up the hamper en route. We shall probably be glad of Aunt Jem's lavishness before long," he added.

So together they climbed back to where Saint Hubert had built his lonely little dwelling-place, and hardly had they reached it before, accompanied by a flare of lightning and a terrific clap of thunder, the deluge came.

In an instant Terry had dragged Phil within the shelter of the hut, dropped the hamper onto the floor, and banged the door to. But the wind burst it open derisively, and the rain rushed inside like the drenching spray of some huge waterfall.

Terry breathed a sigh of relief when at last he had made the door secure.

"Only just in time," he remarked. Then, striding across to one of the gaps in the wall, he motioned to Phil to join him.

"Look out there," he said laconically.

She came forward, and he moved a little to one side to let her peer through the opening. Rain, driving, persistent, torrential rain had converted the whole landscape into a blurred vista of gray—gray sky, gray sea, broken only by the white angry foam which crested the billows.

Terry straightened his shoulders. His blue eyes held a look of strain.

"They can't send from Torrenby to take us off the island while this storm lasts," he said. Then, bluntly: "It looks as though we're fixed here for the night."

She nodded without turning her head. "Yes," she answered quietly, "I think we are."

For a moment he watched her in silence. She was still gazing seaward through the gap in the wall, and it was difficult to interpret her expression. Abruptly he stepped to her side.

"Are you afraid, Phil?"

At that she turned to him and lifted her eyes to meet his own.

"With you?"

It was so sweetly, simply uttered, with a kind of tender raillery running through the little question, that his control scattered suddenly.

"Oh, Phil! . . . *Darling!*"

The cry broke from him hoarsely, shaken with a fierce young passion of love and longing which could no longer be withheld.

In an instant they were in each other's arms, clinging together like lost children who had just found each other, his lips straining against hers.

"I love you! . . . Phil, I love you!" His voice came stifled by his nearness to her. "I can't tell you—" He stumbled to a halt, finding words futile to express the uprush of that flame of love within him.

"I know," she whispered. There was a wild bird note in her voice, tremulous and thrilling as the mating call in spring. "I know."

And as his arms tightened round her and his mouth crushed down on hers once more, her lips moved under his, kissing him back with the same passionate young ardor as his own.

The storm still raged outside the hut, but they were unconscious of it—aware only of the supreme wonder of loving and being loved.

It was over now—that first incredulous rapture of knowing they were in love.

"Terry, when did you first begin to—to care?" Phil finally whispered.

He looked down at her consideringly.

"In a weak moment, darling—when I was coming to after being nearly drowned. It was beastly—they kept on doing things to me when all I wanted was to be let alone. And then I opened my eyes and saw—you. After which I really thought it might be rather nice to go on living, only right then I felt much too tired to bother about it."

"Well, if you've been in love with me all that length of time, I do think you might have mentioned it before," Phil pointed out.

His face clouded over. Abruptly he drew his arm away and stood up very straight.

"The fact is, I'd no business to mention it at all," he said, almost roughly. "That's the trouble."

She was on her feet beside him in an instant, looking up at him with wide-open, startled eyes.

"What d'you mean? Terry, tell me! You're—you're not *married*, are you?"

"Married? Good Lord, no! Whatever put that idea into your head?"

"Well, you said—you know what you said—that you oughtn't to have told me you—cared. Why oughtn't you?"

"For the plain, unvarnished reason, my sweetheart, that I can't ask you to marry me. I've no money to marry on, and no prospects of making any for at least a year, if then. I couldn't"—and a gleam of rueful humor lit his eyes for an instant—"I couldn't even find enough pennies to buy you a decent engagement ring."

Phil made a sweeping gesture, consigning all such material signs and symbols into the oblivion they deserved. "Pooh! As if that mattered!" she exclaimed scornfully. "Who wants an engagement ring, anyway?"

[*Turn to page 140*]

"Surely you will not be so cruel as to refuse—when I leave so soon?"

A PARIS BARGAIN

She was young and pretty and American, and this was her first trip abroad. So how was she to see behind the mask of a gay cavalier of the boulevards?

By Reita Lambert

Illustrated by W. E. HEITLAND

HENRI was in despair. Henri had encountered his *bête noir* upon the head of the lady from Omaha and his artistic soul was in revolt. Henri's *bête noir* was hair. How was it possible for an artist, even so superlative an artist as Henri, to create a hat upon a head already thatched out of all proportion by an untidy profusion of hair? Henri looked at the Psyche knot which the lady from Omaha had stubbornly preserved against the day when hair should be "in," looked away piteously—and espied the new customer.

She was poised uncertainly in the doorway, a slim illumination of blue and gold, nicely margined by the large young man behind her. Henri bent, relieved, over the lady from Omaha.

"If Madame will excuse—for but one moment—"

It was not the office of Henri to welcome new customers any more than it is the function of a king to answer the front doorbell. And of that ornate salon with its gilded mirrors and priceless drapes, its cushions, its scent, its be-buttoned servitors, Henri was undisputed King. The new customer would never know that she had the lady from Omaha to thank for her splendid reception. Indeed, she appeared to find nothing singular in it. And she guessed at once that the exquisite little gentleman, tripping happily to meet her, was none other than the celebrated modiste himself.

"*You* are Monsieur Henri!" she said.

Henri laid a beautiful white hand upon his heart. "At Mademoiselle's service!"

She glanced triumphantly at the young man. "He *couldn't* be anyone but, could he, Dick? And what a simply glamorous place! *Look* at all the lovely ladies! Come along, man, they're just females on the rack of fashion."

Dick looked doubtfully at the assembly of charming heads in the hands of Henri's assistants, but came along under the combined power of the girl's eyes and the modiste's, "*Entrez*, Monsieur. If Monsieur will seat himself for one moment! *Voilà!* Mademoiselle desires?"

"Hats," she said, settling herself before the long mirror and giving Henri her reflected smile. "Millions of hats. You see, I've never had one before—one of yours, I mean—and I've come all the way to Paris for some. All my friends back home talk about you like you were baby's first tooth."

She dragged off the little blue capsule she was wearing, and the spikes of Henri's peerless mustachio vibrated with delight. He promptly dispatched a lesser genius to minister to the lady from Omaha, and another for an armful of *plateaux*. For here was a head worthy of the cunningest fingers in Paris. An enchanting head, its contours artfully outlined by a cap of shorn hair the shade of ancient amber.

"*C'est parfait!*" he intoned and the girl laughed.

"He means me, Dicky!"

Which was not strictly accurate. Henri's enthusiasm for heads rarely extended to what was in them or attached to them. He cherished, indeed, a particular aversion for the American mademoiselle. She might be, as this one indubitably was, lovely as the dawn, but she was not a lady. Henri had his own ideas as to what qualities constitute a lady, and he had ceased to look for them among the younger members of his American clientele. This one appeared to be cut from the familiar pattern: slim as an adolescent boy, airy as a *demi mondaine*, frankly self-revealing. In five minutes she had confided that this was her first trip to Paris, that she was traveling with an "aunt-ique" and that if a hat shop in America looked like his, it would be censored.

And, in that same five minutes, Henri had gathered, with that intuition peculiar to public servants, that her presence in Paris was the result of some recent and unusual affluence, that beneath her cavalier manner was a young spirit drunk with happiness and that she and the titanic young man were deep in love. It was when he reached this conclusion, that Henri was aware of a sympathetic flutter under his matchless waistcoat. Not that these two were openly sentimental.

"Now isn't this going to be a royal *chapeau!*" the girl would demand of the tremendous creature.

And he would suspend the vain attempts to dispose of his hands and feet, and gaze skeptically at the modish helmet emerging from the shapeless *plateau* on her head. "Looks like the old oaken bucket to me."

"To *you* it would, lamb!"

Not precisely the language of romance, but warmed by the old, unquenchable flame, embroidered with the fluttering lashes, the fleeting contact of fingers, the pointless laughter that betray lovers the world over. Henri, clipping, molding, pinning, felt his meager little frame charged with the current of their young ardor, and remembered that it was June. And when they left, it was as though he had closed a window on something fresh and copsey and fragrant.

Which marked the introduction of the incomparable modiste to Miss Ruth Hunter of the Hôtel de Calais and America. Rufus, her young giant called her, and he was Dickybird and old Dick-in-the-mud.

It was soon apparent that Rufus was falling a victim to the lure of Paris. When she came for her first fitting, she was fresh from the hands of *une grande couturière*. She told Henri that she had ordered a thousand frocks and that he was to create a hat for every one.

"Ah!" said Henri slyly. "Mademoiselle prepares her trousseau!"

It swamped her rouge in a swift blush and brought a chuckle from the Dickybird. "Right under the line!" he said.

Unintelligible, but complimentary, Henri was certain. For he liked this big American with his honest eyes and friendly grin. Liked him for the devotion that anchored him to the buoyant charms of his Rufus. Though he was obviously and acutely miserable in the scented elegance of the *salle de chapeau,* those first few fittings found one of the gilt chairs straining under his faithful bulk. The half incredulous admiration with which he watched Henri at work was really gratifying.

"Henri, you'd be a knockout in America," he said.

And Henri, dancing away to admire his handiwork and leaping back to the charge, would deliver a lecture on the advantage of a hat made on the head to one bought, like a lettuce, from a shop.

So that he was disappointed, and a little resentful, of the effulgent, dark beauty who one day usurped the faithful Dick's place. He bowed coldly when Miss Hunter introduced him—"She's mad about your hats, too, Henri."

"Mademoiselle is too kind," he said. "And Monsieur—he is well?"

"Almost back to normal," and Rufus laughed, "but I was afraid to expose him again." She turned to the dark beauty. "He means Dick. Can you imagine Dick in a place like this?"

The dark beauty lit a cigarette languidly. "My child, I can't imagine Dick *anywhere* in Paris."

Miss Hunter laughed again, but it was not honest mirth. "Oh, Dick's been around," she said.

"What?" drawled the dark girl, watching Henri's deft fingers through her cigarette smoke. "A tour of the world's kindergartens?"

The small head under his hands gave such a sudden jerk that the modiste cried sharply, *"Attendez, Mademoiselle!"* and withdrew his shears.

"Yes, you don't want your ears bobbed, darling," the dark beauty said and sloped forward. "Listen, can't you fix it? For this afternoon, I mean."

RUFUS was staring straight into the mirror, apparently absorbed in the reflected process taking place on her head. "No can do, Kit. Promised to meet Dick for tea."

Kit shrugged. "Well, if you will bring excess baggage to Europe—"

"Didn't bring him. He just joined up."

"—I don't see why you should lug it around with you," Kit finished and inhaled deeply. "You may not get another chance at the most succulent male in Paris."

"Who said I wanted one?"

"Uh-huh," Kit disposed of that. "And truly it's the first time I've ever seen Nicolas really moved. I mean last night. He was positively *afflicted* with you."

"How touching!" Rufus said lightly, but Henri sensed that she was pleased. *"Finis,* Henri?"

"For today, Mademoiselle."

She reached for her hat. "And when do you want me again?"

"If tomorrow—" Henri began, but the dark beauty cried, "Oh, don't sew up tomorrow, Rufus. Maybe we can wangle Nick for lunch, if you can shake your country boy."

And so the next fitting was arranged for the day after tomorrow. And an inadequate fitting it proved to be. She arrived earlier than the hour set for her appointment and today she was alone.

"Listen, Henri," she greeted him. "Can you make it snappy? I'm in a ghastly hurry."

He sent to the workroom for her hats and bowed her to a chair. Across the neighboring head on which he was busy, he noted the change in her. For there was a change. And it was not only the new frock, one of the thousand, Henri guessed, which was unquestionably smart. Almost too smart, it seemed to Henri. Not the frock he would have designed for the girl who had made him remember that it was June in the Bois. Today she was the rue de la Paix and though still lovely, her blue eyes were heavy with fatigue.

Throughout the fitting, she was increasingly restive, lighting and discarding cigarettes, glancing sharply around whenever the door opened to admit a newcomer.

"Mon Dieu!" Henri said at last and stood off, hands and shoulders raised until they leveled his ears. "Upon the dancing head it is not possible to make the hat."

She laughed at that, a hearty peal, and got up, glancing at her watch. "Well, let's call it a day, Henri. I've got to go anyway, really. I'll come back tomorrow—no, the day after, shall I?"

She dragged on her hat, added a swift dab of powder to her already pasty little nose and smiled into his reproachful eyes.

"And listen, Henri, if anyone should happen to—to call for me, will you say I left earlier than I expected? Will you?"

Henri said gravely that he would, and carried the half finished offspring of his genius to one of the wooden models that served him in similar emergencies. He was trying to recapture the inspiration her abrupt departure had blighted, when a shadow fell across his hands. He glanced up. It was necessary to tip his chin to a pretty sharp angle before his eyes met the friendly gaze of the big American. Even so, he suddenly felt the taller of the two.

"Miss Hunter been in yet?" the Dickybird wanted to know, with one of his shy grins.

Henri spread apologetic hands. "And left, Monsieur!"

"Left! Already? But she said—"

"Mademoiselle left," Henri explained gravely, "earlier than she expected."

That he had struck the boy a blow was obvious. But he took it standing. "Oh, thasso?" he said casually. "Well, thanks a lot," and went plunging out.

It was part of the legend that fame and time had built up around the little modiste, that he had come to look upon life as a simple affair of hats and heads. And it was true that Henri's paramount interest in a head was as a subject for his creative fancy. True, also, that to the world beyond the confines of his elegant little salon, he was signally indifferent. But it is surprising how much of life can reveal itself in the evolution of a hat. The unguarded chatter of his clientele had lightened the tedium of Henri's labors with many a drama. It was soon clear that the lovely Rufus was to provide him with another.

He watched its progress with uneasy interest. The change in the girl herself, broken appointments, hurried fittings. And during one of these the "most succulent male in Paris" made his appearance.

Henri had never honored him thus, but it was not difficult to identify Nicolas de Rougement as the dark beauty's superlative Nick. Who in all Paris did not know the redoubtable de Rougement, opera singer and *boulevardier,* the *beau idéal* of every smart rendezvous in town? Tall was Nicolas and impeccably tailored, with the ardent languor of a tropical moon in his sleepy, dark eyes. He posed for a moment in the doorway, as though to acknowledge the tribute of silence that greeted his entrance. Then he sauntered gracefully across to Rufus.

Henri had never greeted a visitor less cordially, never had he experienced less satisfaction in watching a lovely face grow lovelier. It was clear that the de Rougement magic, which certain of his own countrywomen had found so potent, had not failed of its effect with the little American.

"How did you know I was here?" she demanded, her cheeks showing crimson banners of welcome.

HE TOOK her hand, bent slowly over it, his half-closed eyes never leaving her face until his lips brushed her fingertips. Then he released it and dropped easily into the chair Henri had placed for him.

"How does one know how to find the precious violet when all nature conspires to conceal it, *ma chérie?* By its fragrance, of course."

"I knew that new perfume was too strong," she said archly. "I'll bet Kit told you."

He lowered his lids in an ineffable caress. "Does it matter, so long as you are glad to see me?"

"You're sure of that, are you?" [*Turn to page 80*]

"Henri's!—What a simply glamorous place! Come along, Dicky!"

From "Yolanda of Cyprus"—a native opera

WORDS AND MUSIC

By DEEMS TAYLOR

A Sprout In The Native Soil

THE American Opera Company seems safely past the dangerous years of early infancy; and its well-wishers are hereby officially authorized to stop holding their breaths. For this organization, fathered a few years ago by Vladimir Rosing and mothered by the Eastman School of Music, has just about achieved the status of an institution. Its existence is so far taken for granted that its annual survival no longer arouses any excitement in newspaper circles. It came into New York this year for a two weeks' visit, presenting its customary, and welcome, performances of *Faust, Madame Butterfly, The Marriage of Figaro,* and *Carmen,* and its audiences, howbeit large and pleased ones, showed no symptoms of surprise. Which is the healthiest and most propitious of all symptoms.

However, the American Opera Company did spring one surprise. It kept a promise—something so rare among producing organizations as to be almost sensational. Several years ago Director Rosing announced that one of his ambitions for the company was to produce new American works of sufficient merit as soon as his material and artistic resources were strong enough. Two years ago he did produce Charles Wakefield Cadman's *The Sunset Trail;* but technically at least, *The Sunset Trail* was not a new work, since it had been written for a pageant in Denver, Colorado.

This year's production was an authentic novelty. Clarence E. Loomis' four-act opera, *Yolanda of Cyprus,* written to a libretto by Cale Young Rice, had never before been produced anywhere, and was accepted by the directors of the opera company from among a large number of submitted manuscripts.

The story, medieval in theme and setting, is well adapted to operatic requirements. Briefly, it concerns the Lady Yolanda, a ward under the protection of the Berengere, Queen of Cyprus, and betrothed to the queen's son, Amaury. The queen is having a love affair with a neighboring baron, and, trapped and on the verge of discovery by the king, appeals [*Turn to page 121*]

What's Going

Rough And Rowdy

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THE retreat of the traditional type of movie hero has been one of the many strange results of spoken dialogue on the screen. The slim, beautiful, exquisite lovers of the past have almost vanished from view; and they have been replaced by the rough, rowdy, bass-voiced he-men who are muscular but far from pretty.

The doom of the older school of celluloid heroism was sounded when audiences all over the country snickered and hooted at John Gilbert's langorous love-making in his first talking picture, *His Wonderful Night.* It is being sounded even more vehemently by the fervent applause which greets the strenuous vulgarities of such uncouth roughnecks as George Bancroft and Victor McLaglen in such pictures as *The Cockeyed World, Thunderbolt, Hot for Paris* and *The Mighty.*

That which was accepted in all seriousness in the days of the silent drama is now exposed as nonsensical; and even those male screen stars who are cursed with good looks are taking note of this situation and acting accordingly. Ronald Colman has renounced his romantic ways and has become a gay and flippant comedian; when compelled to participate in love scenes, he conducts his amours in a half-satirical, half-apologetic manner.

Those who saw Mr. Colman in *Bulldog Drummond* and *Condemned* saw a character far removed from the glamorous figure who posed through the reels of *Night of Love* and *Two Lovers.* In his next offering, *Raffles,* Mr. Colman impersonates one of the famous crooks of literature.

Richard Barthelmess has been similarly smart in noting the trend of the times. So have John Barrymore, Ramon Novarro, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Richard Dix. As for John Gilbert, I understand that he has taken oath never to be inveigled again into any displays of ardor such as those that made him famous in *Flesh and the Devil,* or those that made him ridiculous in *His Wonderful Night.* He plans to appear next as the hero of *A Farewell to Arms* (a significant title), adapted from the novel by that most hard-boiled of all story tellers, Ernest Hemingway.

Maurice Chevalier, the most spectacular of the rising stars, can hardly be classed as homely. But there can be no denying the fact that he is exceedingly rough, in a pleasantly French way. He plays all his love scenes with a wink. Although a Latin himself, M. Chevalier is the direct opposite of the former Latin type of screen idol.

Among the many other male stars who have been imported from the stage, you will note that hardly one of the handsome fellows has survived in Hollywood. Those who have established themselves most securely in the heart of the film fans have relied on strength of character rather than on facial beauty; I refer, in this connection, to Al Jolson, Will Rogers, Jack Oakie, James Gleason, George Jessel, Robert Armstrong, Charles Bickford, George Arliss, Charles King, Roland Young and Chester Morris.

Marilyn Miller in the screen version of "Sally"

The change in popular taste might seem to be considerably less pronounced when one considers the female stars. Greta Garbo is still the most devoutly worshiped of them all; and anyone who says that she is unlovely or unromantic will have me, among many others, to fight. Nevertheless, neither Miss Garbo nor her employers is insensitive to the revised condition of things. When she makes her talking début, in *Anna Christie,* she will be seen as a hard, tawdry woman of the waterfront.

Mary Pickford is another who has observed the cold, gray light of the new era. She bade farewell to her girlish manners when she sacrificed her glimmering curls. In *Coquette* and *The Taming of the Shrew* she tried hard to dissipate her reputation for ingenuousness. During the coming season she promises to try even harder.

ALL the little ladies who are cute, and nothing else, are disappearing rapidly. The female screen stars who have lived through the late revolution are those who have preferred toughness to tenderness, among them being Clara Bow, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Norma Shearer, Nancy Carroll, Anita Page, Marion Davies, Evelyn Brent, Mary Nolan, Bebe Daniels, and Bessie Love.

I hesitate to say whether or not this emphatic change in public taste is to be applauded; but as one who sees and hears most of the products of Hollywood I can say that even though the former ideals of sweetness and light were more to be admired, the present styles of roughness and rowdiness make for considerably more interesting pictures.

Among the current films that are worthy of attention are *Sally,* in which Marilyn Miller appears to beautiful advantage; *Disraeli; The Love Parade; Seven Days Leave; The Sky Hawk; The Virginian; Seven Keys to Baldpate; General Crack* and *The Rogue Song,* the last of which will be considered herein next month.

George Bancroft stars in "The Mighty"

On in the World

Giving Death His Due

A REVIEW OF THE THEATER

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

IT IS a bad season along Broadway which sees no plays of entertaining quality. Although the present year has been signalized by deep gloom among the managers, there are several places where the theatergoer may have an amusing evening. He will find pleasant fare spread for him in the skillful lightweight comedy called *Strictly Dishonorable* and many deep-seated laughs from the rough and tumble merriment of *June Moon,* in which the songwriter's trade is held up to ridicule; and at *Berkeley Square* he may mix his merriment with more profound emotion. Yet even after this exception has been pointed the fact still remains that the play with an idea is most unusual in New York. "There is," so the popular impression goes, "enough thought in the world to puzzle the mind of everyone without having to pay your way into a theater to ferret it out."

And of all the thoughts which managers may present for the edification of the public surely one of the least welcome is speculation about the nature of death and dissolution. Accordingly some effort will be made here to celebrate the merits of *Death Takes a Holiday* regardless of its fate at the hands of the ticket brokers. It seems to me that journalistic dramatic reviewing has fallen into the heresy of becoming a kind of prophecy rather than criticism. For this unfortunate state of affairs two factors are responsible. The first is, or rather was, *Abie's Irish Rose.* When this charade first appeared on Broadway the critics received it with cavalier contempt. It was, they said, a shoddy piece hardly worth a paragraph of any serious man's attention. *Abie's Irish Rose* proceeded to run and run and break every known record for profits to be obtained by playwrights. The general public held that this was a great joke upon the critics. Here were these men supposed to know the good from the bad and yet they had lightly dismissed a comedy which was destined to make American theatrical history.

One or two reviewers stuck to their guns and made an annual practice of declaring in print that *Abie's Irish Rose* was still a terrible show no matter how long it held the boards. And those who had courage enough to keep their heads up during the dark days finally reaped a minor sort of reward. The play by Anne Nichols was not immortal after all. The sun beat upon it and the snows came. Children grew up and were graduated from college. Some of them married. Presidents came and went. Henry Ford changed the lines of his car from stem to stern. And at last *Abie's Irish Rose* in the fullness of its years lay down and died. It was but mortal after all.

Even though dead and gone it has remained to haunt the critics, moving down the aisles with a fearful clanking of chains at just the moment some newspaper reviewer had made up his mind to say of the current attraction, "This is devoid of any merit whatsoever." But when he feels the icy breath of the dead comedy upon his neck the critic trembles and decides to pull his punches. Instead of what originally come into his mind he writes, "*The Girl on the Fire Escape* has its moments."

And in addition to the specter of *Abie's Irish Rose* the critic is[*Turn to page 172*]

The brilliant principals of "Death Takes A Holiday"

Sorrow The Way To Immortality

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

William O'Connell

THE sermon here reviewed was preached by His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, on the occasion of the Feast of the Seven Dolors of our Blessed Lady. It is profoundly appropriate to the season of the Christian Year which begins with Lent and moves to its climax and crown on Easter Day. With clear insight it shows that the Gospel of Christ began to be written in the heart of Mary, the Mother of Sorrows, out of whose life and agony was born a revelation of the immortal life.

"From the foot of the Cross the Mother of our Lord speaks to all the world: 'I am the Mother of Sorrows. Let all who mourn come to me, the chief of mourners, and learn that in the midst of suffering God is nearest; and that if we but keep our faith and eyes fixed upon Christ, our sorrow will be but a stepping stone to eternal joy.' There at the Cross she stands, her face uplifted to that of her Son, the true Mother even to the end; let us learn from her the meaning of the sorrows of life.

"Pain, suffering, sorrow come to all, soon or late, to king and beggar alike; there is no escape. The sunlit path darkens, and the shadows gather about us, as they gathered about the Mother of Jesus. Often we feel impelled to cry out, Why? Is life at best a torture? Have I been created only to meet disappointment, poverty, sickness, pain, bereavement, death? Why am I doomed to all this? Is God merciful who allows me to be thus afflicted? Is He my Father?

"Religion alone has an answer to these bitter questions wrung from our hearts in spite of ourselves; the Christian religion—the religion of the Son of the Mother of Sorrows. Of the use, the benefit, [*Turn to page 116*]

Gary Cooper, Mary Brian and Walter Huston in "The Virginian"

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH VIOLA PARADISE

Romance Rampant

A DESK load of books, and not a flapper in the lot! Is this mere chance? Perhaps among the hosts of new novels, only a fraction of which can ensnare one reviewer's attention, youth is flaming as luridly as in the literature of the last few years. Perhaps the preponderance of Romance in the books before me has no significance? And yet, perhaps the lengthening of skirt and hair is not unrelated to a general romantic tendency?

Of four historical novels here, *Coronet* by Manuel Komroff is the most ambitious. Its theme, the decline of aristocracy, carries it roaring down the years from 1600 to the present day, and sprawling over several countries, even into our own land. Its characters, famous and infamous, authentic and fictional, intrigue and thieve and lust and sometimes repent, and begin all over again. The exquisite coronet of gold and jewels, symbol of aristocracy, travels from age to age, land to land, till it comes to a boastful and inglorious rest at the wedding, in Chicago, of a hog-butcher's daughter and the impoverished descendant [*Turn to page 158*]

Photo by Carl Klein

Manuel Komroff

"Save her?" The phrase and the startled look Bill gave him, were demoralizing

"Dancing's for youngsters," she said from the security of their fireside. But life, with its gay throngs, reckless, merry and mad, lured him down the shining road where he was to meet grim disaster before he found, once again, the blessed sanctuary of home

HOLIDAY

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

THE wind had been coming down out of the northwest for three days and nights, a long, steady blow. It had piled the water of Lake Michigan down into the southern end of the lake, and the great waves went roaring up on the beaches at the resorts, sending the timid out of the water, keeping the beach guards on the lookout, and causing mothers anxiety about their little adventuresome children.

At Beach Haven the boats of the Great Lakes Coast Guard had been out twice, and the waves came in over the breakwater, over the government pier, and the greedy spray leaped high against the lighthouse tower. As dark came on, a thirty thousand dollar pile driver was sunk on the sand bar north of the town, and the water swept over the pier in a great catapult of a wave.

Larry came back to consciousness with the sound of the water in his ears, the heavy cumulative roar of it, the sudsy splash of waves upon the shore, the sharp hiss of the undertow running back. Crash it came again, crash and roar. He flung his arms out instinctively, and caught his breath, his eyes tightly closed. But he was safe and dry in bed. He opened his eyes and looked about the unfamiliar whitewashed room. His gaze was not clear. The place was blurred and unreal. There seemed to be the figure of a man in white sitting on a chair propped against the wall, working at something dark he held in his hands. Larry wondered if this might be death. If it were, he would never see his wife, Louise, again, he thought forlornly. He tried to straighten things out in his mind, but it all came back to him slowly and in confusion. He plucked up courage and spoke, and though he intended his tone to be loud and firm, his voice was very feeble. "Hullo," he said.

A great, white, wavering bulk rose and came toward him. Larry rubbed his eyes and looked again. He saw a young man, in singlet and white duck trousers, his skin a dark mahogany from wind and midwest sunshine. The thing he had in his hand was a blue coat. He held, too, a piece of chamois cloth. He was polishing brass buttons. He laid the coat down and put a warm hand over Larry's cold one.

"All right?" he asked.

Larry grinned at him with hurting lips. "O. K." he answered weakly, and then, "If you don't mind, where am I?"

"Coast Guard Depot, Beach Haven." The other gave him particulars in a businesslike tone. "Been waiting for you to wake up. You've been breathing like the deep sea."

He went to the door and shouted, "Hey, Tony! This guy's come around. Bring us some soup."

He came back to Larry. Larry looked at him. It was a friendly, firm young face he saw above his own.

"The girl—that was with me?" Larry asked.

"Her brother came and got her a couple of hours ago, Buddy. We found his address in her pocketbook, and got him on long distance. He came for her."

Larry felt relief. That was all right then, if Dorothy's brother was looking after her.

"What time is it now?" he asked.

"It's after midnight. Nineteen minutes, exactly."

"Then I missed the boat?"

The coast guard laughed briefly, "You nearly missed all the boats, boy."

Larry managed another smile.

"Did you—did anyone call my wife?" he asked.

"Your wife? No, sir. Didn't know you had one."

There was faint reproof in this, and Larry explained, "She'll be worried."

"You give me the number and I'll call her now. There's a phone right here by your bed."

Larry gave him the number, and heard the Chicago call given to the long distance operator.

The man called Tony entered with a tray. "Here y'are, Bill."

Bill brought the bowl to Larry and lifted his head, and Larry drank the soup slowly. It was difficult for him to swallow. His mouth and tongue were swollen and sore. He felt, in fact, as though his whole face was battered and unnatural. He said "Thanks" when the soup was finally, painfully, finished, and he wished for Louise. This man Bill was a gentle sort of nurse, but a married man liked his own wife. Bill felt of Larry's forehead.

"Feel feverish?"

"I don't know. I'd like a drink." Bill brought it. The cold water did not taste as Larry had anticipated.

The telephone began to ring, and Larry said, "Can I talk to her?"

"Guess the cord will stretch—" The telephone was in his hands. He heard Louise's excited voice.

THIS is Larry. I had a little accident here, Louise. I missed the boat." "No, I'm still at Beach Haven. I didn't catch the boat." "No, just a little accident. I'm staying all night with the coast guard." "I couldn't call you sooner, Louise. I'm sorry you worried. I'll be home tomorrow evening." "Sure, I'm all right. Nothing serious at all. Just delayed. How are the children?" "That's fine. I'll get the early boat and be in Chicago around six. Call the store in the morning for me, will you?" He was growing very weak. Bill steadied the telephone for him. "You go back to bed now, and don't worry another minute. I'll tell you all about it when I see you. G'night—"

Bill took the telephone away from him and put it back on the little table. Bill tucked Larry in somewhat severely. Larry wondered if he would be able to take the afternoon boat. He felt terrible. Bill, in silence, had gone back to his buttons.

Larry said to him, humbly, "There's something the matter with my back. It's not hurt, is it?"

"Nothing serious, I guess." The sympathy seemed to have gone out of Bill with Larry's phone call. "Just a few thumb prints. We gave you manual, artificial respiration for an hour or longer. Tony and I."

"Oh!" Larry was dismayed. The words brought back again that last moment from which his thoughts had been veering. They had run out into the water hand in hand, he and Dorothy, and the great wave had knocked them down, and he had jumped up, still holding her hand, and tried to set her on her feet, laughing and shouting, and the second wave had rolled them over. Then something had him by the legs, something with hands of iron, and the strength of wild horses. It dragged him under and out. It had torn Dorothy's hand from his as though it were struck away. He could remember horribly that last bitter moment of struggle in the green swirling water, the blurred sight of Dorothy's black suit and white cap, and the pain in his throat. Then oblivion, and now—this.

"She wasn't—you didn't have to do anything like that to her to save her? She was all right when you pulled her out of the water, wasn't she?" he asked, fear coming into him with the words.

"Save her?" The phrase, and the startled look Bill gave him, were demoralizing. Larry fought down panic.

"You said—" he began.

"I said her brother came and got her. It was just a way of speaking. I thought you knew what happened. The life guards pulled you in on the beach. We took the boat out after her."

SHE wasn't—" Larry couldn't say the word. His lips would not form it.

"Boy, she never had a chance. The undertow took her clear out past the breakwater. She was in the lake two hours before we found her."

For a moment Larry hoped unconsciousness was coming back upon him. But the moment passed and realization as clear as crystal penetrated his understanding. Dorothy was dead. She had been drowned. That fierce, undertow, those clutching hands which had pulled him under, had taken her clear out beyond the breakwater.

His situation at once became very complicated and difficult. What had been a harmless holiday was now sinister and menacing. Dorothy's brother had taken her home. He may or may not have known she was with Larry when she was lost. If he did know it, he would think a thousand evil things. He was that sort. If he didn't know it, better for all concerned to keep it quiet. From now on Larry would take no notice, make no inquiry. He would have to go ahead, as though he had been all alone, and her death of no more than casual interest to him. When there was really nothing!

He felt called upon to explain to Bill. His eyes filled with helpless tears and he wiped them away on the sleeve of the nightshirt someone had put on him. How could he tell Bill that there wasn't a thing wrong, about Dorothy?

Illustrated by RAYMOND SISLEY

The woolen blankets in which he was wrapped felt hot and heavy There was a hot water bottle at his feet, one against each thigh. He moved restlessly. Here he was, enfolded in wool, with heat restoring him.

He could think only of that firm, leaping young body, the milk-white of limbs unaccustomed to the sun. He could not believe that she was silent, limp, cold. He felt ashamed and humbled at his own returning vitality.

He went back eagerly in his mind over the whole business. Dorothy worked at Amberger's, in the draperies, as cash girl. She was eighteen. He was buyer for the department, and her boss. Who would believe that he hadn't dreamed she was on the boat until he found her at his elbow, as they moved out of the Chicago River? She had been very self-conscious when he spoke to her. He had wondered, for a moment, if she came on the boat because she knew he was coming, but that had been too absurd, although he had told them all what he was going to do. She was as free to take a boat ride as anyone in Chicago. When he found that she was alone, it was only natural that they should join forces for the day. He had been mighty glad to have her. He was lonely, half sorry for the stubbornness that had brought him.

He had begged Louise to go with him, but Louise wouldn't go. Louise had a budget which left very little for pleasures. Louise was satisfied to stay home quietly in her own little flat, with her babies, thrilled about getting ahead. Of course she was right, but Larry wanted some fun, that was all. He hadn't had his good pay very long. And they weren't out of debt for Paul before Clara was born, and they had never been able to catch up. But Louise was catching up now, catching up, and saving too. They were practically out of debt for the first time since they had been married. And she was saving, dollar after dollar, to get ahead. Larry had to have good clothes for his job. The babies had to have the best food. It cost so much, just to live. "We're only young once," Larry had complained a little about the many sacrifices, and Louise had answered with spirit, "That's why we have to make our start now. We're married now, Larry. We have to get ahead. Dancing's for youngsters."

Not that Larry was finding fault with Louise. In her own way she was perfect. A perfect wife. It was what she wanted to be, and she nearly was. She had ideals. She worked hard. Everything about her was clean and shining. When most wives couldn't get enough to spend, hounded their husbands for luxuries they couldn't afford, Louise was a marvel. She taught their children to have nice manners and to stand straight and tell the truth. She studied books about them. She was a thrifty manager, and Larry knew she had only his good at heart. But his job at the store was hard, long hours, wearing. They could have spent a little, now and then. Larry would have gone cheerfully to the public beaches, the public dance halls. He wasn't particular. But Louise was. She wanted the best, and would have nothing else.

THEN Mr. Amberger died, and they closed the store for a day and gave all the employees a holiday with pay. And Larry had gone alone to Beach Haven on the big boat. The tickets cost five dollars. It would have been ten dollars for the two of them, and three dollars for the woman to stay with the children. They could have managed it, but Louise was stubborn and they quarreled, and Larry went alone, his hat a little down on his forehead.

He and Dorothy had had a lot of fun, leaning over the rail, watching the excited mothers with their little children. They had walked all around the deck, and bought paddles at the wheel. They had danced and danced, and watched the green hills coming up, in the early afternoon, before the steamship's laboring prow. The water was rough. A great many of the passengers were ill. But not Larry. Not Dorothy.

At the beach they exhausted the rides in the amusement park, and found an hour left to them before the boat's return trip. Neither of them could swim, but it would be fun to get in, to splash around a little, and play ball. They had laughed hilariously at one another in the faded, rented suits.

And now— [*Turn to page 171*]

He hadn't dreamed she was on the boat until he found her at his elbow

WILD WIND

"Distance isn't going to make any difference—not when we care so much," Kit comforted Jacqueline. But can the fire of any love burn constant through years of lonely waiting?

By Temple Bailey

Illustrated by C. D. MITCHELL

THE whole thing is preposterous. Do you think I'm going to stand for it? I've come back to marry you, and I'm going to do it now!" Christopher flung out the words in a white heat. Jacqueline's wide, sapphire-blue eyes misted with tears. "Kit, are you blaming me?" she asked, softly. "Don't you know that I, too, suffer?" "Darling! Darling!" Kit took the girl in his arms, all wrath gone, only tenderness now. "My beloved! It's because I know you suffer that I hate it so! No matter what happens, you are mine—always."

Kit had come back from France, freed at last from the dark horror of war, with the hope flaming in his heart that before the bells had rung out the old year he would have claimed Jacqueline for his own. They would journey to far-off India—the rich garment in which life would wrap them and their love. A honeymoon on the high seas, then the old house in Salem with its angel-guarded cradle. But they both knew suddenly that this was only a dream, never to be fulfilled, perhaps. For Mary, Jacqueline's sister, would never again touch foot to the floor, or stand tall and straight in her golden beauty. Mary, always with pillows back of her—and nurses—and Mary's children, and Joel, Mary's husband, wrecked by the savagery of war, needed a woman's care. So Jacqueline promised to stay with them, with courage born of hope, bravely faced seeing Kit sail away, alone.

"Is it fair to you, Jacqueline, and to Kit?" Paula, Sue Gilman's aunt, wise in the ways of the world, asked the question. She knew that men are different from women, that they can't live on letters and dreams. And she knew, also, that Sue loved Kit—and women, who love, do strange things. "Kit will want a home, a wife—and he will feel bound to you—in honor," she said. And as she saw a shadow steal over Jacqueline's radiance, she thought to herself, "The child might as well face it now. Kit Howland is no different from any other man."

"Jacqueline is making you unhappy and I can't bear it"

Part III

JOEL was home again, and the whole house was in a state of flux. Nothing was as it had been. Joel, having a masterful trend of mind and having so lately commanded men, brought military tactics into domestic matters. Jacqueline found herself constantly with pencil and paper in her hands, making lists of this or that. Menus; orders for Hannah; things to be moved upstairs; things to be moved down. Joel had a passion for tabulation. All the old easy-going methods which had contented Jacqueline and Hannah were abolished. Housekeeping, Joel contended, was an exact science. Half the labor might be saved by adopting a systematic schedule.

"I hope you don't mind, Hannah," Jacqueline said to the old woman, one morning when Joel had left them with orders for the day.

"Not me, my dear. He'll get over it."

"I'm not sure that he will, Hannah."

"Then we'll put up with it and not worry, my lamb."

They all worked like mad to get the big front room ready for Mary. Everything was in rose color. "She'll need it, my poor girl," Joel had said to Jacqueline, as they had looked over the sample of chintzes for the chair covers and over-curtains.

HIS tenderness for Mary, was wonderful! He spared no expense, and Jacqueline was at times apprehensive. "Ought we to spend so much, Joel?"

"We must. For her. And I'm not worried about the future. I've a brain if I haven't two legs."

His courage was amazing. Not once since his breakdown in the surgeon's room had Jacqueline heard a whimper. It was as if Mary's weakness had flung a challenge to his strength. And he had taken on family cares as he had never done in the old days. Small Joey, he decided, was to sleep in the den next to his father's room.

"You'll have enough of him, Jack, during the day," he said to her.

Yolanda and her father got along amazingly. Except for one thing. She refused, as she refused with everyone, to surrender her will to his. He might use military tactics with the rest of the world, but not with his young daughter.

"I don't see why you told me to do that, Daddy," she would say, when he issued certain commands.

"It is enough that I have told you."

Paula's heart almost missed a beat. Would Kit see what she saw in Sue's eyes?

"It isn't enough, of course, Daddy, but I'll do it," and so judicial was her tone, so utterly divorced from impertinence, that Joel was at a loss how to meet the situation.

"What would you do with her?" he asked his sister-in-law.

"There isn't anything to do," Jacqueline told him. "Yolanda is Yolanda."

As for herself, Jacqueline avoided issues. Joel was not her husband. Yolanda was not her child. She had already been made aware in the days since Joel's return from the hospital that her position in the house was not authoritative. She had the responsibilities, but not the perquisites. She did everything that Mary had done, but it was Joel who decided things. She wished sometimes that she were older and wiser. "He treats me as if I were a child . . ."

Yet he had his moments of confidence and consultation, when he would sit on the other side of the fire and discuss ways and means, and listen to her small advices as if he meant to follow them.

But he never did follow them; and she wondered sometimes if it would always go on like this, or if some day she would rise up and demand the just dues of her efforts and intelligence.

SHE dared not speak to Kit of her problems. He was impatient enough as it was of the situation. He had been away for two weeks, and in two weeks more he would be sailing. Jacqueline pushed the thought of that parting away from her. She felt that she could not let him go. She couldn't . . . .

He had written to her of certain matters of business. "Some of it has to do with you, my darling. I've made my will, and you're to have the old house if anything happens to me."

She had written back: "Kit, if anything happens to you, I shan't want the house. There won't be anything left to live for."

On the night of Kit's return to Boston, he came down and dined with them. Joel was delighted, and did most of the talking. "You must see all we've done for Mary," he told their guest, as he carved the roast. "After dinner I'll take you up and show you."

Jacqueline had put on the blue taffeta, and her bronze hair shone under the candles. To her lover she seemed very beautiful. But Joel was blind to her beauty. Jack was a nice little thing and all that, but he missed Mary's golden good looks and tall grace.

After dinner, Joel went upstairs with Christopher to Mary's room, and showed him the rose-chintz chairs and the rose over-curtains. "Everything is ready for my poor girl when she comes back to me—"

Then all at once his composure broke, and he stood leaning against the head of the bed, his shoulders heaving. Christopher flung an arm about those heaving shoulders. "It's hard lines, old man, but you'll—carry on."

With his arm still about Joel's shoulders, he said that he'd like to send up some roses—pink roses, to put in Mary's room when she arrived; and there was a seascape done by one of the nineteenth century Dutch painters, with the sky in a sunset glory—perhaps it could hang opposite Mary's bed, and cheer her up a bit.

And as Kit talked, Joel got himself in hand. "I haven't let any of them see me like this," he apologized; "it is hard enough for Jack as it is."

Kit had no words for that. No one knew as well as he how hard it was for the woman he loved. She did not have to tell him. Coming back after two weeks, he had seen it in her changed looks—in the whiteness of her cheeks, the violet shadows under her eyes. "It will be easier for her, when I am gone," he told himself; "she is afraid of what is ahead of her."

He followed Joel into the hall and waited a moment while his host went to peep at small Joey, to be sure he was sleeping. And so it happened that he found himself standing on the threshold of Jacqueline's room, which was at the head of the stairway, with the door open.

He knew at once that it was her room, because his picture in the silver and ivory frame which he had given her was on the dresser. Except for the frame there was nothing in the room of any value. The colors were blue and white, and there was a virginal effect of neatness and order. Jacqueline's little blue dressing gown hung over a chair, with her blue bedroom slippers on the rug beneath. There was no view of the sea, no elegance of draperies and furnishing such as invested Mary's room. Yet here, in these plain surroundings, the love of his life would live until she could let him come for her.

His thoughts traveled fast to the room that he would give her. There should be paneled walls with gay rose garlands, silken hangings, silver and crystal bottles and bowls for her perfumes and powders, brushes and mirrors backed by old ivory, like that of the frame.

When they went downstairs and found her alone in the firelit room, Kit put his arm about her as they stood together. "You've got to be wonderfully good to this girl, Joel, or I shall carry her off."

Joel had lighted his pipe and with his back to the fire was beaming on the pair of them. "You'll have to lend her to us for a little while . . . . And you needn't think we don't appreciate what you're both doing. We shall owe Jack a debt we can never pay."

"You've paid it already, a thousand times, in the things you and Mary have done for me," Jack said, and began, suddenly to cry, with her face against Kit's coat.

YOLANDA coming from the kitchen, presently, saw nothing amiss, for Jacqueline had regained her self-control, and the three of them were talking quietly. Yolanda sat down on a footstool and listened. The talk was of war and she was much interested.

"Hannah says there's never going to be another war," she vouchsafed, when a slight pause gave her a chance for a word.

"Hannah knows, of course," her father told her, smiling.

"Well, she says it won't be because the world is any better, but because we've got more sense." Yolanda, in red, with a bobbing red hair-ribbon, danced on her toes across the hearthrug. "Daddy, do you remember the day you went away?" She began to sing, lustily, stepping in time to the tune—

> "This is the way we march to war
> March to war,
> March to war—
> This is the way we march to war,
> All on a Monday morning—"

The three of them stared at her, at the little red flame of a child, light-heartedly resurrecting memories that should have been buried deep. They were seeing beyond her, seeing the years between, the fears, the frightfulness . . . incredible years now that one looked back on them. The two men sat rigid, their faces stern.

Joel said, sharply, "For Heaven's sake, Yolanda!"

She stopped at once. "Don't you like it, Daddy?"

"We're done with all that. Let's forget it."

"How can we forget it when we can't?" Yolanda demanded.

Joel laughed harshly. "She's right. It's burned into our souls. Is it any wonder, Kit, that men, remembering it all, go mad?"

"There are things," said Kit, steadily, "that I want to remember. That right or wrong, we did the best we could. I think we were right. I should think so again. I shall believe that death is not as bad as dishonor. I shall always believe that no nation has a right to run rough-shod over the rest of the world."

They argued it after that, Joel caustic, savage, Kit with his steadfast air of finding a reason for it all.

"Looking back, we can see our mistakes. But at the moment? What would you have had us do? Stay out? When a fire starts in our neighbor's barn, must we let it burn? Or lend a hand?"

Yolanda having started all this, again sat at Jacqueline's feet and listened. And when there was a pause, she said, "Well, God could have stopped it and He didn't."

Jacqueline, remembering the astounding episode of the fighting dogs and the dipper, interposed hastily, "It isn't for us to question that, darling."

"Why not question it?" Joel demanded. "He could have stopped it; why didn't He?"

The bitter words struck them all into silence. Then Kit said, "He neither started it nor stopped it. Man must bear the punishment of his own passions. And out of it all, old orders have passed away. Peoples are free who were in bondage. Emperors and kings have lost their crowns. This is the good that was born of evil."

JOEL, standing now on the hearth-rug, looked down at him. "I can't see the good. I shall never see it. I see only my broken life—and Mary's."

Then, meeting the startled glance of his small daughter, he caught himself up. "I'm talking a lot of rot. Don't listen to me, sweetheart. We'll go upstairs and I'll tell you a story. And don't remember a thing I've been saying. Now and then I like to be a big bear and growl."

She trotted along beside him. "Will you tell me about the big bear, Daddy?"

Their voices receded, and Kit and Jacqueline were left alone.

"Poor Joel—" Jacqueline said.

"Not so poor, with a child like that," Kit said, unexpectedly; "and a son to bear his name, and a wife by his side."

The breath seemed to leave Jacqueline's body as Paula's words swept back upon her—*"He'll want a wife . . . a home . . . !"*

"Oh, Kit, Kit, it isn't being fair to you."

He had been staring into the fire, but now he lifted his head quickly and looked at her. "What isn't being fair to me?"

"Tying you to me in this way."

"What way?" he reached out his hand and drew her toward him.

"Oh, being engaged with no idea when we can be married."

She was beside him now on the old sofa, her head against his shoulder. He turned a little so that he could see her eyes. "Who has been telling you things like that?"

"Paula Gilman."

"Paula? What has she got to do with it?"

"She said I had no right to keep you from marrying—somebody else. That you'd want a home."

"Not without you in it."

"And you'd want a wife."

"I want no other wife but you. Jacqueline, do you think I would listen if you told me you wouldn't marry me? I'd simply go on asking—to the end . . ."

Happiness burned deep in her blue eyes. His words did not seem to her extravagant. At eighteen one looks upon love as eternal, on constancy as the attribute of all honest men. One has all the poets to prove it, and all the great old lovers—Dante, and Aucassin and Abelard . . . Women like Paula might not know these things. Poor women who had lost their lovers!

The next day, Jacqueline went to Kit's office to meet his uncle, Timothy Howland. "I want you to know him before I go," Kit had told her; "then if anything happens . . ."

"Nothing is going to happen, Kit!"

Well, anyhow, there she was, meeting old Timothy, who was a fresh-faced bachelor of seventy, with a thatch of curls like Kit's, but silvered at the temples and thin on top. He laughed, too, with his eyes like Kit, but he lacked Kit's tallness and lean grace.

He breezed into the room where the lovers were waiting, and kissed Jacqueline on the cheek. "Welcome to the Howland clan, my dear. Kit has told me a lot about you. But he hasn't told me enough."

Kit, sitting on the arm of Jacqueline's chair, said, "I wanted you to see for yourself."

Old Timothy rang for his man and ordered tea. "It's a habit I brought with me from the East. I've had my man, Alexander, since he was a young chap. He's in his forties now, Scotch and faithful. I'm going to bequeath him to Kit some day."

Alec brought the tea and Jacqueline poured. "Kit says you aren't going out with him to India," old Timothy remarked as he took his cup. "It's a great mistake, my dear. If I were in his place I'd carry you off."

"No, you wouldn't," said Christopher somewhat ruefully. "Not if you knew her."

"As bad as that?" old Timothy demanded. "Well, if business were what it used to be, I'd keep you here, Kit. But one of us must go."

And Jacqueline said with earnestness, "Even if he stayed, I couldn't marry him . . ."

Old Timothy then made a shrewd estimate. "It's these little wisps of women who are as strong as rocks. Who'd believe it with those blue eyes?"

"Kit, help me through this dinner. Make it a joke and we'll talk about it afterward"

When they had finished their tea, they went down to the docks to see the ship on which Kit would sail. It was a dingy cargo steamer, but it had comfortable cabins, and Kit's quarters were roomy. "Better come with me, Jack," he said, as he showed her about.

"Don't tempt me—" she smiled at him. "Oh, Kit, distance isn't going to make any difference. Not when we care so much."

He let it go at that. He knew the loneliness he was facing. The loneliness he had felt in France. But there, at least, had been hope of a kind. And now there seemed no hope.

But Jacqueline put aside today the thought of separation and all it meant. She loved being on the lumbering old steamer with the harbor shining under the winter sun, and with the gulls sweeping down from the blue, and with Kit and his uncle so happy to have her there, and making her feel a person of importance, an honored guest, an adventuring comrade.

And Joel didn't make her feel any of these things. The moment she got back to the house she would cease to be a personage. She would be again trying to fit herself to Joel's pattern. She would be anxious, almost obsequious. She was aware of the weakness of her attitude, but she couldn't help it. She collapsed utterly in an atmosphere of criticism, as she expanded in one of approbation and adoration.

Old Timothy came up with a parrot which one of the crew had brought—a blossom-headed parakeet, blue-green, with touches of vermillion, a purple face and black beard. It talked in a strange language, with now and then an English word or phrase. It's name was Simon—Simple Simon.

"It belonged to an English officer," Old Timothy elucidated; "he died, and this man got it."

The parrot, navigating obliquely with beak and claws across the cage, cocked a mournful eye at Jacqueline, and murmured . . . "Simple Simon . . . went . . . a-fishing . . ."

"Oh, Kit, he's adorable!"

"He's yours if you want him," old Timothy said.

"Really! Oh, I'd love it—" It seemed to Jacqueline as if the parrot brought to her something of the enchantment of the country from which he came. If he were hers, he might be a link, as it were, between herself and her lover.

Then she remembered. "I'll have to ask Joel."

Kit's face darkened. "Why should you ask anybody?"

"It's his house."

Kit showed himself high-handed. The parrot was hers. He would bring it up when he came.

They lingered for a long time on the boat, watching the sun set over the water, and Jacqueline missed her train and had to wait for another.

She was late for dinner, and found Joel in a state of irritation. "Everything has been ready for a half hour, Jack."

"Why didn't you sit down?"

"Because we expected you every minute. We thought of course you'd get the earlier train."

JACQUELINE did not answer. A wave of indignation swept over her. Fresh from the homage of Kit and his uncle, and liking the pedestal on which they had put her, she was in no mood for Joel's small tyrannies.

"You might as well sit down," she said; "I've got to change my dress and fix the baby's food. I am sorry I was late, but I couldn't help it."

Upstairs she was deliberate in her movements. And when she returned to the kitchen she gave no hint of hurry. She measured Joey's food in leisurely fashion and waited for the water to boil.

Old Hannah, who was going back and forth to the dining room, said, "Your dinner will be cold, my dearie."

"I don't want any dinner, Hannah."

Old Hannah stopped and stared, "Aren't you well, my lamb?"

"I had tea with Mr. Christopher."

"There's a beefsteak pie and a salad."

"I know, Hannah; and I know they're delicious, but I'm not hungry."

Old Hannah glanced at her. Something had come over Miss Jack. In the dining room Mr. Joel was glowering. Serve him right, if she'd show a bit of spunk! And she was showing it. Old Hannah sailed in now with the salad. And sailed out again with the beefsteak pie. "Where's Miss Jack?" Joel asked her.

"She says she doesn't want any dinner."

"Nonsense. She can't go without food."

"Yes, sir."

Joel got up and laid down his napkin—then strode to the kitchen. "Look here, Jack, you can't starve yourself in this way."

"I'm not starving myself."

"Then why don't you come?" [*Turn to page 162*]

SON OF THE FORESTS

Millions of readers will see in this inspiring life story a vision of their own youth with its struggles, its joys and its first faint yearnings to be seen and heard—and remembered

By James Oliver Curwood

I FORGOT my old straw hat with its broken crown and ragged brim; I forgot the shortness of my outgrown pants, my skinny legs, my shoeless feet; I did not think of my soiled and crumpled waist without a tie, or my home-cut straggling hair. I was thinking of princes and princesses."

So Curwood dreamed, this ragamuffin boy whose stories were to be read and loved by millions, dreamed of enchanted make-believe worlds filled with lovely ladies and dashing heroes who dared to love and hate and be. And because he was destined to bring romance and colorful adventure to the every-day world, his feet were to be forever wandering. He must leave behind him the home he loved so tenderly, leave Skinny, his playmate, say goodbye to Jeanne of the golden braids and laughing blue eyes and embrace Jack, his mournful hound, for the last time. When the parting came, tears dimmed his eyes and his heart choked. Would he ever return?

Part II

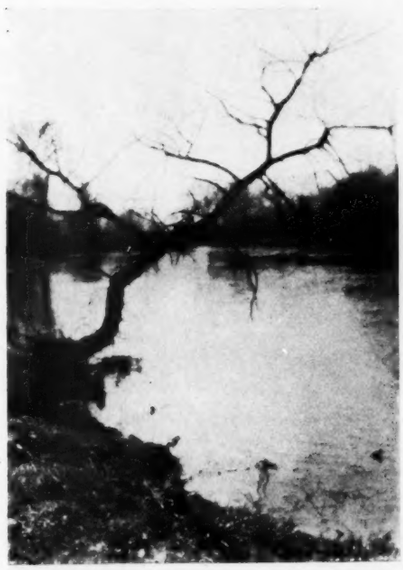
THROUGH long hours and interminable miles the train bore us on, until at last in the dusk of evening we pulled in at the old Michigan Central Junction House which was only two blocks from where I was born and about which Charley Miller and I had often played together. The next day my sister took me about town, and it was as if she had unlocked an ancient chest after many years and was wiping the dust from pictures that I might look at them again. Owosso had changed greatly in seven years and many things whose ghostly memories haunted me were gone. Stores and streets and homes had replaced the big pine trees. Our old place had been transformed into Green's Hotel and the room in which I was born was given up to the comfort of drummers and transients.

But there were still left some of the old ties to bind me. Wood's handle factory was where it had always been; and the Shiawassee was still filled with fish and swimming holes; and Kate Russell, whose rampant bustle I had so sincerely adored, brought me a pie that very first day after my arrival.

When loneliness gnawed at my vitals and I was yearning for Skinny and Jeanne and all the precious things that were a part of the old farm, there was one thing that helped me. This was the River. I capitalize the word, for in my life it has always stood for more than a stream of running water.

MY FIRST memories are of the Shiawassee, which means Sparkling Waters, and always I had an unvoiced hope that when I should drift through the soft and velvety twilight of death it might be the spirit of this stream which would bear me on.

On my return at the age of thirteen it still rippled and sang in the pride of its ancient lineage, for it was one of the three rivers in the Great Lakes Basin whose channels were carved out by the grinding glaciers of the Ice Age hundreds of thousands of years ago. The River gripped me that first day I again walked upon its bank after my absence of seven years. It seemed all at once to drive out my loneliness and to invite me, like a comrade glad because of my return, to all those joyous adventures which had been so long the fabric of my dreams. This was the running water, with all its mystic lure, which Skinny and I had visioned in those fine-spun rhapsodies of boyhood romance which "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."



The singing river which charmed the author all his days—and Skinny—and Jeanne of the golden braids

This was the stream which had run like a silver thread through the subconsciousness of my life, and which was destined now to be the long life's partner of my sorrows and my joys; my urge to adventure, my inspiration to do great things, my consolation in hours of death, my laughing and joyous comrade in others that were bright with happiness.

On the day following my return to Owosso I made my first visit to one of those living, breathing supermen who wrote stories that got into print. His name was Fred Janette. I had read his serials in "Golden Days," and now, scarcely breathing in my excitement, we came to the holy portals of his home, an old-fashioned, one-story cottage of extremely modest appearance, but to me it was the palace of a king. A tall be-whiskered Frenchman and a plump, white-haired woman, both of whom I loved as father and mother in many years that followed, greeted us. But all I could hear was the rapid *click, click, click* of typewriter keys from behind the closed door of a room at the far end of a hall.

"Fred is writing on his story," said his mother. "We will wait a little while."

Writing on his story! Dear Heaven, is it possible that I have created such delicious thrill when tender youth, hopeful and mysteriously urged, called upon me later in the years of my success? Is it possible that I have been able to stir the heartstrings of boys and girls as that writer-man stirred mine?

He came out in a little while, tall and thin, and to me the most magnificent thing I had ever laid my eyes upon, though now, with saner judgment, I know that nature created him ever homelier than I. And in one glorious moment he broke down all my barriers of fear and awe, for he came up in that swift and nervous way of his, smiling gladly, and shook me by both hands, and said, "So this is our young author!"

THINK of that!—*young author!* The wonderful words set the world whirling dizzily about me. And then he took me into a room gloriously littered with books and papers and pages of manuscript, and he kept me there for an hour, showing me what he was doing and how he did it, and assuring me again and again that I could not help from becoming a successful author if I had the love for the thing in my heart. And then, mightiest of all my shocks, he showed me a check which he had just received from the editor of "Golden Days"—*a check for three hundred dollars!*

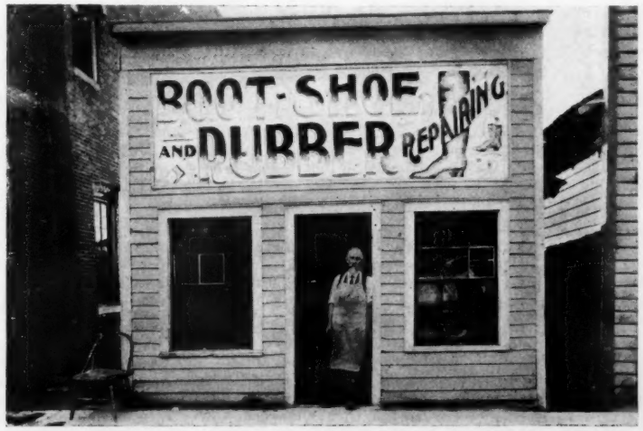
Was it conceivable that words, just words—words that you brought out of your head and which did not cost a cent—could possibly bring that huge amount of money?

"That's half a cent a word for what I write," he told me a little proudly, "and some day you will get as much."

Half a cent a word! A nickel for ten words! A quarter for fifty!—all that money for *just words.*

For days and weeks and months thereafter the stupendous possibilities embraced in words at half a cent apiece kept my blood near the racing point.

Toward the end of my first winter we received cataclysmic news from Ohio in a letter from Dad. Mother, he said was pining away because of loneliness, all on account of her yearning for Jimmy, and he was afraid something dreadful would happen unless I returned to the farm at once. He had just one other possible



"My father, a courtly gentleman, mended other people's shoes"

thought, he wrote, that if he could sell the farm they would return to Owosso. It would be necessary for him to cobble for a living, he said, and he might rent a little shop somewhere and make enough to feed and clothe and house us. My sister cried in her joy. I cried with her, not knowing why, for both the River and the Farm were tearing at my heartstrings and God only knows what I wanted most to do, live my new life or go back to Skinny and Jeanne and my old dog Jack.

The next spring my parents and sister Cora came bag and baggage, but Ed, my brother, remained behind, for an Ohio girl had set her cap for him right properly, and has held him safely enough in it up to this day. And because Jack, my hound, was not with them, my mother had to tell me the truth that he had died just a month to a day after I left the farm, and was buried under our big sweet-apple tree.

My father established a little cobbling shop next to the old City Hall. And there he cobbled for many long years. Because my father mended other people's shoes, and did all his work in the old-fashioned way with needle and thread and wooden pegs, did not in the slightest degree alter people's opinion of him, for he was as splendid and courtly a gentleman of the old Victorian school as ever walked the street of any town or city on earth. More than once I have seen him leave the walk when ladies were approaching and stand with his hat in his hand like an aged cavalier making obeisance to queens as they passed. In all my life I never heard him swear or tell a coarse story, or whisper a word that was not clean and honorable about a woman; and all this had much to do with the fitness and strength of his body, for he was as straight as a ramrod and held his head up until within six months of his death at the age of eighty-four.

BY THE time my second school year began in Owosso the River had claimed me utterly. I had traps, a gun, a "one-man" dugout canoe made by an Indian, and under my white skin was almost an Indian myself. When I was not in school I was either writing stories of the wild, or living them myself, and I slowly but surely developed, without any bad intention on my part, into an increasing problem for my teachers. Both Superintendent Simons and Professor Austin had fiercely bristling mustaches, and I cannot recall how many times I quaked in my shoes when called before them to explain my absences, and to tell them what trapping adventure it was that had interfered with my presence at Assembly. The fact that I was up before dawn, covered three or four miles of river trapline and skinned my catch of muskrats before breakfast, and after that cleaned myself and got ready for school, did not appear to exculpate me greatly in their eyes. In our daily assembly, at which prayers were said, Professor Austin seemed always to be looking for me, and one morning when I came tiptoeing to my seat right in the middle of his invocation he caught sight of me out of the corner of his eye, and finished with, "And, Dear Lord, we thank Thee for returning Nimrod safely to us this morning."

At about this same time two things occurred which appeared to be of stupendous importance to me; one because of the embarrassment it produced, and the other because of its immeasurable thrill and joy.

The white streak in my hair, which I have borne for thirty years as a heritage on my father's side, began suddenly to appear, and—*I saw my first real story in print!*"

The first of these events was a tragedy to me alone and without serious consequences; but the second, the printing of my first story, brought about such serious developments that the older residents of Owosso have not forgotten the excitement of that time. Down the river near Chesaning, an Indian chief named Shako met his Waterloo in a sanguinary fight with a rival chieftain. I unearthed there a jaw which still retained the most magnificent set of teeth I have ever seen, and so completely inspired was I by my subject that I wrote the epic story of my existence up to that time and called it "The Fall of Shako."

When it was done I submitted it proudly to George Campbell, editor and owner of our local paper, the *Argus,* and asked him if he would print it. He glanced it over, told me it was a great piece of work, and said he would be glad to publish it, which he did, with my name in very bold type at the head of it.

And the Detroit "Journal" wrote and asked me if I would write a story for them!

Yesterday I was a nobody. Today I was famous. Almost everyone in Owosso knew there was a boy named Jimmy Curwood living over on John Street.

When the Curwood clan got together, no one was left at home

"Not for any period of my life would I exchange the seven years that this was my home"

They even knew it in Corunna, three miles away, and over in Perry and Morrice, and wherever else the *Argus* went to its two thousand subscribers. But it was the Detroit *Journal* letter that enthroned me on the pinnacles of highest bliss, and as fast as I could I sent them "Pontiac's Last Blow," which they published; and "The Angel of Heaven," which they also published, and then two or three other stories, until the solemnity and grandeur of incontestible achievement added itself in a halo of glory to my fame, although I received not a penny for my work.

I SAW now that my destiny on earth was not to write entirely for boys, so I took up society and love and heart-throbbing drama in place of my woods and streams, and achieved what I believed to be the very essence of art and literary craftsmanship in a story gem which was published under my inspired title of "The Girl with the Rareripe Lips and Raven Hair."

I was in my fifteenth year at the time this masterpiece was written and printed, and I feel that its appearance in the story of my life is entirely justifiable. Without any apology whatever I quote from it here, admitting the help only of a dictionary.

"I lay it at the feet of that accursed Evil Eye transmitted by inheritance!

"My God, when I think of it!

"The poison of heredity had infected and wrought upon me until I was as free of moral responsibility as the instinct of a common beast!

"Five years from home! Little Rosebud was thirteen then, my baby sweetheart. Dear little Rosebud! So far away! Could I forget her! She and Mother were the only two I had to love, and the curse was bitter because of that. Oh, why should generations pass without contaminy or polution and the accursed curse select me at last its victim! I could not return to them now—*no—never!* For murder and sin were written in my heart.

THUS I soliloquized this eventful eve, treading with stylish indifference the white moonstruck flags, bound for the Colonel's ball.

"My face was highly respectable. Why should it not be? Experience or inherent vice had not raised and squared my jaw, had not destroyed the roundness of my mouth nor blood-shot my eyes.

"The affair was like all others to me, stolid and indifferent, a nauseating fetich worshipped by those I must temporarily copy. The Colonel's daughter penned me lugubriously on a black divan at her feet, and then proceeded to entertain me with a cosmological idea of motion—indeed, she had almost told Mama Mr. Dunning was a cosmopolite, and Mama just *doted* on them, and dancing was a motion, and a very nice one, too wasn't it?

"'Oh, I beg your pardon! I fear I am intruding!'

"It was only a girl who had passed too close! Only a momentary glimpse of a fleeting face with rareripe lips and raven hair! Only a voice of dulcet sweetness asking forgiveness! Oh, my God! My face turned cold and ashen. Her name was Lady Terrill.

"'I am ill, Miss Macaskie, please pardon me,' I choked.

"In the conservatory I ordered an ice and hid myself behind a luxuriant wall of foliage. Like an electric shock of poignant intensitiveness the soul of the stranger had burned into mine for just one moment, and in the sudden shaft piercing the shell of my baneful personality I detected the gleam of a heavenly moral restitution.

"What affected me? Was it her wonderful beauty? Never had I seen such ravishingly crimson lips. No. I argued, it is not her beauty that affects me. I am Dick Dunning the cosmopolite and I have seen beautiful women before.

"And then he met her again—at 'Kippi Ki Yi's Opium ranch.'

"Scarce had I muttered this anathema against my being when the Chinaman came in. A woman was with him, her face covered with a heavy veil. With a little nod she indicated my direction, and Kippi Ki Yi seated her opposite me at the table.

"'Sleet—sleet,' hissed the Chinaman in my ear, with a repulsive chuckle deep down in his throat. 'Oakum drunk—veil off—sleet—sleet—sleet—boo'ful gal!' and with this parting hint the yellow devil turned and slunk away.

"It was evident the girl heard and understood him. She loosened her gloves and tearing them from her hands flung them beside mine on the floor.

"'Oh, God!' she cried. 'At last, at last, my subversion is accomplished!'

"It was not the Lady Terrill's voice I heard, not the Lady Terrill's lovely face I pictured in my heart, but another whose dark eyes and sweet love beckoned me still from the path of hell.

"'Oh, my Rosebud, my little Rosebud!' I cried.

"The stranger was no longer a stranger. She tore off her veil and hat and in the rareripe lips and raven hair I saw now my sweet little red Rosebud grown into a gorgeous flower."

[*Turn to page 37*]

When the diet is strictly vegetable

Four delicious soups for Lent—for Fridays for any day

In many homes, on special days throughout the year, or in special seasons, the exclusion of meat from the diet makes these delicious and nourishing vegetable soups all the more charming and beneficial.

At such times when your choice seems more than ever limited and when your daily problem of serving fresh and attractive meals is intensified, how comforting and helpful to have these splendid soups at your command!

Made with the finest vegetables that grow, blended by skilled French chefs in kitchens of spotless cleanliness, Campbell's Tomato, Celery, Pea, and Asparagus Soups contain no meat in any form whatsoever. Instead their wholesome, tonic vegetable foods are further enriched with choice creamery butter. And they are deftly seasoned to bring out the most tempting flavor. 12 cents a can.

And all the Campbell's Soups on this page make the most delicious Cream Soups, with the addition of milk instead of water. (See the labels.)

An artist with the brush—
An artist with the spoon—
Campbell's Soup in front of me
Disappears so soon!

TOMATO SOUP

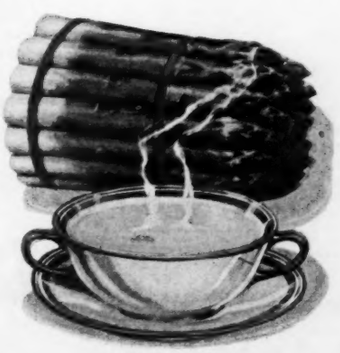
Isn't it delightful to know that the world's most popular soup —*your favorite*—is strictly vegetable and so can be eaten by you any day in the year! This is Campbell's Tomato Soup, of course, served oftener and by more people than any other soup in the world. It is the smooth puree of red-ripe and luscious tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines and blended with golden butter. You never tire of it.

CELERY SOUP

Crisp, snow-white celery! Here in this dainty, yet nourishing Campbell's Soup you obtain all the tonic goodness and the peculiarly ingratiating flavor of the choicest celery. Creamery butter gives its extra richness. And at every spoonful you realize that here is a soup blended and seasoned by the master-hand.

PEA SOUP

In Europe, pea soup is one of the main foods—the constant source of the family's food supply. This shows you how nourishing pea soup is. In Campbell's, you get it at its very best. It's made from the sweetest of peas, blended in a tempting puree with creamery butter. How everybody in the family enjoys it!

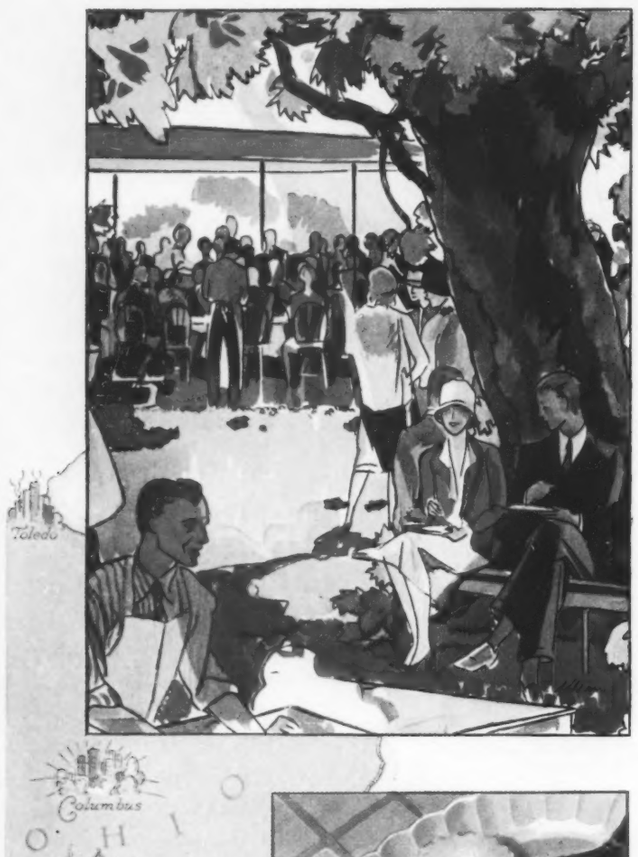


ASPARAGUS SOUP

Just when the young asparagus shoots are most tender, they are cut and made into Campbell's Asparagus Soup. Here is one of the early spring garden's most precious delicacies captured for your delight all the year round!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

When men cook for 1500 women they're careful of the flavor!



Have you ever attended a real old-fashioned homecoming? I never had until last fall—and the experience was delightful.

It took place in Metcalf's Grove just outside of Bourneville, Ohio. A sort of outdoor "open house." More than 6,000 people from all over the country visited the picnic. Flocks of children, whole families—even a few great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers were there—the friendliest "home folks."

And of course they had to *eat.* The women had seen to that. They had also seen to it that their husbands shared in the responsibilities. For while they themselves were bustling about making coffee and fixing salads, the MEN were presiding over huge kettles, frying fillets of haddock.

An enormous blue-and-white Crisco can led me to ask one cheerful-looking gentleman-cook, "why do you use Crisco?"

"Well," he said with a friendly grin, "when a bunch of men are frying fish for about 1500 good home cooks—some of them our own wives—those fish just have to taste right."

The best *chefs* everywhere have told me that Crisco improves the flavor and delicacy of *any* fried food, but to have these *husbands* tell me the same thing!

But then, why shouldn't they? Crisco is so delicate and fresh flavored itself—(taste it some time when you're cooking)—that foods fried in it just can't help having a fresh, delicate flavor.

When I was a child I used to wipe the sweet, unsalted butter off my grandmother's churn dasher. How good it tasted! And now to have a cooking fat—Crisco—that tastes just as good!

Whether you fry in a frying pan or a deep-frying kettle, if you use Crisco, the food will be browned to a golden glow and wrapped in the most appetizing crispy crunchiness.

I've made an interesting test in my kitchen where all your Crisco recipes are tested. In the course of a few weeks, I served 117 people with potatoes fried in Crisco and potatoes fried in another good cooking fat. And 97 out of 117 chose the Crisco-fried potatoes because they had a "better flavor!" In fact they were so enthusiastic about my Crisco-fried potatoes that I thought you would like to know my frying method. I have given it to you below.

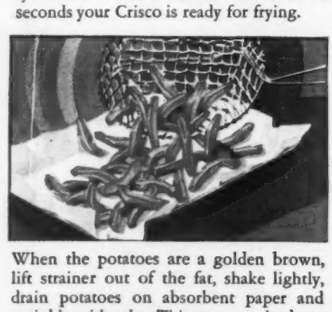
There are some wonderful frying recipes included in a little cook book I have, "12 Dozen Time-saving Recipes." It costs nothing. Just write me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XM-40, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

Whether you're frying delicate fruit fritters or hearty Irish potatoes, Crisco does full justice to the flavor of each. Fish, croquettes, pancakes, anything that can be fried can be fried better in Crisco. Crisco-fried food, like this appetizing fish, tastes just as good as it looks.

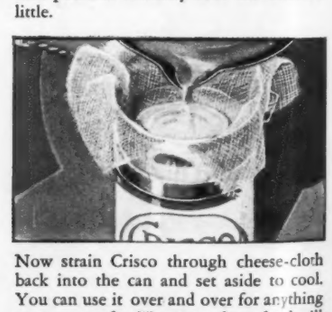
Have you ever tried this deep-frying method?

All you need is an ordinary saucepan, a strainer and a 3-pound tin of Crisco. Put Crisco into a cold saucepan and heat slowly. When a cube of bread browns in 20 seconds your Crisco is ready for frying.

Don't wait for Crisco to smoke. Fill your strainer half full of potatoes and lower it into the Crisco. Increase the heat, as the cold potatoes naturally cool the Crisco a little.



When the potatoes are a golden brown, lift strainer out of the fat, shake lightly, drain potatoes on absorbent paper and sprinkle with salt. This same method can be followed for sweet potatoes.



Now strain Crisco through cheese-cloth back into the can and set aside to cool. You can use it over and over for anything you want to fry. The taste of one food will not be carried to another.

For a flavor such as you've never known before in any fried food, make this one simple change: *fry in Crisco.* To understand why, taste Crisco itself.

SON OF THE FORESTS

[*Continued from page 34*]

Very soon after the appearance of this remarkable story in the Detroit newspaper, Fred Janette took me into his den and with unusual seriousness explained to me at length why I should stick as closely as possible to stories for boys and leave love affairs alone. He made me understand that a considerable time must elapse before papers would pay me for what I wrote, and that meanwhile a very good practice for me would be the writing of a juvenile serial. I followed his advice and that winter wrote two serials of about twenty thousand words each, entitled, "The Revel Quintette" and "Firelock of the Range."

My mother had fitted up my bedroom with a desk and table, and about this time my father bought me an old secondhand typewriter. In this room, in my fourteenth and fifteenth years, not only my make-believe world but also the actual one in which I lived began to take more definite form. As fast as I wrote stories now I sent them off to the magazines, and as quickly as one was returned I started it out again. The return of a manuscript, or of half a dozen of them at once, never seemed to discourage me very much, for while most of them were accompanied by printed slips, or by nothing at all, there was now and then an editor with thoughtfulness and kindness enough to send me a word of comfort and hope.

I HAD everything in the world to work for, and kept at it with joy in my heart. My father and mother would always come up into my little room and I would read to them every story I wrote, and more than once my mother would sit there and cry when I came to the ending climax, for she seemed to be a very part of me in everything that I did. And my father would nod his head gravely, and say, "It's fine, Jimmy. It's fine."

I receive hundreds of letters asking me if one has any chance of becoming a writer without having had an extended schooling, to which I reply that schooling and education are not always confined within four walls, and may frequently be achieved without the benefit of upper-school classrooms and university halls. I try, as well as I can, to give some idea of what I mean by my own experience. For while I was steadily and persistently accumulating a reputation for what Mr. Chaffee analyzed as "a most offensive dumbness" in school, I was acquiring a knowledge outside of Central High's algebra-infested domain which I would not have traded for anything which the most learned of its faculty might have given me.

While I was reading literally hundreds of books, absorbing *Lorna Doone* and *A Tale of Two Cities* with the same avidity with which I perused *Nick Carter* and *Old Sleuth*, it was the River which really became the greatest of my teachers. I adventured along it during the day, and at least two or three times each week I would take a small pack and a quilt which my mother gave me and sleep out all night.

I was not only living in the world of other boys and girls, but also in a world which was all my own. While the minds of other school children were learning word by word the hundred printed rules which a more intelligent system will some day send to the dump heap of oblivion. I was building worlds of my own.

I was discovering continents, braving the hardships and perils of fanciful exploration, creating mighty empires, destroying armies, climbing unknown mountains and braving mysterious seas—and along with these utopian inventions of the mind I was creating races and nations of people all my own, investing them with the qualities which I most desired them to have, building up their loves and their tragedies, warming their homes with love or destroying them with hate, yet striving always to make order and joy triumphant, to right the wrongs of the world.

My mind *was* working, but not according to schoolroom routine and schedule; and as mine has worked, so thousands and millions of others have worked, and I have rather nursed and treasured a pet idea of mine that a youth who is capable of thinking and building for himself, even though he does it in a fashion considered stupid by the schools, is tremendously important to this world.

Our public schools are as necessary to the welfare and progress of humanity as the church; and were either to go out of existence, civilization would end. That boy or girl who is given the opportunity of receiving an education is the most fortunate of individuals; but the lad or lass who does not have that opportunity still has a splendid chance in life, *if the desire and the determination are in the brain to make it work for itself.*

Torn between two disturbing influences, one of necessity and duty and the other of pleasure and desire, my own problem arrived at a point in the spring of 1896 where either one or the other of these influences had to give way. My mother and father were anxious for me to continue in school; and I think that only my mother could feel or guess the almost overwhelming pull on me from an opposite direction—the increasing and insistent demand in my blood for adventure.

It was a born thing and not a mere physical and mental development of vagabondage. The kind of adventure I was yearning for was filled with visions of strenuous action and chance. There is no doubt but that between these fifteenth and sixteenth years of my life the strain of Mohawk in me rose up in all its primal vigor and possessed me completely.

IT WAS a glorious spring and I recall it vividly. With April's showers and flowers the strain on me became too great and one afternoon I brought my books home from school. I assured my parents that my story-writing was of much greater importance than the few remaining weeks of school; and that it was positively necessary for me to be up on the Big Marshes at this particular season of the year to gather material for a serial.

A quarter of a century ago parents did not look upon school quite as seriously as we do now, so I experienced no extraordinary difficulty in achieving my end in this instance. I scraped together what little money I could and put into a pack a few necessary things, including a supply of paper and pencils, and in the early dawn of the next day set off afoot with my dunnage and gun for St. Charles, which was about twenty-five miles away by river-trail and wagon-road.

Before sun-up the following day I was in St. Charles, where I quickly bargained for a leaky old boat at a rental of fifty cents a week, purchased what few supplies I required, and was on my way down the Bad before some people had finished their breakfasts.

Where the slumberous and slow-moving waters of the Bad joined the more swiftly moving torrent of the Shiawassee, there was a high point of land, including not more than a dozen acres, on which was the ruin of an ancient logging-shack where I meant to establish myself before nightfall.

When I reached the old cabin not more than half an acre of my camping ground was left out of the flood waters, and I was a little perturbed at first, until I heard the honking and saw the dark clouds of wild geese beyond it. Then I exulted, as an indian would have exulted in that same situation; and after landing my stores I ran my boat into a mass of tall marsh grass and for an hour worked with my knife cutting the dry tops for a bed. Before the sun was down I had my wood gathered and one of the old bunks softly mattressed for the night; and by that time the sky all over the swamps was dotted with ducks and geese in evening flight.

I ran my boat into a point of grass and reeds over which the wild fowl were passing, about half a mile distant from the cabin, and by dusk had shot a red-head drake and the biggest Canada goose that has ever fallen to my lot. I mention the fact because it marks with rather dramatic clearness what happened afterward. Old-timers along the three rivers of those Happy Hunting Grounds of mine will remember a mysterious and picturesque old character called Muskrat Joe.

He was a Chippewa Indian, so old that his face was deeply creased and lined, and he haunted the swamps and marshes like an ancient ghost. All who had encountered or knew him regarded him with a kind of superstition or awe.

I DO not believe that he ever caught a glimpse of a face which he could not recognize again, even years later, and so when he came up behind my boat as softly as the gathering darkness itself and was about to pass me, he gave me a nod of recognition. In a moment of pride and exultation I dropped my oars, stood up, and with both hands held up the monstrous goose. I can hear Muskrat Joe's astonished grunt to this day.

From that moment Muskrat Joe was my friend, and I think I came closer to him after that than any other living white boy or man. He invited himself to my cabin, cleaned and cooked a couple of muskrats he had shot, ate supper with me, and dressed my goose for me afterward. I urged him to stay all night with me, and this was evidently in his mind, for he had turned his canoe bottom-side up before entering the shack.

The next morning he left for his own shack which was hidden in some unknown fastness of the Shiawassee. The third day I received another visit from him and to my extreme surprise and joy he made me understand that he desired me to abandon my shack and go back to his place with him.

For three long and unforgettable weeks I was with Joe in his swamp abode, and it was in his company I learned my first real woodcraft and had opened for me many strange and mysterious doors through which I saw farther into the heart and soul of nature than I had ever seen before. I returned to Owosso with an infinitely bigger idea of life and what it could be made to mean to me than if I had spent a dozen years at Central High. My writing now held a more definite significance for me, for thereafter and for all time it was to deal very largely with nature.

It was this year, too, that my father bought me a secondhand bicycle as a birthday present early in June. As I became more efficient in my new mode of locomotion a mad desire began to possess me to start out on a long trip either north or west. I spoke to my parents about it and said I thought I would begin my journey the following morning, and as I was entirely bankrupt I asked my father for a little money.

He gave me fifty cents; and before we went to bed my mother packed me a lunch in a shoe box, and both asked me to go out of the house quietly as I could so that I would not awaken them if I left before dawn. I meant first to see my cousin, Bert Van Ostran, who was five years older than I, and who lived on a farm seventeen miles away. I found Bert working for another man nearby, and no sooner [*Turn to page 38*]

What Every Parent Should Know

Victorine Kirk

LAST fall a young mother of twenty-eight enrolled as a junior in a Los Angeles high school to determine at first hand the environment her daughter was approaching. The entrance card listed her age as seventeen, a statement whose humor she alone could enjoy. Ten years out of college, it was an amazing experience for this woman to find herself the intimate and trusted friend of high school boys and girls who accepted her for what she appeared to be—one of the crowd, who grumbled at assignments, who accepted sorority bids and fraternity dates, and who talked the language that is frequently so foreign to their elders. Their world was her world and they made her welcome. From them she learned their thoughts, their ambitions, how they feel toward their parents, their attitude toward love and marriage all told with the calm and unpretentious frankness of youth.

Out of that incredible adventure has come the most enlightened advice to parents of young boys and girls it has ever been our privilege to publish.

No intelligent mother or father can afford to overlook this sincere and constructive revelation of high school life written by Victorine Kirk. This distinguished article will be featured in

McCALL'S FOR MAY

SON OF THE FOREST

[*Continued from page 37*]

had I explained my proposition to him than he dropped the scythe, collected what was coming to him, which amounted to a little less than two dollars, and together we rode back to his home, where that night we made our definite plans to travel.

We started on our adventure about two o'clock the next morning. Bert's heart almost failed him the next day; but we kept on and continued to keep on for three long and steady months. Stacks of hay or straw out in the open fields were our favorite bedding places. We foraged like soldiers for our food, and many of the things we did will scarcely bear chronicling; but we were at a crisis in our lives where we were compelled to do these things, or starve, *or work*. And neither of us had the slightest thought of tincturing the quality of our adventure with money-earning toil.

There were times when our fascinating outlawry seemed about to receive a merited punishment, but always we managed to pull through.

I now found myself accepting school with a new seriousness and determination. At the same time I discovered the tragedy of building a weak and crumbling foundation under a solid house, for I had just managed to slip through Algebra and Latin, with the result that my second-year high school experience was one of extreme drudgery.

Almost desperately I made up my mind that nothing short of college would satisfy me, and along with greater endeavor in school I began to discover schemes for earning and saving money.

With the approach of spring and vacation time Leslie Haynes, a friend of mine, and I saw an opportunity of making a quick fortune. Ours were the wildly free and profitable days of the patent medicine vendor, when it was quite currently believed that every human being should absorb a certain amount of bottled medicine each year to keep in good health. We invented a concoction which was very bitter with cinchona, hot with cayenne, and possessed of almost tragic purgative qualities because of the calomel we put in it.

WE CALLED our product "The Infallible Blood Purifier," and had attractive labels printed on which we gave an inclusive and unreserved guarantee that the contents of the bottle would cure every ailment known to the human flesh from boils, pimples and carbuncles to goiter, cancer and corns. We rented a horse and buggy for two dollars a week and started out, hitting this time in the direction of the old farm in Ohio.

Our medicine was an unqualified success. The farmer who bought medicine in those good old days wanted it strong. If it tied his mouth into a knot and made him squirm as it sank into his vitals its merit was at once established. And ours possessed those requisites to a marked degree.

Of course the outstanding event in this medicine-selling adventure was my return to the country of my earlier boyhood. I had planned my visit to be a complete surprise, and the joyous thrill of meeting my old friends grew on me as we neared our destination. I wanted, most of all, to see Jeanne and Skinny.

We did not, of course, know anything about the almost tragic trail of stomach aches, diarrheas and even convulsions which we had left behind us. Innocent of this too strenuous if not deadly effect of our medicine we decided that my homecoming should not merely be a sentimental affair, but also a triumph of business efficiency; and that at least one bottle of our Infallible Blood Purifier should be sold in every home of my old domain. From Berlin Heights to the big stone quarry we did a prosperous business, and there we began to strike my old-time neighbors.

We stopped at the red brick schoolhouse, and it seemed to have grown smaller, so much smaller that I was strangely startled. All about me something was missing, something that had been tremendously vital and important to the barefoot boy of five years ago. The picturesque lure of the winding road was gone; it seemed drab now, only drab and dusty and weed-grown, and the precious landmarks along it, every one of them marked with memories for me, seemed to have shrunk until they were very ordinary and common.

I think Leslie knew my heart was choking me when we stopped before Skinny's home, and he said not a word when I got out. There was an air about the place now that rather frightened me. The house itself had grown shabby and neglected and weeds and tall grass were struggling up about it. I knocked two or three times and then looked in at a window. The place was untenanted.

I went back and we drove slowly down toward the Fishers. At the Fisher house a woman came to the door. She was someone I had never seen.

"Is Jeanne home?" I questioned trembling.

She looked at me blankly.

"Jeanne who?" she asked.

"Jeanne Fisher."

"The Fishers don't live here any more," she said.

Then she told me Jeanne's father was dead, the home was broken up, and Jeanne was married. The woman told me where she lived. We had passed the place, a tiny, unpainted, age-stricken cottage, and I had noticed it because two or three panes of glass were broken out of the windows. For the first time tragedy, real tragedy, had come to me. Jeanne, my beautiful Jeanne, married—and living there.

And then I was asking about Skinny—Clarence Hill, and the woman said, *"He's dead."*

I cannot remember that I asked any other question after that or that she said anything more to me, and I guess my face was white and filled with the grief and horror that were in my heart when I went back to the rig. Leslie seemed to know that we were to make no other stops between this one and my brother's home in Florence, three miles away. As we drove past the old farm where I had spent the happiest years of my life my heart was nearer breaking than on that other day five years before when I had left it.

WE REMAINED a week at my brother's place and every day Leslie went out alone to sell the Purifier. It was on the seventh or eight night after our arrival that my brother came into the house very much excited and told Leslie and me to harness our horse and get away as quickly as possible.

"That stuff of yours has raised the devil," he said, "and they've found out you're staying with me!"

With the best and friendliest of intentions Leslie had put an especially large dose of calomel into the last batch so that the country of my boyhood might get even more than its money's worth. The Purifier, Ed said, had worked with terrific results. He could not say if anyone was dead, but a lot of people were so close to it that we hadn't a minute to lose if we wanted to save our necks. He had just learned that the sheriff from Berlin Heights was on his way to get us. We drove out of the village at a gallop, and continued to drive all night, until our horse was so near exhaustion that we were compelled to stop. We threw all the Purifier we had left, together with our outfit and the "mixin's," into a river, and drove on home.

But my experience was not without a redeeming factor, for though it had ended unpleasantly and had been filled with disappointment and grief for me, my share of our profits amounted to sixty dollars—the nest egg which made it possible for me to go to the University of Michigan.

My adventurings, which were regarded at the time as of an aimless and inconstructive kind, had possessed a very definite value for me. They had brought me in touch with people and conditions and the pulse of life outside of my own small community.

But probably more important to me than all other things was the fact that what appeared to be a youthful vagabondage had brought me even closer to nature than I had ever been. Weeks on end I had slept out-of-doors. With the stars shining over me I had listened to the soft rustling of the wind in the corn fields; I had made my bed in sweet smelling clover with the coming of the dusk; I had learned by heart every sound that is made by night; on my back I had lain with my eyes wide open to count the stars and wonder at their number, or to watch the mystery of the moon.

Strengthening in me the beginning of this love for the always present and common things of nature, a love which ultimately was to be the indestructible foundation of my faith, I count the two or three years of my youthful restlessness as among the most priceless of my life. The mere excitement and thrill of writing had become secondary to a more absorbing and steadily increasing desire. And that desire was *to go on*, to fight myself toward the top, that I might command myself and see all of nature there was in the world.

I set at my task immediately and with a dogged determination in this autumn of 1897. I informed my teachers that I was going to college the next year, a full year before I could possibly have graduated even had I been up in all my classes instead of so tragically far behind. Professor Austin, who always liked me, was humorously frank. "How are you going to get into college without a diploma, James—break in with a set of burglar's tools?" he asked.

DURING my hours out of school I worked and saved every penny that I earned. I cannot say that I have ever believed in the virtue of prayers alone. But I was working hard as I unconsciously prayed, and I am sure that the most devout of my unvoiced supplications was that I might write a story which would sell. For almost ten years I had kept at my story-writing, and not for an hour during all those years had I grown discouraged.

And, in the year of 1898, after nearly ten years of effort, came from "The Gray Goose" the letter which sent me through our old house shouting with joy.

And there was the check—*the first real money I had ever earned at writing!* Five dollars! But if it had been five hundred or five thousand my blood could not have run with a more glorious thrill.

I was just settling back into a normal existence, where I could resume my story-writing without excited trembling of the fingers, when a second meteoric crash of success thundered upon me. This was from "Four o'Clock," in Chicago, which accepted my story, "Veronica Haskelle." There was a stipulation, but it seemed to be a very fair one. "Four o'Clock" had a huge circulation, the editor said, and the appearance of my story in it would undoubtedly mean much to me. But the advertising had not yet reached a point where it liquidated the immense cost of getting out the publication. They would pay me five dollars for my story when this advertising could justify them in making such an expenditure. I accepted the terms, and as I never received payment for the story I am sure the magazine's advertising hopes could not have materialized.

But these two acceptances, one from "The Gray Goose" and the other from "Four o'Clock," were worth a fortune to me right then and there, measured in terms of infinitely greater value than money.

Vacation came, and the summer months passed quickly. September drew on apace, that historic September of 1898, when, with neither diploma nor credits of very great merit to carry me on, I was, as Professor Austin had said, about to make an effort to "jimmy" myself into the University of Michigan. I am sure that on the day when I left for Ann Arbor neither my mother nor my father had any idea I was leaving the parental roof to be gone for more than ten years. I know that my teachers and friends believed I would return very soon—in fact, just as quickly as my first test-examinations at the university should prove what a failure I was at school. So there were no proud relatives and gay young friends to see me off at the railway station. I rather sneaked away, bearing my belongings in a huge, grandmotherly receptacle known as a "telescope." I had no trunk filled with good clothes—only a box in the baggage car containing my typewriter. In my pocket I carried one hundred and twenty dollars in cash, the sum-total of the fortune with which I was determined to achieve a successful college career.

[*Concluded in* MAY McCALL'S]

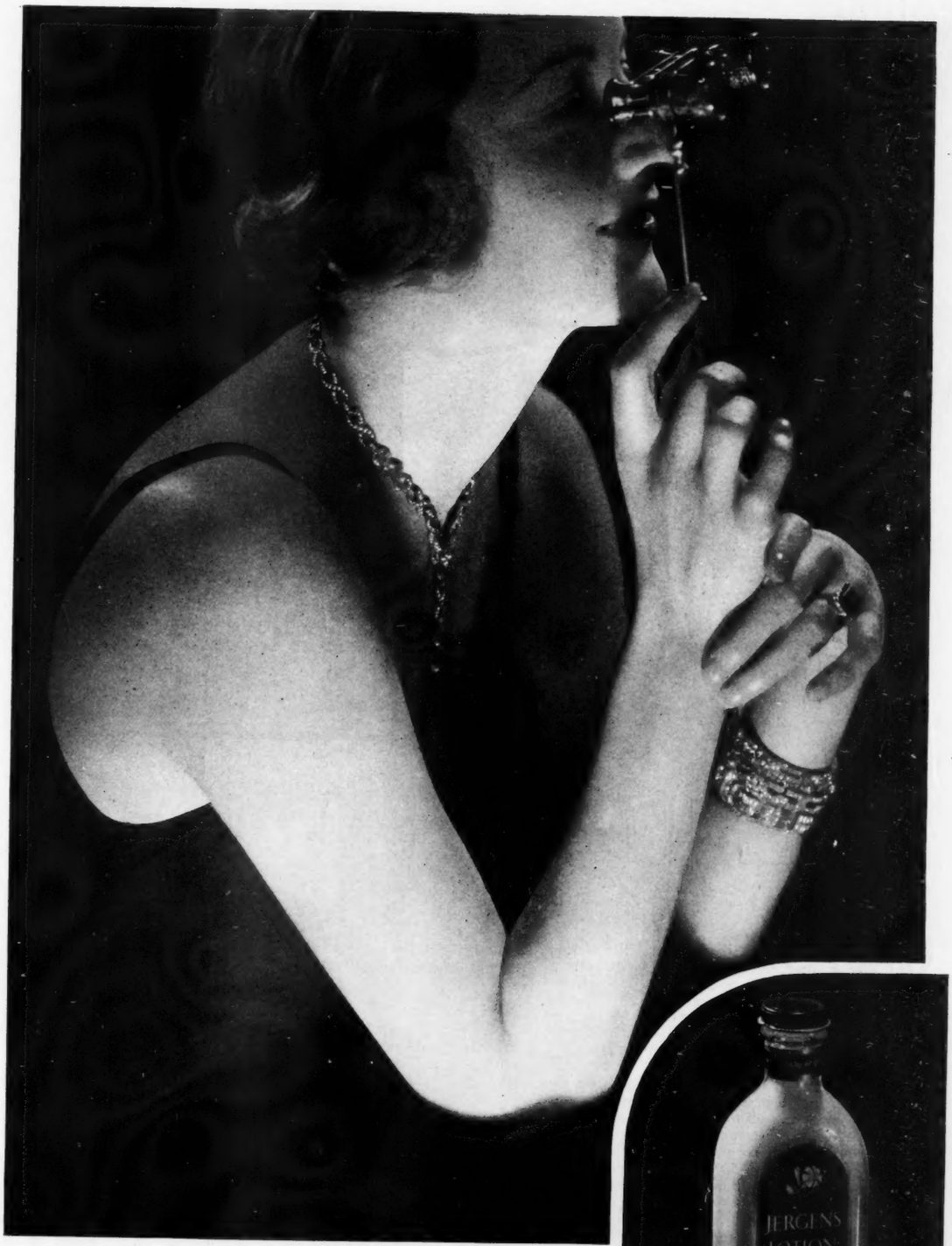
A WOMAN SITTING IN THE SUN

By Grace Noll Crowell

I saw her sitting in the sun
Beside her open door:
A woman with her work long done,
And something in the look she wore
Arrested me—it was so still,
So calm and quiet; and her eyes
Were cool and deep, and very wise.
I paused and watched her wistfully,
And glancing up, she smiled at me.
I could not pass; my whole heart yearned
To know the secrets she had learned.

I sat beside her in the sun,
I spoke of my desire—
The fever of the days had run
Within my heart like fire.
She smiled, she said, "Child, I am old,
And there is little to be told,
Save this, I long since learned to know
That life is good, and if we go
Quietly at work or play,
Then there is strength for every day;
That if our need be small or great,
The help will come if we but wait—"

We sat together in the sun:
The woman who was very wise,
And I, who never shall forget
The words she said—her quiet eyes.



Women have long discovered how wonderful Jergens Lotion is for keeping their hands soft, dazzlingly white. Now they are using it to give their arms, neck, shoulders the same lovely whiteness and smoothness.

HANDS... ARMS... SHOULDERS.. SMOOTH. .GLEAMINGLY WHITE...

FAULTLESS!—your skin should be when you wear a winter evening dress. Arms, neck, shoulders should be white as milk, silken soft and smooth.

Thousands of women who have found Jergens Lotion wonderful for their hands are now using it to give their shoulders, neck, and arms the same lovely whiteness and smoothness.

Jergens Lotion quickly removes untimely streaks of summer tan—gives your skin a beautiful even texture. Make it a regular accessory of your bath, as so many women are doing! It should be used right after the bath, while your skin is still moist and glowing from vigorous toweling. Apply it freely to arms, back, neck, shoulders, rubbing it well into the skin. See how lovely it will make your skin for the evening toilet.

Jergens Lotion will keep your hands smooth and soft all winter, no matter how much you use them. Two famous skin restoratives, long used in medicine, give it wonderful power to heal roughness, chapping, any kind of skin irritation. It leaves no stickiness—your skin absorbs it at once.

Get a bottle today, and learn how wonderful it is for overcoming the roughness caused by winter weather. Fifty cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE · a new trial bottle · a beautiful booklet!

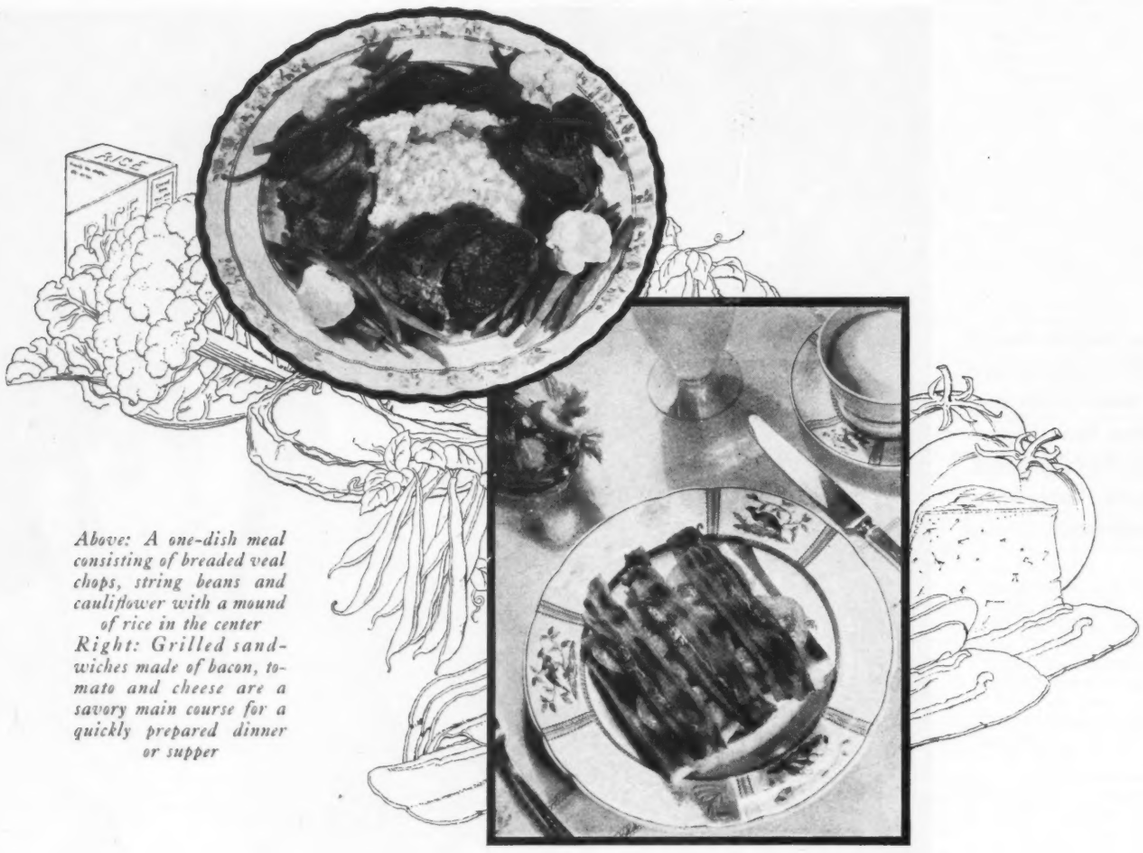
The Andrew Jergens Co., 3507 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "*Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection.*"

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



Above: A one-dish meal consisting of breaded veal chops, string beans and cauliflower with a mound of rice in the center
Right: Grilled sandwiches made of bacon, tomato and cheese are a savory main course for a quickly prepared dinner or supper

MENUS THAT SAVE TIME

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management

WE USED to think that only shiftless housekeepers prepared dinner at the last moment. But with women's widening interests and responsibilities outside the home all that has changed, and we now admit that time-saving meals are not only permissible but often advisable. Besides, there are the times when unexpected guests turn up and a quick change of menu is necessary.

So this month I am suggesting some menus for dinners which are quick, yet satisfying. I have not kept economy in mind with all of them, for I remembered those hostess emergencies we have spoken of but on the whole these meals save money as well as time.

Whenever you want to serve a "short-cut" dinner, build your menu around the dish which takes the longest time to cook. For instance, if a roast or a casserole dish is to be used, choose vegetables and a dessert which can be cooked in the oven at the same time. But if steak or chops are selected, plan vegetables and a dessert which can be quickly cooked on top of the stove.

Do not plan to cook a stew, soup or steamed pudding on a day when you want to go out.

Canned foods of good quality are great time savers and with a few seasonings and frills added are extremely appetizing. Then there are the left-overs which must be considered in every household. They are also conservers of time.

(1)

Consommé Julienne
Fried Chicken
*Cranberry Sauce Royale** *Stuffed Celery*
Buttered Parsley Potatoes *String Bean Succotash**
Orange Jelly, Whipped Cream
Tea or Coffee

Suggestions: Use canned soup.

Have the butcher dress the chicken for frying.

Make the cranberry sauce in the morning and chill. A supply of this delicious sauce can be kept on hand. Prepare the stuffed celery.

The potatoes can be peeled in advance and kept in cold water until needed. Cook the string beans (or use canned beans), and combine with the corn at dinner time. Make jelly, pour into individual molds and chill.

(2)

Broiled Sausages or Grilled Frankfurters
*Mashed Potato in Shells** *Apple Sauce*
Cabbage and Carrot Salad, Boiled Dressing
Cheese Carrots *Lemon Snow Pudding, Custard Sauce*
Coffee

Suggestions: Prepare pepper shells in the morning. At dinner time peel potatoes and slice thin—they will boil tender in 10 or 15 minutes.

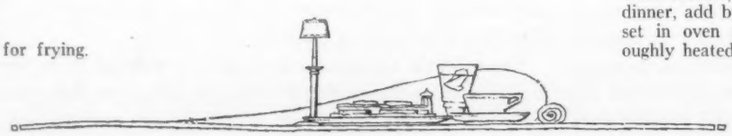
Delicious canned apple sauce can be bought.

Shred cabbage and grate carrot and put in refrigerator until needed. Mold pimiento cheese into tiny carrots and decorate tops with bits of parsley.

The pudding and sauce can be made in the morning.

(3)

Mound of Rice
With Breaded Veal Chops, String Beans and Cauliflower
Drop Biscuits *Beet Relish*
Chicory, Onion Rings, and Sliced Radish Salad
*Coffee Macaroon Bisque**
Tea or Coffee



Suggestions: Bread chops in advance and cook string beans. At dinner time cook rice, cauliflower (broken into flowers), and chops; reheat beans.

Mix the dry ingredients for the biscuit. When needed, cut in shortening and add liquid. Drop by tablespoons on a greased pan and bake 10 to 15 minutes.

Prepare dessert in the morning and put in refrigerator.

(4)

Cream of Pea Soup, Croutons
*Grilled Open Sandwich**
Grapefruit and Lettuce Salad, French Dressing
*Cup Cakes, Quick Frosting**
Tea or Coffee

Suggestions: Use canned soup. Prepare croutons in the morning.

The sandwiches can be prepared well in advance and placed on the broiling rack until needed. Broil until cheese is melted and bacon crisp.

Prepare grapefruit (either fresh or canned) and lettuce in the morning; chill.

Make cup cakes in the morning.

(5)

*Broiled Beefsteak, Maître d'Hôtel Butter**
Hashed Brown Potatoes *Candied Carrots*
Lettuce Salad, Roquefort Dressing
*Oriental Cream**
Coffee

Suggestions: Prepare maître d'hôtel butter in the morning and keep in refrigerator.

Use left-over potatoes and prepare for frying. Select small carrots, cook and put in baking pan. Just before dinner, add brown sugar, butter and a little water and set in oven until sugar melts and carrots are thoroughly heated. It will take only a few minutes to prepare the dessert at dinner time. Oriental cream is a delicious refreshment to serve at bridge parties. [*Continued on page 42*]

CAUTION! Don't be fooled into thinking a dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; correct acid mouth; or firm your gums. These are to be treated only by a dentist. The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth . . . any other claim is false and misleading, say the highest dental authorities.

Why Colgate's Penetrating Foam is a "Double-Action" Cleanser

Colgate's cleans teeth two ways. It polishes the surfaces brilliantly with soft chalk powder, the material used by all dentists. But many other toothpastes can do that. Only in a toothpaste like Colgate's do you get *complete* cleansing due to the *washing* action of the famous penetrating foam which sweeps into the tiny fissures and spaces between teeth. This remarkable foam washes out the decaying particles from these hard-to-reach places where ordinary brushing can't clean. Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Leading dentists say mere surface polishing is only half the job of cleansing. To *completely* clean the teeth, you must have the double action of Colgate's penetrating foam.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices where Tooth Decay May Start

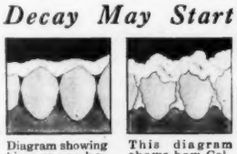
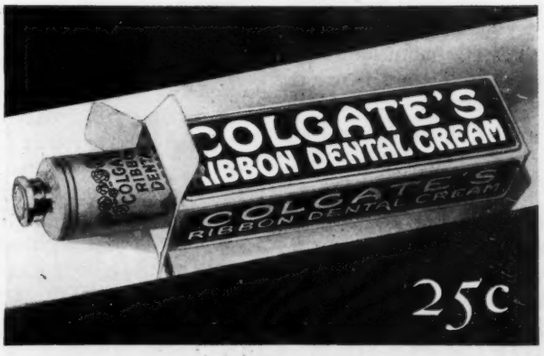
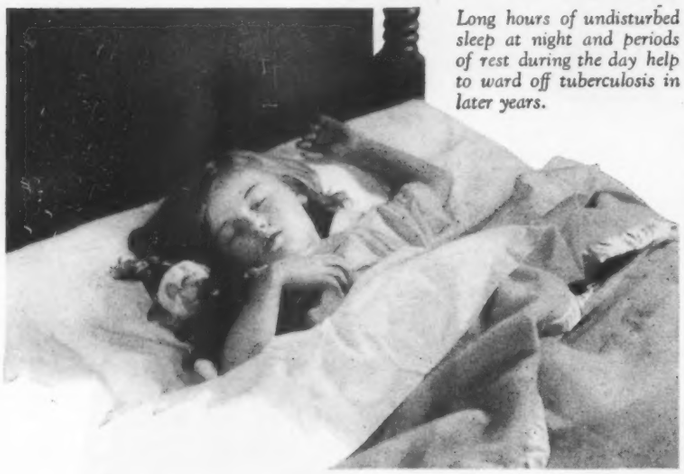


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam (having "low Surface-Tension") gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



Prevent in time



Long hours of undisturbed sleep at night and periods of rest during the day help to ward off tuberculosis in later years.

© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

THE tuberculosis deathrate has been cut in half in the last twenty years largely by better living conditions among the working population and the successful treatment of active cases. Now medical science has an even more brilliant victory in its grasp—the checking of the disease in children before it develops.

Children who come in frequent contact with anyone who has active tuberculosis are in grave danger, though they may look the picture of health and have none of the familiar warning signs—underweight, a cough, fatigue and poor digestion.

A large number of deaths from tuberculosis occur between the ages of 25 and 45. Yet in most of these cases the disease began in childhood, though there may have been a re-infection at some later time.

Contrary to the old-time belief, heredity does not plant the germs. Close contact with the disease in active form is usually responsible. The disease may lie dormant for many years and then flare up and become active following physical or mental strain, too heavy or too prolonged.

But there is no need to guess whether or not a child who has been exposed has picked up the germs. Modern science can now discover whether any damage has been caused by them. No longer are doctors compelled to rely merely upon such tests as tapping the chest, listening to the breathing, examining the sputum. They can be reasonably sure of correct diagnoses by including X-ray and tuberculin tests. Results from tuberculin tests are especially significant in children.

All children should be kept away from people who have tuberculosis. They should have regular, thorough, physical examinations. If tuberculosis is discovered, modern restorative methods should be applied immediately.

Every child, no matter how healthy or sturdy, needs plenty of sleep, plenty of proper food, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. But the child who has picked up the germs of tuberculosis and is beginning to react to them needs additional care and a scientific health-building program under wise medical direction.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without charge, its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis", to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet 430-M.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

MENUS THAT SAVE TIME

[*Continued from page 40*]

(6)

Chicken Soup
Celery Hearts *Ripe Olives*
*Spaghetti Napoli**
Beet and Horseradish Salad
Assorted Fresh Fruits
Roquefort Cheese *Breadsticks*
Coffee

Suggestions: Use canned soup.

Prepare meat sauce in the morning and reheat in the evening. The spaghetti can be cooked in 10 minutes before dinner.

Buy canned beets and horseradish, and prepare salad while spaghetti is cooking.

Have an attractive dish of assorted fruits on the table.

(7)

Shrimp Cocktail
Broiled Lamb Chops
Broiled Tomatoes
German Fried Potatoes *Mint Jelly*
Crisp Rolls
Hearts of Lettuce, Roquefort Dressing
*Peaches and Marshmallows**
Coffee

Suggestions: This is an emergency menu and requires no advance preparation.

Use canned shrimps. Chill. Serve with a prepared cocktail sauce and add any seasonings desired, for instance, horseradish, tabasco, etc.

The following recipes are good at any time and especially good when planning a time-saving meal.

Cranberry Sauce Royale

1 qt. cranberries
2 cups sugar
1 cup water
½ lb. white grapes, seeded
1 large orange
2 apples
1 cup pineapple, diced
½ cup chopped nuts

Wash and pick over cranberries. Put in saucepan and add sugar and water. Cover and cook 20 minutes—until tender. Cool. Peel and cut up orange and apples. Add to the cranberries with the grapes, pineapple and nuts. Chill thoroughly.

This mixture will keep several weeks in a covered jar in the refrigerator.

String Bean Succotash

1½ lbs. string beans
½ teaspoon salt
1 can corn
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup rich milk

String beans, wash and cut in small pieces. Cook in boiling salted water until tender, about 25 minutes. Drain and add salt, corn, sugar, butter and milk. Heat slowly, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking.

Oriental Cream

½ pint cream
½ cup sugar
1 cup lady fingers, cut in small pieces
1 cup marshmallows, cut in small pieces
1 cup shredded pineapple

Beat cream until frothy and add sugar; beat until stiff. Fold in lady fingers, marshmallows and well-drained pineapple. Put in sherbert glasses and serve immediately. Garnish with chopped nuts.

Spaghetti Napoli

¾ pound fine spaghetti
1 onion, sliced
2 tablespoons butter
1 bayleaf
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ pound raw veal, chopped
1 can tomatoes
1 cup grated cheese

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender—about 10 minutes. Fry onion in butter until a delicate brown. Add bay leaf, sugar, salt and pepper. Add meat and brown thoroughly. Add tomatoes and cook slowly 25 minutes. Place a layer of spaghetti in bottom of baking dish, cover with a layer of sauce and sprinkle with cheese. Repeat until all the ingredients are used. Cover top with cheese. Bake in hot oven 400° F. 20 to 25 minutes.

Mashed Potato in Shells

Cut peppers in halves lengthwise, remove seeds and let stand 5 minutes in boiling water to which 1/3 teaspoon soda has been added. Take from water, dry and fill with creamy mashed potato, well seasoned and mixed with a little chopped parsley and chopped fried onions. Put them in a hot oven long enough to heat well and slightly brown.

Coffee Macaroon Bisque

1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup water
1½ cups clear strong coffee
1/3 cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup whipped cream
2/3 cup macaroon crumbs

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve in hot coffee. Add sugar and salt and mix well. Set aside to cool. When it begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream and macaroon crumbs. Pile in sherbert glasses and garnish with chopped nuts and chopped maraschino cherries. Chill thoroughly.

Grilled Open Sandwich

Cut bread in rather thick slices. Put a slice of cheese on each, cover with two slices of tomato. Lay strips of bacon on top and broil until cheese is melted and bacon crisp.

Cup Cakes

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1¾ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and add sugar gradually. Add beaten eggs. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add vanilla and mix well. Pour into greased cup cake pans. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. When cool, cover tops with frosting.

Quick Frosting

1 cup sugar
4 tablespoons cold water
1 egg white
¾ teaspoon vanilla

Put sugar, water and egg white in saucepan and cook over boiling water. Stir constantly until frosting is the right consistency to spread. Add vanilla.

Maître d'Hôtel Butter

3 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ tablespoon finely chopped parsley
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Cream butter and add salt, pepper and parsley. Mix well and add lemon juice very slowly.

Peaches and Marshmallows

Place halves of peaches in bottom of baking dish and put a marshmallow in the center cavity of each. Pour some of the syrup over them and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) long enough to brown the marshmallows.

Better—richer—more satisfying than "mere oatmeal"

Off for the 4 hardest hours of the day! Quaker Oats breakfasts equip workers with the energy they need for busy mornings.

Quaker Oats....

the quickest of all hot breakfasts

Food energy—not nervous energy—should carry you through the morning. Nutritionists urge this kind of a breakfast to supply sustained energy.

YOUR breakfast is an important factor in your success, nutritionists warn. For, according to recent surveys, 70% of the entire day's work, in homes, schools, factories and offices, must be done in the 4 short morning hours.

For energy to conquer the morning, millions eat Quaker Oats. Because this oat is known to have a rich savoriness, a zestful, tangy, real oat flavor no other oatmeal has ever been able to imitate.

Roasting gives richer flavor

Quaker Oats are different . . . better . . . because the Quaker milling process is different. First, Quaker selects only the plump, firm, full-flavored oats. Next, Quaker roasts these choice whole oats in open pans to a succulent, flaky tenderness. For Quaker has found that of all pre-cooking processes at the mill, roasting alone gives that fresh, zestful, nut-sweet flavor. Roasting alone so perfectly pre-cooks oats that they will cook deliciously done, in the home, in 2½ minutes.

Most important of all, the famous Quaker milling process retains every bit of the vital part of the oat, where, nature stores her richest vitamins, her health-building minerals . . . every particle of rich protein. Quaker Oats contains 16% protein. Every living cell in the body is continually demanding protein for the repair of wornout nerve and muscle tissue. Quaker Oats contains 50% more of this protective food than white flour, twice as much as cornmeal!

This breakfast provides lasting energy

Thus Quaker Oats is urged above all other breakfasts to fortify against morning fatigue . . . to provide energy for the 4 morning hours when 70% of the entire day's work must be done.

Order Quaker Oats today. Your grocer has both the Regular and the Quick Quaker that cooks done 2½ minutes from the time the water boils. Please do not confuse Quick Quaker with ordinary quick oats. Only "Quaker" can give you that incomparable Quaker flavor and rich nutrition.

Always look for the Quaker figure and the Quaker name on the package, as illustrated above. They are your guarantee of the superior flavor and unsurpassed nutrition millions have learned to recognize in Quaker Oats.

The finest oat flavor known

1. ***Richer flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.
2. ***Fastest*** of all quick cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.
3. ***"Most nutritious*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.
4. ***Health qualities unsurpassed—*** 16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—abundant vitamin B to protect health.

Millions need no other guarantee of a superior product than the Quaker name on the package. For a delicious lunch—try *Quaker Milk Macaroni.* Serve *Quaker Puffed Grains* to children who "won't eat cereals." And remember—if you don't agree that any Quaker product you buy is superior to others of its kind—we shall gladly remit you the cost of the package.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Two kinds—at your grocer's

Illustrated with Benda Masks

BEAUTY BEGINS AT HOME

By Hildegarde Fillmore

THIS title sounds as if it belongs to an article about keeping powder on your nose in spite of a hot kitchen, or greeting your guests all smooth and unperturbed just after you've dropped the chocolate mousse over the front of your best gown! But it isn't that story at all. The title really should be, "Beauty *Care* Begins At Home" for that is what our text is. Beauty care begins in front of your own dressing table, or at the bathroom shelf, where you keep your personal loveliness aids—toilet soap, fragrant creams, oils, lotions, make-up and the rest.

Not so very long ago there were comparatively few fine cosmetic manufacturers who took the time and thought to instruct women far from their salons in the daily use of their preparations. But so eager were women all over the country to discover methods of home beauty care that now there are many such experts, and there is a wealth of information to be had for the asking. One pioneer in this field has even gone so far as to train her traveling representatives to hold private consultations in department stores all over the country. Anyone who signs up for a consultation at the toilet goods counter of the store may have it without charge at a stated time. She may bring interested women friends along. At these private discussions the manufacturer's representative shows her guests exactly how to apply the creams and lotions to their own skins. She explains the differences between certain preparations and tells her interested audience something about skin variations and how to treat them. Of course, even this system cannot possibly take care of all the women who use her preparations.

Modern Cosmetic Skill

We are growing out of that elementary stage when, interested and eager, a woman stopped at a toilet goods counter and, under the spell of the salesgirl's honeyed words, bought an armful of cosmetics in a sort of sublime daze. Then, setting them all out on her dressing table, she suddenly woke up to the fact that she didn't really know what to do with them! Home treatments for beauty, methods of keeping the skin soft and fine and creamy-textured, are perhaps the most interesting achievements of cosmetic chemists during the past decade. Everybody knows now that it is necessary to have something besides beautiful bottles and jars on one's dressing table. That something is the knowledge of what cosmetics can do for the modern woman's skin.

Sometimes instructions and directions on the label are so simple and so explicit that we need little more. Booklets that go into the matter of just *why* the expert advises you to use preparations in a certain manner are valuable. Remember that most of these booklets are written with the greatest care. They have a mission to perform. If you like the particular kind of beauty preparations you are using, you should want to get the most out of them by using them exactly as their makers tell you to use them. Yet every day consultants employed by these houses get letters from users of their preparations who cheerfully admit that they have been using a certain cream or lotion, or the like, in their own particular way, quite without regard to the way it was intended to be used. Then they wonder why results seem unsatisfactory! As the users of beauty preparations grow more numerous in small towns and big, the need for knowledge of their use grows even more imperative. In the following paragraphs I have described some of the best known methods of home beauty care. Doubtless new ones will appear from time to time, but many will be variations on these already outlined. All these treatments are so simple that every woman can adopt them as her daily ritual and by faithful care can bring more loveliness than she had ever hoped for.

We all know that as we grow older the skin loses the firmness and suppleness that is characteristic of the skins of healthy children. It is the most natural impulse in the world to want to retain a youthful skin, to keep the firm rounded contours that defy the withering of age. Various types of massage and facial manipulation have proved helpful in keeping the skin texture fine and contours firm. Women who go about their skin care intelligently usually find after a little patient experimentation which type of facial care they need. They may discover, for example, that their skin tissues thrive on the well-known method of stroking the skin lightly in rotary movements that follow the lines of the principal facial muscles. In all such systems, experts advise cleansing the skin first, then applying whatever massage or "tissue" cream or oil you choose. This film of cream makes a smooth surface that fingers may slip over lightly, coaxing the droopy muscles and tired tissues back into firmness of line. No matter what method you follow, there are two things to remember: never pull the skin or stretch it or rub it hard. There are still doctors who believe that massage is injurious to the skin largely because they have seen skins that were overmassaged or subjected to treatment that bruised or stretched the tissues. Another point is that all movements of the fingers on the face should be in a general upward direction, to counteract the natural drooping of the facial muscles.

Patting Beauty In

Then there is patting. I suppose there are hundreds of thousands of women who are patting their faces nightly over a film of cream or lotion. One can almost hear the pat-a-pat of their fingertips as they do it! This method is still novel to many women and there is still a chance that it may be abused. Experts who favor patting tell us to pat lightly with fingertips or a patter. Never bruise the skin and try to keep your patting rhythmical, much as you get rhythm into playing the piano. Sometimes we are advised to pat our skins with pads of cotton wet with fresh, mildly astringent lotions. This is cooling and pleasant. Again, always pat in a general upward direction.

The Beauty Mask

Instead of using your fingertips or some other part of your hands, or a simple approved patter, you may wish to take what might be called a static treatment. That is, a mask. It may be merely a film of cream in which there is some ingredient that brings the blood to the surface, enhancing the natural glow under the skin. Use circulation stimulants of this kind according to directions always. If they sting too much, apply a film of cream to remove them and to alleviate the smarting. Another type of mask that is cooling or faintly astringent is one made by soaking gauze or a fine cloth or cleansing tissues in a skin-toning liquid and allowing it to remain on the face. If you use a mask of this sort, first cover the eyes with cotton wet with eye lotion and leave tiny holes for the nostrils. You may aid the upward pull of such a treatment by what is called a tie-up. Tie a piece of gauze or a cloth under the chin around the cheeks to the top of the head. This keeps your face in a pleasant expression while the mask is on. Such tie-ups are recommended usually in connection with a last-minute treatment after a long, tiring day. They won't erase wrinkles magically or remake your face in a few moments. But they will soothe you and leave your face feeling fresher, more elastic, more "smiley." They will make you *feel* more beautiful and, after all, that is half the battle.

Local Treatments

Then there is a host of excellent local treatments —for frown lines, for tired, dull eyes, for droopy mouths, for lined brows, for blurred contour outlines and for a rough, coarse texture—for all the marks of age that appear inevitably on our faces as we rush through our busy, happy, hurried lives. Next month I'm going to discuss these treatments in detail—as well as the importance of baths. A bath, like a shampoo, is more than a dousing with water and soap. It may soothe or stimulate, as you like it.

[*Turn to page 62*]

For Easter morning—Swift's Premium

TIME-honored for the Easter breakfast—a thick slice of broiled ham, and around it, delicately poached eggs. A dish whose appeal is certain if the eggs are Swift's Brookfield, and the slice of ham Swift's Premium—so tender—so appetizing—so mild.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium

Hams and Bacon

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM:

Ask for Swift's Brookfield Eggs, for Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon. And look for the identifying marks on the hams and bacon—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the well-known blue Premium label.

fluffy-light ....

these 2-minute pancakes made with four flours *ready-mixed*

Aunt Jemima's secret from old plantation days

At first, it was just a Southern mammy's "knack" of cooking . . .

Four flours instead of one! Aunt Jemima knew this secret when she mixed her rice, corn and rye with wheat flour, years ago, for her tempting, fluffy pancakes.

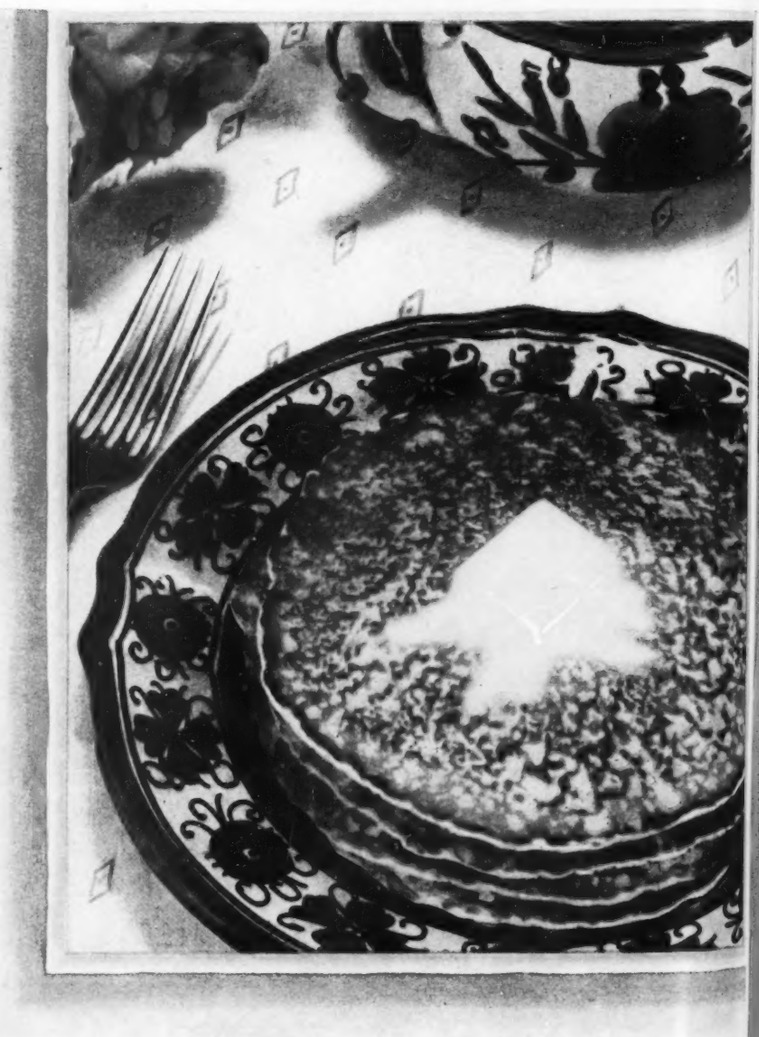
Now millions of women are using Aunt Jemima's famous recipe. Her *four* flours, together with all her own ingredients, come *ready mixed* in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

Husbands (famous consumers of pancakes) are exclaiming over the new tender lightness of these luscious cakes. And wives smile. Glad for Aunt Jemima's secret. Her "knack" of combining four flours in just the right proportions for special lightness and goodness!

No fussing, no measuring. Just add milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, and stir. Stacks of steaming fragrant cakes—in less time than it takes to make toast!

Ask your grocer for Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. If it does not give complete satisfaction, he will be glad to refund its purchase price.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Aunt Jemima's Pancake Pie

Stack 6 paper-thin pancakes, plate size, with creamed butter and maple sugar between layers. Cover with maple syrup and whipped cream. Cut like pie and serve.

FREE— *to get a trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour together with recipe leaflet giving many tempting ways of serving pancakes and waffles, just fill out and mail the coupon.*

The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. D-35, St. Joseph, Missouri.
☐ Pancake sample ☐ Buckwheat sample

Name.....

Address.....

We are often asked, *"Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; and Peterborough, Canada*

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 14*]

"Pa, lets me alone," she admitted.

"I see. Is that all you care to tell?"

"I don't know why you're interested. Haven't they told you about us in Brook Hollow?"

"No."

She said calmly, not looking at him: "Nobody speaks to us any more, except to Pa when he goes to the Post."

"The Grand Army Post?"

"Yes, he's a pensioner. But nobody speaks to Ma or to me any more. And I do get awful—awfully—tired of being alone."

"What's the matter with your mother?" he asked bluntly.

"I don't know. I never was afraid of her until this year."

"Afraid?"

"Yes, it's that. She doesn't care any more where she hits me or what the neighbors may see. But I'm not so afraid of that—it's the way she acts now."

"How?" he inquired gently.

"I don't like to tell you. Shall I?"

"Yes."

"Well, she lets men get fresh with me."

"Men?"

"Yes, they come to our house—you won't tell anybody?"

"No, you don't need to worry."

"Well, we have liquor. The State Troopers searched us twice. Sometimes company comes and carries on."

"I see. And the men who come there are beginning to bother you?"

"Yes."

"What does your father say?"

"Nothing. He's pretty old and his back is bad. He's afraid of Ma. It hurts his back when she hits him."

The man sat silent, digesting the squalid story.

Presently, looking up at her: "What are you going to do about it?"

"About what?"

"Your unhappy situation at home."

"Nothing."

"Well, if you don't, the State may."

THE brown eyes opened widely with indefinable fear. "What will they do with me?" she asked.

"Place you in safer surroundings, under safe guardianship."

"In a reformatory?" she inquired, pale with fear.

"No. There are societies that concern themselves with such cases. There are various ways of disposing of them. Good homes can be found. Decent employment, too, unless further schooling is advisable."

"What would they do to Pa?"

"I don't know. That is for the court to decide. Place him in a soldiers' home, probably, as he seems incapable of taking care of his obligations or of himself. Or, they might let him remain with you to care for him. But I have no doubt that they'd send your mother to prison."

The girl had become very pale.

"I'd better tell Ma," she said.

"Somebody had better warn her that she's heading for serious trouble. And if she continues treating you so brutally I think you had better complain to a magistrate."

"No, I can stand it."

"Well, you can't stand being annoyed by men who frequent your house. You tell your mother so. Say that Stede Seafield, of New York, has heard about her behavior and has told you to warn her. She knows who the Seafields are."

"Yes, I'll tell her."

Seafield sat still for a little while longer, then he arose and walked over to Josephine. "Goodbye," he said.

"Goodbye."

She looked up, noticed his offered hand and gave him hers.

"I'm sorry," he said, "that you're unhappy and lonely. Shall I come to see you when I return to Brook Hollow?"

"Will you?"

YES, I will. Would you like to have me keep an eye on you?"

"How?"

"I could write you now and then and you could write to me."

"Yes, I'd like it."

"Very well. I'll write you a letter in a week or two."

"Thank you," she said, her brown eyes meeting his.

A few days later Henry Rawn, superintendent of the mill, sent for Josephine Moreland. The following morning she was back again, pasting gilt paper on paper boxes.

Her natural and youthful longing for human companionship, for amusement, for gayety, laughter, still remained deep and wistful within her. But her craving for it had not impaired the pleasant expression of her features in repose; that odd, dauntless little smile seemed still to glimmer. Even the fatigue from the day's drudgery could not blot out that smile.

Homeward-bound mill hands were skylarking; loud voices; louder laughter, shrill retort and hysterical mirth echoed through Center Street, where in the drug store, two soda fountains were already beset by noisy youth. But Josephine was too tired to wait for a cool drink amid a gay throng, where nobody would have a word for her.

Her black cat, Trouble, came slowly around the corner of the house. When he caught sight of Josephine he meowed recognition; and she opened the gate, went in, and sat down on the porch.

Listening, she heard no sounds from the house, no creak of boards under her mother's heavy trail, no sound of the strident voice, either garrulous or abusive. She found the kitchen door open, went in, discovered that the fire in the range was burnt out. The girl looked about her, went into the sitting room, discovered it empty, continued on upstairs. But there was nobody on that floor

It was plain that her mother had gone away somewhere, probably to eat supper with relatives in High Falls. She did this, sometimes, leaving Josephine to cook supper.

But the child did not understand her father's absence. Cows had to be milked.

Then, of a sudden, she heard a sound in the house—somebody was ascending the stairs outside her door. Then it opened and her mother's head appeared.

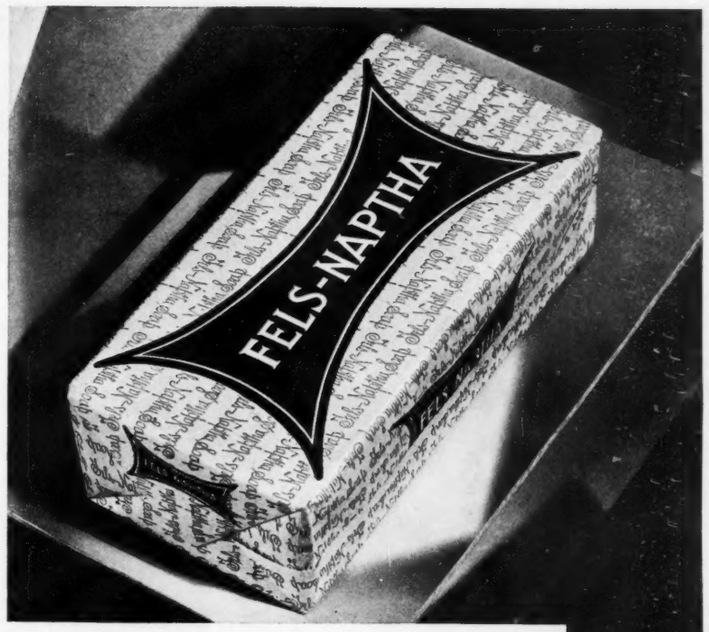
"Ma!" she faltered.

Immediately she became silent; for Cora Moreland's great, flat face was deathly pale—a strange, dreadful face, the lips sagging open, the small eyes staring and strangely fixed

"What is the matter?" Josephine whispered.

Her mother moistened her flaccid lips: "Your pa hurt himself," she said hoarsely.

[*Continued on page 50*]



How many helpers are there in this picture?

WE'LL admit this question is rather easy for some housewives. For every woman who has used Fels-Naptha knows that it brings not one helper, but *two*. Two brisk, bustling helpers working together to lighten washing tasks.

That's why women speak of Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. That's why they say that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha." For Fels-Naptha is not just soap. It is good golden soap *and* naptha—*plenty* of naptha. Naptha, as you know, is what dry-cleaners use on delicate garments. Combined with soap by the unusual Fels-Naptha process, it gives you a team that will tackle the grimiest clothes and wash them clean without hard rubbing. Yet Fels-Naptha is gentle to the clothes themselves—and mild to your hands, too.

Fels-Naptha is equally at home in washing machine or tub. It works well in hot, lukewarm or cool water. And whether you soak or boil your clothes, Fels-Naptha will bring them out of the wash clean and fragrant.

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Buy a few bars today—or ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Have Fels-Naptha ready for next washday. Use it too for washing dishes, for cleaning windows and woodwork, for removing spots from rugs and clothes. Fels-Naptha is *extra* help for every soap-and-water task!

FREE *Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.*

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. MCC. 4-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© 1930, Fels & Co.

the world's distinguished women follow

top group

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.
MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN, JR.
MISS HELEN CHOATE

middle group

MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT II
LADY VIOLET ASTOR
MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

lower group

THE COUNTESS HOWE
MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE
LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

LOOK—and you will see that the world's distinguished women are its most beautiful women, too.

THINK—and you will be convinced that personal loveliness is a woman's likeliest way to win distinction.

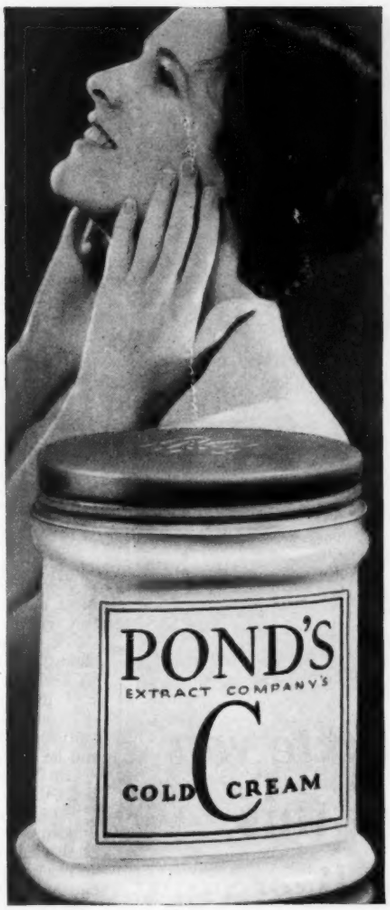
Then ACT—follow the example of the beauties pictured here. Pond's famous Method keeps their skin (as it will keep yours) always clear, smooth, fresh as flowers. Wherever they go, they follow (as you should, too) Pond's four steps to beauty.

As Lady Violet Astor says, "Pond's have done a wonderful service to women!"

Beautiful Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., says, "Even on our Nevada ranch I have my daily facial with Pond's. One can keep one's skin young and lovely with just these marvelous Two Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic."

Just four simple steps! *First*—Pond's Cold Cream. "It cleanses divinely!" says Miss Helen Choate. Apply it lavishly all over your face and neck, for

Pond's 4 steps to beauty . . .



pore-deep cleansing. Make a fine art of patting in the cream with gentle caressing upward, outward motions. Wait a few moments so the fine oils can sink down in the pores and coax up every speck of dirt to the surface.

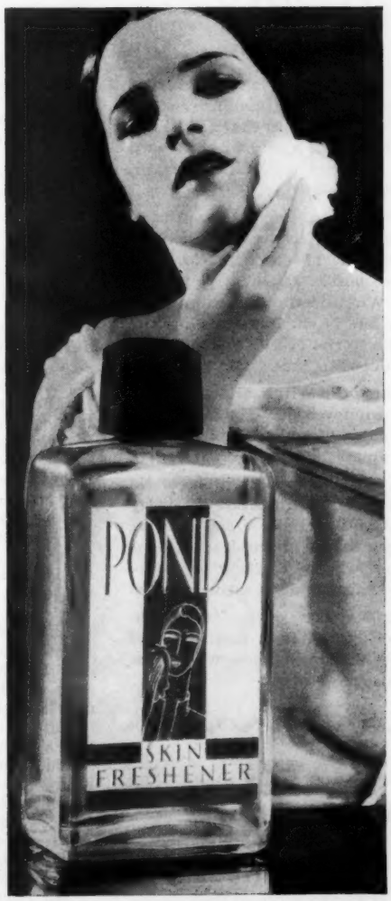
Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, following the same caressing motions as before. These velvety new Tissues are soft and amazingly absorbent, more efficacious, more economical than old-time towels and rags. Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II calls them "the perfect way to remove cold cream."

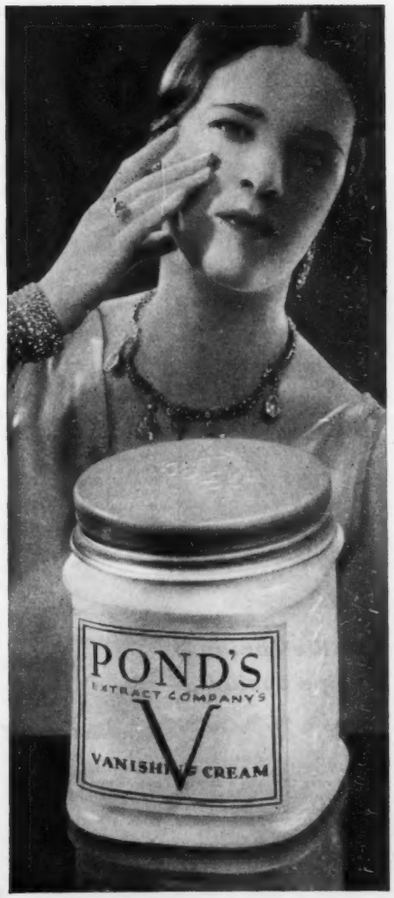
Third—Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and refine the pores. Soak a sizable pad of cotton. Dab briskly till your cheeks glow fresh as a rose. This fragrant mild astringent is, as Lady Buchanan-Jardine says, "just the skin tonic we all need to tone us up."

Last—to *keep* your skin looking fresh and lovely, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, a delicate film before you powder. You will delight in this well-bred "finish." Rouge blends more subtly, powder clings more graciously than ever before. Now your skin is perfect—cleansed, firmed, vital with glowing health, impeccably groomed.

"A straightforward way of keeping fit," beautiful Countess Howe sums it all up. "One can do it all by oneself at home or in the country, wherever one may be. So naturally I'm enthusiastic about Pond's!"

Follow this marvelous Method, and you, too, will be enthusiastic—and lovely!





Send 10¢ for POND'S 4 DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D, 111 Hudson St., New York City

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We invite you to try this amazing ammonia discovery at our expense . . .

Old Witch is an ammonia. But what an ammonia! Three times as effective as the old-fashioned kind.

Cleans floors, tile and enamel, windows, pots and pans, glassware . . . Dozens of uses for this super-cleanser that ends hard rubbing and scrubbing.

No more red, roughened hands! A special ingredient in Old Witch keeps them soft and smooth.

THE wonderful new ammonia that everybody's talking about . . . Old Witch, the super-cleanser that gets things bright and clean in a jiffy without hard work . . . You can try it, this month, without risking a penny.

Go to your grocer. Deposit the price of a quart bottle. He'll give you an *extra* bottle, a regular 11-ounce bottle, *free*. Use the free bottle. Then, if you don't think Old Witch is the finest ammonia you've ever had in the house, return the quart bottle to the grocer and he'll return your deposit.

But once try Old Witch, and you won't want your money back. For Old Witch ends hard rubbing and scrubbing. Saves your time and strength.

A liquid, it begins to clean at once. No stirring, no waiting while a powder slowly dissolves. Can't scratch. Deodorizes as it cleans; yet leaves no unpleasant odor of its own. No muss to clean up afterward. And it keeps hands satin-smooth!

If your grocer is one of the few that do not yet stock Old Witch, just mail the coupon. We'll let you know where you can get your free bottle.

FREE *cleaning recipe booklet*

The Old Witch Co., Inc., Dept M-1, Chanin Bldg., New York
I want to try Old Witch at your expense but I have not been able to obtain it in my community. Please tell me where I can get it. Send me the free booklet, "109 Cleaning Recipes," by Alice Chapin, famous authority on household science.

Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

Old Witch
MILKY-WHITE
AMMONIA DISCOVERY

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 47*]

"How? Where is he?"

"Out in the barn. He fell on a scythe. My God," she said thickly, "I hope no one is going to say I done it."

Josephine began to shiver. "Get the arnica and something to bandage him," she said.

"He's dead."

"Dead?" repeated the girl vacantly.

Josephine came slowly toward her; looked her intently in the face. "I want to see him," she said.

Cora turned slowly to the stairs and started down, one fat hand on the banister supporting her tremulous bulk.

A delicate primrose light lingered in the sky and bathed foliage and grass. It was a little duskier in the barn. But old Joshua lay near the door, his dingy clothing and work-soiled hands soaked with blood; his wrinkled face turned sideways, furtively, as though he were slyly considering escape.

Suddenly Cora Moreland burst out hoarsely: "I didn't know nothing about it. I was cookin' supper, so help me! All I know is I heard him holler. If they try to say I done it they're lying!"

"Hush up!" said the girl fiercely, almost frantic with the horror of it. "You did do it! You did do it!"

"I didn't—" sobbed Cora.

"You followed him out to the barn and you hit him and hurt his back, and he fell on the scythe!"

"Oh!" wailed her mother, "that's a lie! I didn't do it! I didn't—"

"I'm not going to tell," said the girl. Suddenly she began to shiver all over as she led the way to the house, Cora at her elbow, sobbing, beseeching her daughter not to accuse her.

In the dark kitchen Josephine lighted a lamp with shaking fingers. With the light, reaction came. She turned furiously upon her mother, confronting her with clenched fists and dauntless, pallid face.

"You did do it! I'm not going to tell. But I'm not afraid of you! And I'll never let you touch me again. I'm going now to get help somewhere. And when the doctor and the neighbors come you'd better keep quiet or they'll find out the truth the way I did!"

Cora, dumb with fear, stared at her infuriated daughter, a deathly pale and slender shape of wrath in the lamplight.

The first person who reported the tragedy happened to put it this way: "Josh Moreland's dead. He fell on a scythe. Cora was cooking supper. She heard him holler and she run out. And thar he lay, dead."

The coroner was satisfied. Followed a day's gossip; a few lines in the Brook Hollow *Herald*, a military funeral—five old men behind a muffled bass drum—and old Joshua Moreland's crippled back was never again to give him pain.

JOSEPHINE had been promoted from the machine which pastes gilt paper over cardboard boxes, to another and more complicated machine which picks up a large sheet of cardboard and deftly turns it into a box.

One noon as she stood alone in the sunshine near the iron bridge, Mr. Rawn, the superintendent, passing, paused to look at her with a slightly ironical expression on his otherwise dull features.

"How are you making it with your new machine?" he inquired.

"All right," replied Josephine.

"No complaints, eh?"

She shook her head.

"Well," he said, "if you behave yourself you'll get promoted." He added, with a slightly disagreeable smile: "You've got a pull here, haven't you?"

"A pull?" she repeated.

"That's what I said."

She gave him a confused look.

He said: "Well, you know who put you back in the mill, don't you?"

"Didn't you send for me?"

"Yes, but don't you know why?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you know that Mr. Seafield asked us to take care of you?"

She shook her head, astounded.

WELL, he did. I don't know why. I had my orders, that's all I know. That's why you're at work. That's why you're shoved ahead. He's boss. He can do as he's a mind to. Are you and him friends?"

"I don't know him. He talked to me once, in the cemetery."

"Is that all you know about him?"

"Yes."

Mr. Rawn scratched his ear and stared at her. "Isn't that just like these here fellows who write the kind of plays that they play in theaters? To take it into his head to look after a strange girl like you! And he never attends a directors' meeting—never as much as sticks his head into the mill, yet he controls a majority of voting stock at that. And you tell me you never saw him only once. Does he ever write letters to you?"

"He said he would, but didn't."

When she entered the mill a few moments later, she saw Mr. Willis, boss of her section, peeling an apple with a penknife and swallowing the slices with satisfaction. Josephine asked for a sheet of mill paper and envelope and permission to write a letter at his desk.

"Go to it kid," he nodded carelessly. "Who are you writing to, your beau?"

"No," she said, reddening, "I've got to write a letter to Mr. Seafield. What's his address—do you know?"

"If you got a kick comin', you better go to Rawn."

"It isn't that."

"Oh, all right," he concluded, leading the way to his desk.

Here he consulted a card index, picked up a blue pencil, and wrote out Mr. Seafield's address.

"Sit here, kid," he said; "you got twenty minutes to spill the beans. Get busy."

Josephine set to work and wrote steadily. Then as the whistle blew she sealed the letter and dropped it into the mail box.

"Thank you," she said to Mr. Willis as she passed him on the way to her machine.

"Wait a minute," he said, detaining her by the arm, "I've something to tell you. Is that your hat over there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put it on and come into Mr. Rawn's private office."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Willis went out and entered the office to which he had directed Josephine.

Rawn, seated at his desk, glanced up: "Is she coming?" he inquired.

"Yes. Is her mother dead?"

"Dead as a beetle. Catlin just this minute telephoned."

[*Continued on page 52*]

KEYED TO TODAY'S RAPID PACE

This Natural Vitality Food

Authorities say bananas belong in the regular diet

Slice bananas to serve with milk—or orange juice. Put them over cereal. Turn them into quick salads. Broil, fry or bake them as a vegetable. However you use them, bananas save time when minutes are precious.

MODERN LIVING exacts a heavy toll of energy. But nature finds ways to meet this wear and tear. In the banana she has given us a handy packet of *invigorating food materials.* Protective vitamins—energy-building fuels—body-toning minerals—these health essentials in generous measure are stowed away in the tender, flavor-laden fruit-pulp of the banana.

Nor are these health-giving properties all. Nutritionists say bananas belong in the diet for other reasons as well . . . their availability as a fresh fruit, always in season . . . their economical price . . . and particularly their ready digestibility by people of all ages. No wonder authorities praise such a *natural* vitality food!

COOKING STAGE—When the tips are green, cook bananas as a vegetable, or keep for further ripening. Always ripen at room temperature, never in the icebox.

EATING STAGE—When all yellow, the banana is ready for immediate eating. The familiar brown flecks are a further sign of perfection, in flavor and food value.

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GROWERS ASSOCIATION

ALWAYS GOING—NEVER STILL. *Fine mellow bananas can give tired-out little muscles a brand-new lease on life! And they're welcome every time.*

ROOM FOR ENERGY FOOD ONLY. *Did you know that bananas are looked upon as a source of concentrated nourishment—even on transatlantic flights!*

WHEN THERE'S NO TIME TO EAT, *busy people are finding that a ripe banana can make a surprisingly satisfying meal. Handy when on hand!*

NEW BANANA BOOK *FREE*

Just off the press. Brimful of unusual recipes—all thoroughly tested. Also menus and serving suggestions. Send coupon. Be among the first to benefit by the new knowledge of the banana.

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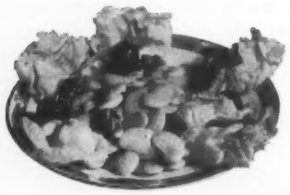
Don't overlook the good old staple foods



~~especially this one which gives "fancy food sparkle" to everyday menus!

You *expect* fancy foods to brighten up your menus. That's why you serve them occasionally. But what a satisfaction to find a wholesome *simple* food with the same interesting possibilities! With it, you can work wonders in your everyday meals!

For example—California Limas! *What* staple food offers such tempting menu variety—tasty salads, creamed and scalloped dishes, delicious vegetable loaves, and dozens of other satisfying food surprises! And a cup of dried Limas makes for greater taste and nourishment when added to *any* soup!

Fortunately, Limas are *so* easy to prepare. No peeling, paring or cutting. Just put Limas to soak after breakfast—by mid-afternoon they're *ready to cook!*

And Limas are *most* healthful, too—rich in proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts. Besides, the alkaline-ash* of this matchless year-round vegetable is a most valuable dietetic aid!

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Recipes for easy-to-prepare Lima dishes which will help "sparkle up" your everyday meals, and approved menus for luncheon, dinner and Sunday supper—you'll find dozens of them in the handy little booklet illustrated here. *It is free!* Address Dept. 141, California Lima Bean Growers Association, Oxnard, Calif.

CALIFORNIA SEASIDE Limas

Look for this 100-pound SEASIDE bag, before you buy.

famous for their nut-like flavor

*Many common foods have an acid reaction in the body. Acid-ash foods, eaten in excess, cause *Acidosis*. Acidosis leads to many ills; some annoying, some serious. Dietitians endorse Limas because they are nearly twice as high as any other vegetable in *alkalinity* (which neutralizes acidity), and from six to seven times as alkaline as the most popular fruits!

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 50*]

"What happened?"

"Why, it seems that Trimmer's man went there to collect the meat bill and he knocked and couldn't make anyone hear. So he opened the door and walked in. And there lay Cora on the lounge on her face."

There came a knock on the door.

"Here's the girl now," murmured Willis. He opened the door and Josephine entered.

"Come here, Josie," said Rawn, in a kinder voice than he ever had used to her.

Surprised, she came and stood by his desk. Mr. Willis left on tiptoe.

"Josie," said Mr. Rawn, "I'm sorry to have to tell you that your mother is taken very sick—very, very sick."

The girl looked at him inquiringly.

"I guess," ventured Mr. Rawn, "she's very near dead. I—I guess she is dead. You got to act brave, Josie."

She gazed at him blankly.

"Yes," said Rawn gently, "she's dead." He patted her shoulder. "You'll find Dr. Catlin at your house. Now go right home and don't worry about your job. Your pay will go right on and you can come back after the funeral."

THE girl gave him a dazed look; then she slowly turned and went out of the door.

When she arrived at her home, Dr. Catlin was there.

"Now, my child, you must try to bear up," he said. "Everybody will help you. I'll be within call. You'll want some neighbor to come here and stay with you tonight. Whom would you prefer?"

The girl looked at him out of strange and tearless eyes.

"I don't think anybody would want to come," she said.

The doctor winced. "Of course they would," he protested. "Death settles all misunderstandings. Whom would you like to have?"

"Florrie Eden—if she would come. We were friends in school."

"I've got my car here. I'll drive over and see. I won't be gone long. Stay here in the kitchen until I come back."

Trouble came in at the open door, mewed for food, and was fed. Then Josephine heard an automobile stop at the gate, listened with sinking heart, one slim hand pressed to her breast. Then, listening, she heard the doctor bidding goodbye to somebody; heard his car start; went timidly to the door and opened it.

The Eden girl stood there, carrying a satchel.

"Oh," faltered Josephine, "I—I—think it is very kind of you to come—I wanted you—"

The blonde, blue-eyed girl set her satchel on the table, put both arms around Josephine and kissed her.

"Don't break down," she said. "They wouldn't let me speak to you, but I've always loved you and I'm glad you sent for me."

Josephine drew a deep, quivering breath, rested her head against the other's shoulder for a moment, then slowly they went up the back stairs together.

"Are you going to be my friend again? Are you?" asked Josephine.

"Yes, dear, yes. I'm so glad to have you back."

"I am, too. Oh, Floss, I haven't had anybody to talk to for so long—"

"Darling! Sit here on the bed with me. Rest your head on me. Lie down. There, dear. Now, don't you want to cry. Comfortably?"

"No—there's nothing to cry for."

"It would do you good, poor lamb!"

"I don't ever cry. You know that."

"I forgot. You never cry, do you? Don't you ever feel like it?"

"I don't seem to know how."

Josephine closed her eyes, shuddered slightly, and in a half hour awoke, shivering. Florrie forced her back gently.

"I'll get supper," she murmured. "You lie still. You've been shaking and twitching all the time you've been asleep. Now try to go to sleep—"

"I'll have to show you where things are in the pantry—"

"Don't you suppose I remember your pantry when we were kids? I want you to go to sleep again."

A little later, pale and disheveled, she came down the back stairs.

"I can't sleep any more," she said. Together the two cooked supper. While

they were eating on the kitchen table, several immediate neighbors called with embarrassed offers of aid, which Josephine refused gently.

The kitchen had become warm and agreeable. The girls drew up their chairs before the range. Josephine gazed at the fire.

"I know how you feel, Josie," Florrie finally said. "You never saw anybody dead, did you?"

In the brooding brown eyes there was a flash of hidden fire as she said: "I saw Pa."

"That's so. I forgot."

"I haven't forgotten."

"Death is terrible, isn't it?" murmured Florrie.

"I don't think so."

"Oh, Josie, dying is terrible; it's so lonely."

"I don't know. I wonder if it's any lonelier than living."

AT CHRISTMAS Seafield wrote Josephine a letter and sent her five books: *The Idylls of the King*, *Outline of History*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Imitation of Christ*, and *Hygiene for Girls*.

It was not a gay Christmastide for Seafield. His play, *The Plague Spot*, with Cynthia Allyn and Aubrey St. George, had run four weeks and had been taken off—too hopeless even for the road. So in the maze of disappointment and chagrin and amid the bewilderment of failure Seafield, pondering unhappily before his study fire at Christmastide, remembered the solitary child in Brook Hollow and wrote to her.

It was an impulsive letter and it agreeably revealed the writer. Any child could have understood every word. The letter, with its delicacy of intuition and tenderness of expression captivated Josephine. When she finished reading it, huddled close beside the stove that snowy Christmas eve, she had fallen in love with the English language, to which, from childhood, she had paid shy, instinctive homage.

All that Christmas eve she read, reread, studied, analyzed that letter, word by word; the thrall of it held her. In the morning his books came. The sight of the package unnerved her. All the morning she hovered over the books, not reading, merely holding, touching, gazing at bindings, peeping timidly into pages where her venturesome fingers crept at hazard.

In this letter he had asked her to read a few pages every day in the book on hygiene, adding that every girl ought to know how to care for her body, because welfare of mind depended upon health.

Interested and curious, and now painfully conscious of her uncared-for person, she closed the book on her knee; rested one elbow on it; sat, humiliated, thinking about what she had read. Why had nobody ever told her? And had he noticed her neglected person that day?

She laid the book aside after a while, and went back to his letter and lost herself in the magic pages.

NOW she locked all doors, lowered the shades, dragged out the wooden wash tub, filled it with hot water, seized a bar of soap and bathed herself in the warm kitchen. Possibly no human being ever scrubbed so frantically. Finally she emerged from an ocean of suds. Her bright brown hair hung dark and dripping; soap inflamed her eyelids, determination was written upon her features.

For the next hour she sat awkwardly busy with the manicure set—Clarel's gift—and shed some blood in her initial endeavors.

On Christmas morning the air was still, sunny, and bitter cold. Snow, fine and dry as flour, covered the icy highroad and she had to proceed carefully, as footing was treacherous. Once she fell; and her red coat was well dusted with snow when at last George Stanhope opened his little front door to her.

"Well," he exclaimed, "my strawberry girl! Come in, my dear, and warm your beautiful pink cheeks."

And when she was seated, he picked up his book again and resumed the arm chair by the stove.

"I wish you a happy Christmas," he said. "Suppose we have some marmalade and cake and tea."

"No, sir, thank you."

"No? Aren't you well?" he asked.

"Yes, I am."

"Well, isn't there anything I can offer you this fine Christmas day?"

"Y—yes, sir."

"Well, then, tell me, my dear!"

"I'm so frightened about my teeth."

"Are you in pain?" he inquired, in grave surprise.

"Oh, no, sir. But I haven't brushed them after every meal, or in the morning when I get up, or the last thing before going to bed. And I never have been to a dentist in all my life. And I'm seventeen. Do you think they'll fall out?"

"No, not immediately."

"Is there time to save them?"

"Yes," he said, not smiling, "I think we're just in time, but we'll take a look, my dear. Walk over and look at the birds and butterflies for a few moments—"

She watched his tall, soldierly figure as he rose and went into a tiny back room. Presently his handsome gray head appeared at the door.

[*Continued on page 54*]

"Palmolive is *the* soap which thoroughly cleanses the skin

. . . and at the same time reveals *natural* loveliness"

says the celebrated

LEON DESFOSSÉ

—one of the best known of all Parisian beauty specialists

Desfossé has a most unusual salon in Paris . . . mosaic floors, marble walls, lend an elegance of background women delight in.

"Palmolive is so effective because of a unique blending of the palm and olive oils it contains, agents which cleanse and soothe the complexion, and at the same time bring out natural color."

L Desfossé

The cosmetic oils in this famous facial soap are your best safeguard against modern dangers to skin beauty.

IF you've been to Paris . . . if your friends have been to Paris . . . you probably know of the chic beauty salon of Desfossé on the Rue St. Honoré. The establishment Desfossé has been a training school for many of the now famous French specialists, including Emile Massé of the Rue Daunou.

Desfossé, himself, was called to Madrid to attend the members of the Spanish Court at the time Alfonso XIII was crowned king. He was also called to Germany to attend the princesses when the last king of Saxony was crowned.

It is a man of such international professional importance who urges you to use Palmolive Soap. He says: "I always advise my clients to wash with Palmolive Soap and warm water, making first a lather with both hands, then thoroughly rinsing with warm water and with cold, thus toning up the complexion."

Desfossé is not alone in his opinion of the tonic effects of palm and olive oils in soap. Today, a tremendously impressive group of more than 18,900 beauty specialists—throughout the world—advise Palmolive Soap.

Ordinary soaps won't do

Beware of using crude soaps, soaps made of undesirable fats, soaps artificially colored or highly perfumed. They may be harmless. But to experiment is dangerous. Palmolive is made of no other oils but those of palm and olives. It is these oils which give it Nature's own green color. They make unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

"The skin must be thoroughly washed, but care taken to employ only the soap which gives the greatest benefits with the least inconvenience," the great Desfossé warns you. Ordinary soaps may be irritating. You should not experiment when it is so easy to buy Palmolive. Millions use it for the bath as well as the face.

You will find it safe, protective, bland and soothing. The world's great beauty experts advise it. Try Palmolive and you will understand why.

Retail Price 10c

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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Ethel used to hide to avoid drinking milk

...but now she eagerly drinks four glasses a day

"I COULD hardly get my 6-year-old daughter to take milk. She fussed and cried and sometimes even *hid* to keep from drinking it.

"Finally a neighbor told me that she had the same trouble with *her* children until she started mixing Cocomalt with their milk.

"I tried it with Ethel and it worked like a charm. She simply *loves* the taste—and drinks as many as four glasses a day without coaxing. Her color is much healthier now and she is much sturdier and stronger."

What Cocomalt does

This mother's experience is typical of similar experiences in thousands of homes everywhere. When growing children tire of the monotony of milk, Cocomalt not only wins them with its rich, creamy, chocolate flavor—but adds 70% more nourishment as well. This means that each glass of Cocomalt counts for nearly *two* glasses of plain milk — besides furnishing the precious Vitamin D.

What Vitamin D does

Vitamin D is the same vital element produced by summer sunshine. It not only aids assimilation of milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) — but helps to prevent rickets (soft bones and unsound teeth).

Cocomalt also contains other important elements, including malt enzymes which actually have the power to digest various other foods which may be in the stomach. Thus when you add it to milk, you not only make a delightful drink, but you add a *natural* concentrate of the most effective body-building elements known.

Free trial — send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. Packed in three sizes: ½ lb., 30c—1 lb., 50c—and the economical 5 lb. family size. Send the coupon below for a generous trial package, *free*. See for yourself how delicious Cocomalt is.

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Please send me free trial can of Cocomalt.

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City..... State.....

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 52*]

"Come in," he said.

She entered, and at a nod from him, climbed into the operating chair.

"Open," he said, and the examination began. Then he picked up an instrument and began some painless scraping.

After a while he turned, adjusted a pendant part of some machine, set it in whirring motion with his foot. "Not a cavity," he remarked. "But there will be if you neglect your very beautiful teeth. Sound as a bell, so far—gums healthy— You're going to follow the instructions in your book, I hope."

She nodded.

"That's right."

When again they had returned to the sitting room, she inquired, diffidently, concerning his charges.

"On Christmas day," he explained gravely, "I don't charge anything. How could I when nobody ever comes on that day?"

"But I came—"

"You're merely the exception which proves an established rule. Why, if I charged you anything I might encourage millions of patients to come here every Christmas. I'd have no time to myself. You see the difficulty?"

At that she laughed and so did he.

"Suppose," he suggested, "we play a game of checkers. I am very fond of checkers and I haven't anybody to play with."

So he got the checkerboard and she drew up her chair, and they played game after game there by the stove, until he leaned back with a sigh of pleasurable satisfaction.

"My dear," he said, "I don't understand why you always beat me. I was considered a good player in my old regiment. Well, the years are kind, after all. And this has been a very pleasant day for me. May I read you a line or two before you go?"

"It would be so kind of you," she said.

He opened his book and read the Twenty-fourth Psalm.

WALKING homeward, the fourth verse repeated itself in her mind: "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." . . . Clean hands . . . Pure heart—For she had taken the "clean" literally—No wonder they wrote books about cleanliness when such a king as David dwelt upon it.

Against the crimson winter sunset she saw pine woods smouldering and snowy uplands tinged with gold and rose and violet.

It was growing colder, the fine dry snow underfoot squeaked as she walked; everything seemed as brittle as glass in the still air. Distantly sleigh-bells tinkled on the Willow Bridge road.

Her house was dusky when she unlocked the kitchen door and entered, dark and very still. She lighted two lamps.

First she went to a looking glass and examined her clean teeth. Then, reassured, and flinging aside her outer garments, she began simple preparations for supper.

During supper somebody rang the doorbell, and she was obliged to rise from the kitchen table, go through the house and open the front door.

On the snowy stoop stood Bert Flashner, his bold, prominent eyes sparkling, his sheep-nose wrinkled into that confident, eager smile so fascinating to the feminine fool.

"Hello, Josie," he said: "Merry Christmas to you, kiddo, and a five pound box o' candy!"—thrust suddenly at her and which she ignored. "Thinks I," he rattled on, "she's all alone today and so I thought I'd just run in—"

"Run out again," she interrupted coldly: "I don't like you and you know it!" And she closed and locked the door in his leering face.

LATER the telephone bell rang. It was Florrie. "I'll run over about nine," she said. "We had a fine dinner—the biggest turkey you ever saw. Then I cranked the old music box and we danced till supper time. I'm sorry you felt the way you did about coming to dinner. Folks in the village would like to act neighborly, if you'd give them a chance. Did you spend the day all alone, dearie?"

"No, I played checkers with George Stanhope and he read me a psalm."

They both laughed.

"He's an old crank. He walks around in the woods Sundays and peeks at the birds. Maybe the birds teach him psalms, because he never goes to church," said Florrie. "But you like him, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, don't flirt with him too hard," rejoined Florrie, gaily. "I'll be around before long."

Well, if Florrie was coming, she wouldn't settle herself for the evening with one of Mr. Seafield's books. She'd wait until she was alone again. She hovered over the books, touching each in turn with caressing fingers—clean fingers, she realized with pride. For the first time, she was aware of the smooth and slender symmetry of her hands.

The sound of her doorbell startled her from her confused revery. She opened the door to welcome Florrie.

Earl Holden, one of the notorious village bullies, stepped into the room and closed the door behind him.

She was so stunned that, for a moment, she remained unafraid. But at the sound of his voice terrible fear seized her. She did not cry out; she stood with lips parted, fighting for breath, almost suffocated by the terrified pounding of her heart.

The lamp light seemed to dazzle him and he stepped nearer, his red visage and sandy mustache glimmering wet with melting snow crystals.

"What are you going to do to me, Josie; throw me out?" he asked with an attempt at jocular composure.

She made no reply but something in her deathly face disconcerted him.

He continued in a strained voice:

"I always liked your looks. Mebbe you didn't think I noticed you last year. I was always looking at you, always felt like I wanted to get hold of you and—make you like me." His cheeks and neck got very red. "You think I'm bad, don't you? I ain't. Men run around before they settle down and get married. You can ask anyone if they don't. And they drink, too. But rum ain't got a hold on me, if that worries you. I got money. Any time you want to drive over I'll show

[*Continued on page 57*]

*On Easter Morning, millions of Americans will taste —for the first time—*a new and finer-flavored Ham

Armour *announces*

the new and revolutionary *"double-f"* process of flavor-control... Fixed★Flavor

Read every word of this message!

WE SAY to you, in all seriousness, you have never tasted *ham!* "Ham" maybe, but not *ham*. For even the criterion of *all* ham, Armour's Star, has been born anew!

There is a Star Ham in your dealer's ice-box *today* that is as new as this morning's newspaper . . . as different from your previous conception of ham as oranges are from grapefruit.

Your neighbor would have told you yesterday that it was simply impossible to improve the flavor of Star Ham. It was tender, tasty, tempting, people said—all that a ham could be. But Armour, with the responsibility of leadership, was not satisfied to stop there.

For months—yes, years—we have been studying the tastes of the American public. We felt that if it were possible to make certain changes, we could offer you an even *finer* ham than the one you have preferred for years. So here was born the "double-f" process—developed by Armour and Company. The result is yours.

"Double-f" means Fixed★ Flavor, a scientific process of flavor-control, as changeless as the fixed stars. Fixed★ Flavor starts with the live stock itself—a rigorous method of selection and rejection that permits only the finest specimens to bear the Star badge. And then come the improved Armour curing and smoking processes with their automatic control of time and temperature beyond all possibility of human error.

We tried the new Star Ham on our own family of 60,000 workers. They were *amazed* at the new evenness and goodness of flavor. Then we consulted food-specialists who write for the great magazines and newspapers. Again, hearty applause for Fixed★ Flavor. Finally, we went to the greatest arbiter of them all—the American housewife. Not just a few, but representative groups all over the country. The evidence is overwhelming. It is agreed unanimously: *the new Star Ham is the best ever!*

Try a Star Ham for dinner tomorrow. Notice how plump and pink it is. Notice the nice proportion of fat to lean. Then cook it in the regular way. We *know* what your verdict will be. We know that you will say "Star" to your dealer from now on. Mail the coupon for "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

★ ★ ★

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 9.30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the N. B. C. Armour and Company, Chicago; Armour and Company, Limited, London, England.

A brand-new ham flavor—delivered to you in a bright, new wrapper

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Please send me free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham

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Eureka discovered it

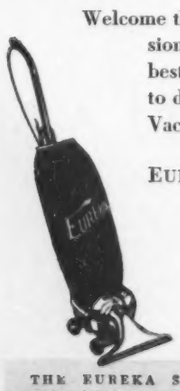
JUST twenty years ago, came the answer to the age-old problem of home cleaning—in the first Eureka.

At one step, it made cleaning immeasurably quicker and easier. It put an end to the damaging beating of rugs and carpets . . . an end to germ-laden clouds spread by brooms . . . and helped hasten the end of the drudgery that had made generations of women old before their time.

The Eureka cleans by "High-Vacuum", which is nothing more or less than "washing" things with air—air drawn at high velocity *clear through* the rug or other fabric, dislodging and whisking away not only surface dust and litter, but deeply embedded grit and dirt. No cleaning method is more thorough—none more gentle.

The latest and finest Eureka models are as superior to the first Eurekas as those pioneer cleaners were to the broom and carpet sweeper. They are marvelously convenient and easy to handle. They serve a score of new and useful purposes. Yet, because of the "High-Vacuum" principle, the Eureka can be built simply, sturdily—of finest materials and workmanship—and sell at moderate prices.

Welcome the Eureka Man, who comes to your door on a mission of helpfulness. Let him show you the latest and best in home sanitation methods. Or ask your dealer to demonstrate the amazing effectiveness of "High-Vacuum"—the better way.



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THE EUREKA STANDARD IS PRICED AT $56.50. OTHER LATEST MODELS ARE THE HIGH-QUALITY, FULL-SIZED EUREKA SPECIAL, $39.50; THE EUREKA JUNIOR, $16.50 (ELECTRIC HEATER HAIR-DRYING ATTACHMENT, $3.00). ALL OBTAINABLE ON AN EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 54*]

you my place. I got six thousand White Plymouths and I cleared five thousand on hogs this year. I can draw my check for seventy thousand any day in the week. Come on, Josie," he pleaded in a voice loud and unsteady with excitement, "is it a cinch?"

"No."

"You don't want me?" he demanded, crimson with chagrin and surprise at the rebuff.

"I don't!" she repeated in a stifled voice. "Go out of this house! You're making me sick!" She was breathing hard; ghastly white, terribly intent: "You're nothing but an ignorant animal. You're ignorant."

"But I'm tellin' you that I come here to ask—"

"You heard what I said. Now you can go back to your pigs and chickens."

Even as she spoke she saw the man had turned dangerous. His neck and features became frightfully congested and his big, gloved hands trembled till the chair shook.

"Shut your head," he said thickly. "I want you and I'll get you!"

INSTANTLY she thought of the gun; then of that telephone. Her desperate white gaze never swerved from him, never faltered.

"I want you. I'll make you marry me before I'm through—" he exclaimed.

At that instant her doorbell rang loudly.

"Florrie!" she cried, "Florrie!"

"I'm here, dear, with a lot of bundles! Let me in!"

"In a minute!" Her face flushed with relief. She looked at Holden and pointed to the hallway. "Take the back door," she said.

His small eyes were regarding her with a wild look. Then his great frame seemed to shrink, almost collapse. For a moment he leaned on the chair as though confused; then, with an odd, shambling step, he started toward the kitchen, opened the door, looked back at her like a scared, grief-stricken boy.

As she walked back to the sitting room an utter hatred for this house and all that it had witnessed swept her to the depths of her being.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Florrie, as Josephine admitted her. "I'm most frozen! Did you have a beau here, or what?"

"Somebody who knew my mother. I don't like him. I sent him out the back way. Florrie—I—I can't stay in this house." She looked vacantly around at the familiar walls.

"Why not?" asked Florrie, startled.

"I can't stay here," repeated Josephine, "I'm sick of it—"

A rush of wretched recollections choked her, overwhelmed her. She turned her tearless eyes to her friend, held out her arms, mutely.

Florrie gathered her to her snow-dusted breast.

On the last day of March Josephine Moreland sold everything she possessed excepting her clothes, her six books and Trouble, the black cat.

Patches of soft snow still lay on the uplands, but grass was green around their melting edges. Robins ran across every lawn and chirruped loudly from fence rails; now and then, against a silver-gray world, was seen the celestial flash of a bluebird's wing; the little river tumbled along and poured a vast sheet of amber water over the dam. And the spring sun gilded all.

On that last sunny day in March, Josephine sat by her bedroom window and looked down at the throng of familiar people gathered on the grass around the house and listened with indifference to the modulated voice of the auctioneer as he described some article to be sold, or courteously requested a modest bid for it.

Less taxes and the auctioneer's fee, the estate of Joshua and Cora Moreland brought their daughter less than sixteen hundred dollars. This money in a great wad of dirty bills and a bag of silver, she took to the bank on her way to the railroad station and deposited it there to the credit of her account.

Outside, the town taxi awaited her with her luggage aboard. Trouble complained plaintively from the depths of his basket as she got in. She scarcely glanced at the village as she drove through. Near the mill gates Mr. Rawn was standing. He waved his hand at her and she nodded pleasantly.

Clarel Cary was at the station—a tall, thin girl with a lovely face, red hair and deep gray eyes—and she put her thin arm around Josephine and kissed her tearfully.

"Where is Florrie?" inquired Josephine, as they went to the window. At the same instant the door opened and Florrie entered impetuously, lugging a suitcase and hand bag.

I'M GOING to New York with you, darling!" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "Mamma says I can! Isn't it too thrilling!" She dropped her luggage and hugged Josephine frantically. "Give me your tickets," she cried: "We'll get our seats together. Oh, Josie, are you glad I'm going?"

Josephine gazed at her in astonishment and delight. "Glad!" she repeated, "I guess I am, Floss. I can't tell you how I feel—" Her hand flew to her breast and she breathed deeply, happily. "How in the world—"

"I couldn't stand it," said Florrie; "I cried all night and kept mamma awake. And this morning I told her I'd just have to go with you and she let me—for a month—but when I once get there I'll stay! I'm sick of this town—as sick of it as you are." She turned swiftly to Clarel. "I wish you were coming with us, dearie. Can't you fix it somehow this summer?"

"Couldn't you, Clarel?" asked Josephine, happily.

The tall, pretty girl flushed: "I want to," she said wistfully. "I don't see how, though."

"Do try," said Florrie, gathering together tickets and change and stuffing all into her purse.

The ticket agent joined in the conversation: "Say, girls," he inquired, "don't you want a handy young fella to go along and do the chores?"

"If your wife says so, it's all right with me, Frank," returned Florrie, gayly. "How late is your dinged old train?"

A distant whistle from the westward was the answer. Florrie ran to the baggage room to check her trunk; Clarel looked into Josephine's eyes and took one of her friend's hands into both her own.

"I hope you'll have a better time in New York than you ever had in Brook Hollow," she said gently.

"I couldn't have worse," replied Josephine. She laughed. She was excited. "Do try to come, Clarrie," she urged.

"You don't have to beg me," said Clarel with a wistful smile. "You know who lives there."

"Yes," nodded Josephine gravely.

The whistle of the onrushing train sounded startlingly near.

Clarel took the other into her arms; Josephine lifted her face in silence and received her kiss. "You do love me, don't you, Josie?"

"Yes, I do—Oh, Clarel, don't cry."

JOSEPHINE kissed the sweet-faced girl again as the entire station shook and the train thundered by with a rush of steam and roar of grinding brakes.

Where a white-jacketed negro porter emerged from a vestibule, dropped a foot-rest and climbed down after it, Josephine made her way, carrying a suitcase in one hand, Trouble's basket in the other. "New York?" she inquired breathlessly.

"Yaas'm." He glanced at Florrie's tickets, took their accumulated luggage and followed them aboard.

As the train moved out, Josephine pressed her face to the window and smiled at Clarel.

"Poor dear, she's crying," said Florrie, and waved her gloved hand frantically. "Take a last look at the old town, Josie," she added. "There it is! Why don't you wave goodbye to the dear old dump!"

Josephine's still face remained averted until Florrie said, with a swift sigh: "There! That's the last of Brook Hollow—aren't you glad?"

"Florrie! All the rest of our lives we're going to have the time of our lives!"

"Well," said Florrie, without envy, "You're rich, darling, but I've got to hunt a job if I'm going to live in New York."

Excitement glowed in Josephine's face: "Do you know what I'm going to do, Floss? I've planned to take lessons!"

"Lessons? For heaven's sake, in what?"

"I'm going to study how to write and speak good English, so's I can read the most beautiful books."

"Do you mean elocution?"

"No. I just want to know every word in the dictionary and the best grammar, and then read."

"Poetry?"

"All kinds—like Shakespeare and Milton and everything!"

"Well, if that's your idea of a gay time—"

"Hush up! Don't laugh at me. That's part of the gay time. I want to be where people are. I want to do everything! Everything!"

[*Continued in* MAY McCALL'S]

Why there are 3 kinds of **CLICQUOT**

BECAUSE different people have different tastes and different moods—that is why there are three entirely different Clicquot flavors. Unless you have tried them all, you cannot be sure just how each one suits a particular taste or a particular occasion.

GOLDEN is full-flavored and intriguing to the appetite, with the spirited tang of ginger that pleases so many people. It is a true ginger ale. Children love it, too, and it is good for them.

PALE DRY is a bit milder with the fruit flavorings more apparent. It is a smooth and delicate blend especially suited for recipe drinks and, of course, delicious alone.

SEC is dry, very dry, with a distinctive flavor quite unlike the others. It is a ginger ale supreme . . . a perfect blender . . . a delightful dinner beverage that wins approval everywhere.

Into all three of them go only the purest and finest of ingredients. Double carbonation gives them lasting "pep." And the rich, ripe, mellow flavor is there because they are aged 6 months in the making. They are put only into brand-new bottles as a final guarantee of purity. No other ginger ale offers you this choice of blends.

CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Every Friday evening on your radio from WEAF and Associated Stations, at 9 p. m., E. S. T.*

An old FAMILY RECIPE for reforming men

"AS PRINCIPAL *of a consolidated school, I must daily make countless decisions for five hundred boys and girls, their teachers and parents. The past year I found myself getting stale and swamped with work. I tried the usual remedies: tonic before meals, taking a vacation—but I remained irritable, nervous, depressed.*

"While spending July Fourth with mother, I glimpsed my first ray of hope. Years ago, she told me, she had used caffein beverages until she had suffered a nervous breakdown. She tried Postum, and today, despite her eighty years, her hand is steady. Mother urged me to give Postum a trial. To my amazement I discovered that it was not a feeble imitation of my usual mealtime beverage but an appetizing drink in its own right.

"I have kept on drinking Postum because I like it. I feel like another man. Already I can sense a renewed spirit of cordiality between my teachers and myself. They no longer fear that every call to the office means a 'bawling out.' Thanks to the restorative my mother prescribed: Good Postum!"

FRANK B. LINDSAY, Hastings, Florida.

WHAT a world of worry and trouble would be saved, if every mother gave her sons—and daughters—this advice! Many men and women live out their entire lives in a constant state of nervousness and depression—simply because they don't know that caffein beverages can cause these troubles.

Perhaps you, yourself, have never considered caffein-containing drinks as a possible cause of overwrought nerves and fagged spirits. But make Mr. Lindsay's experiment. Eliminate caffein beverages from your diet, and let Postum show you how well you can be! Try it for thirty days—*then* decide whether you ever want to go back to caffein drinks!

Postum contains no caffein. There's nothing in Postum to cause nervousness, sleeplessness, headaches, or indigestion. It is safe—and *delicious!* Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted and skilfully blended to bring out a flavor that is mellow—smooth—*and entirely distinctive.* Try a cup, plain—or add cream, and watch the rich brown color lighten to gold—then taste that wonderful flavor! You'll want to make Postum your mealtime companion for life!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

McC.—4-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*

POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) . . . . . ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.* The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. © 1930, G. F. Corp.

NEW LIGHTING MODERNIZE

DRAPERIES are changed periodically, walls are painted or papered, furniture is recovered and new rugs may find their way into a home; but years pile up and the same old lighting fixtures are likely to remain. They may date back to the early nineteen hundreds, the grapevine era when brackets and chandeliers were twisted and turned, and knotted up like snakes. There may still be an imposing glass dome suspended over the dining table like an inverted reflector oven; or one of the less ancient fly-catcher bowls, hung up by chains. If such be the case, it is time to cast an eye about and see the new things being done in the lighting field.

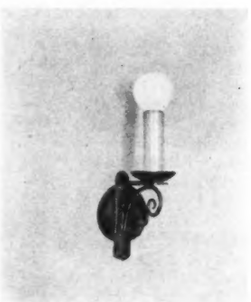
You will make the following discovery: in the living room decorative lamps are used almost exclusively. Lower ceilings have probably been the biggest factor in the disappearance of the central fixture though without question decorative table and floor lamps give a much more pleasant effect than can be achieved through overhead illumination. Indeed central lighting fixtures are no longer a necessity in any room, and are frequently eliminated even in the dining room. When they are used they are set close to the ceiling and are made as inconspicuous as possible, except in hallways and period rooms where the central fixture may be an important part of the plan. Wall brackets usually supplement lamps when there is no central fixture and, decoratively, are very impotrant.

For convenience, however, some sort of ceiling fixture is advisable. If you have an uninteresting drop type, replace it in the living room and bedrooms with close-fitting ceiling lights for use in emergencies.

FOR houses where no ceiling fixture is desired, and these are of frequent occurrence among the newer buildings, there are lamps, as well as fixtures that can be attached to any lamp, which throw the light up to the ceiling and achieve through indirect method an excellent lighting throughout the room. The attachment mentioned can be adjusted to throw all the light down, all of it up, or cast some in both directions. This device makes decorative lamp lighting much more practical than it has ever been before.

When lighting with individual lamps, several baseboard outlets are essential. One for every 12 feet of wall space is the accepted basis of calculation. Naturally these need not always fall exactly 12 feet apart. The contemplated arrangement of the furniture will influence their position.

The dining room offers the most difficult problems. In the majority of cases, a central fixture is used. However, in a Colonial house seen recently, built by one of New York's best-known architects, the dining room was supplied only with four charming wall brackets. In the same house, baseboard outlets for lamps were the only provision made for lighting the living room.



For the English stucco house

The old plan of a drop light placed 24 inches above the dining table gives effective illumination and is also low enough not to irritate the eyes, provided the shade is properly adjusted. But this arrangement, though it does concentrate interest on the table, is rather heavy in effect and is apt to detract from an interesting centerpiece or tall candlesticks. For this reason, if a central fixture is adopted, one with a drop of not more than a foot should be selected. If you still have one of the heavy glass domes, replace it with a lighter parchment or silk shade, or detach the chain at the ceiling and put in a ceiling fixture.

In bedrooms a ceiling light is a convenience and should be supplemented by side brackets and baseboard outlets. Though scarcely advisable, a drop is often placed over the dressing table. This makes it impractical to move the table to other parts of the room. Moreover a single light above is apt to cast unpleasant downward shadows.

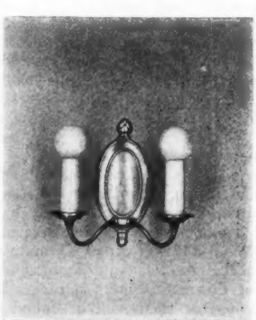
ASIDE from merely supplying light, electric fixtures make an important contribution to the decoration of the room and must be studied carefully. The most interesting fixtures available can be classified roughly as early English, Georgian, early and late Colonial and simple, well-designed brackets, suitable for any house, but not directly identified with a specific period. They are not all high priced. (It is generally accepted, as a rough guide, that fixtures should cost from 2½% to 3% of the value of a house.)

The individual brackets on this page were selected, not because they were striking and unusual, but because they were inexpensive, well-designed types which yet retained at least the spirit of the handicraftsman.

FIXTURES A ROOM

By MARGERY TAYLOR

For the early American home, furnished simply with maple furniture, hooked rugs, etc. the simple candle sconces with reflectors are the most interesting choice. Brass was originally the most commonly used metal for fixtures, while tin was acceptable for kitchens and even in bedchambers. Pewter was only occasionally seen but it, of course, makes the most effective early American fixtures today. The back plates are available in many shapes and forms. Some are round, others oval, and still others have fan tops. They may be had in crude forms just as they might have been turned out in a woodshed workshop. Others have crimped edges and are much more pretentious.



A graceful fixture for any room

These simpler forms are more at home against rough plaster walls or wood paneling than with wall paper. For bedrooms where dainty chintz paper has been used there are charming candle sconces, surprisingly inexpensive, which can be had in antiqued enamel of any color.

In the late Colonial period lighting fixtures became very important items of decoration and were usually grouped in pairs. The most important style was the circular convex mirror in a carved and gilded frame topped by an eagle and with two small scrolled candle branches depending from it. At this time the eagle motif was used repeatedly in household decorations. A modern version of the convex mirror sconce employs a crest of shooting stars at the top and has glass chimneys.

A SECOND popular back plate was designed for a single candle. It was circular or oval and was formed of small sections of silvered glass. Elaborately hung crystal sconces and candelabra were a luxury but not uncommon. Some were of brass or bronze festooned in cut crystal. Many of these old fixtures have been admirably reproduced and are fitted for electricity.

Even while these period fixtures are again becoming generally accepted, lighting engineers and designers are looking ahead to a time when an entirely different system of lighting will come into use. In the future illumination will no doubt lay new emphasis on diffusion. The globes will be concealed in coves around the ceiling, above windows or behind raised wall panels. Single lamps may be replaced by long tubes and a very close approach to daylight will likely be achieved. But there will always be adherents of former schools to appreciate the really charming old types.

Brackets may increase the effectiveness of an ensemble

Husbands Elect Coconut Pie in Nation-wide Vote!

Given free choice of good things, husbands by millions choose coconut pie!

Now new thrill comes to coconut pie lovers. Baker's *moist-packed* coconut, SOUTHERN STYLE, makes favorite pie better than ever.

From coast to coast, the verdict is the same. In New York, Chicago, San Francisco—in lunch rooms, cafeterias, restaurants—wherever men eat away from home, wherever they can choose exactly what they want, there's where they cast an overwhelming vote. . .

For coconut pie!

Men love it! Ask the head of any restaurant. Ask the man who bakes for the restaurant. Ask any man who sits at the lunch counter. Ask your husband. They'll tell you something that you may not have realized. *Men have a regular craving for coconut pie!* They want it often, not just once in a while. They want it far oftener than they've been getting it at home!

But now that you know, why not set before him a coconut pie this very day? It can be the most wonderful pie that he's ever tasted. For today an improved way of packing makes coconut far creamier, far more delicious!

At the Savarin lunch counter, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, as in all the Savarin restaurants and lunch counters throughout the Pennsylvania system, coconut pie is an outstanding favorite.

If he loved coconut, before . . . wait till he tastes Baker's Southern Style!

Here is the greatest advance that was ever made in coconut packing! Baker's Southern Style comes *in a tin!* Because of this, every shred is kept so marvelously creamy and fresh and fragrant and tender, it is for all the world like fresh coconut, fresh grated from a milky shell. You'll love it, not only for pies, but for cakes, puddings, all your coconut favorites. Baker's Southern Style Coconut makes even the simplest dishes *just perfect!*

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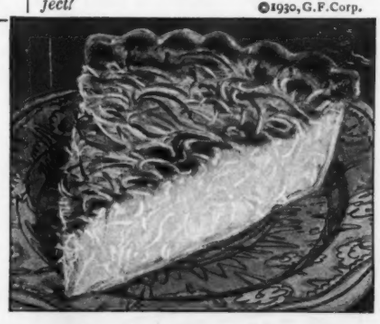
COCONUT CUSTARD PIE

3 eggs, slightly beaten
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
3 cups milk, scalded
1 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

Line pie plate with pastry. Combine eggs, salt and sugar; add milk gradually, then add coconut, and mix thoroughly. Pour into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 30 minutes longer. (*All measurements are level.*)



Creamy . . moist . . just like *fresh Coconut*

Ask for BAKER'S SOUTHERN STYLE at your grocer's. Or send 10c for a half-size trial tin. Mail the coupon.

FREE . . 87 *delicious recipes!*

BAKER'S COCONUT

FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY (INC.), Hoboken, N. J. B.-Mc.C.-4-30

(MARK X FOR CHOICE)

☐ Please send me recipe book (free).

☐ I enclose 10c for a half-size can of Southern Style.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto).

(Fill in completely—print name and address)

FREE Enough Hires Extract to make **8 BOTTLES** of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

Until You Taste Hires Root Beer

You can't realize what a delicious drink you're missing

YOU'LL be surprised and delighted with Hires Root Beer. You'll love its flavor. Your family will praise it. So will your guests.

With its appealing, distinctive flavor, Hires Root Beer delights the taste and quenches the thirst.

To make your acquaintance, to show you how easy and economical it is to make Hires Root Beer at home, this is our liberal offer: A free trial bottle of Hires Extract, sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, as compared to what you usually pay.

In Hires Root Beer are the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, *Dept. M*
Philadelphia, Pa. [7-4-30]

Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Lt'd., Toronto

KITCHEN PREPAREDNESS

By DOROTHY KIRK

THINK how many processes we duplicate in our kitchens in the course of a few days—making thickening for sauces and gravies, for instance; concocting salad dressings; baking hot bread or rolls; rolling out crumbs for scalloped dishes and croquettes; and perhaps mixing exactly the same kind of pastry for a meat pie, salad sticks, and fruit tarts on three successive days.

Not long ago I determined to double up on some of these chores if I could, and as I've really succeeded in saving a good many hours, I'd like to pass some of my discoveries on to you.

Roux: First of all let me introduce you to this French word which means a mixture of butter and flour cooked together. The French housewife cannot do without her roux, which she makes up in advance and uses to thicken her famous sauces and soups. She makes two kinds—brown roux and white roux. In applying this short-cut to my own cookery I find it has the added advantage of insuring a smooth sauce, which does not taste of uncooked flour as is too often the case with hurriedly-made sauces. The shortening and flour are so blended together by slow cooking that the roux need not be cooked again when added to the sauce or gravy to be thickened.

To make *white roux* melt ½ cup shortening in a heavy frying pan or saucepan; add ¾ cup flour and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until it is thoroughly blended and the first sign of discoloring appears. Remove from the fire, place in tightly covered jar and keep in a cool place until needed. For thickening soups, creamed chicken, vegetables and so on, use 1 or 2 tablespoons of the roux to each cup of liquid, according to thickness desired. To make *brown roux* melt ½ cup shortening, add ¾ cup flour and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until it is thick, smooth and well browned—but do not let it burn. Store in covered jar in cool place. Use as thickening for meat gravies, mushroom sauce, stews, ragouts and other highly seasoned dishes.

Salad Dressings: Whether we make our salad dressings or buy them does not matter, as long as we keep a supply on hand for that salad-a-day we are warned to include in our menus. Have you, too, I wonder, discovered this easy and quick way to vary them?

I always keep a bottle of French dressing and a bowl or jar of mayonnaise in my refrigerator; then I have what I call my "emergency corner." Here I keep various kinds of relishes such as anchovy paste or bottled anchovies, pickles, chutney, catsup, Chili sauce, horseradish, capers and usually olives, celery and cheese mixtures. With one or more of these I can vary my dressing to suit any taste.

One delicious variation of French dressing is made by chopping together a green and a red pepper, a few stalks of celery, a slice of onion and a sprig of parsley. I keep this mixture in a small jar in the refrigerator, and add one or two tablespoons to the chilled dressing just before serving. It takes but a minute, yet adds new interest to a plain salad of lettuce or romaine. Try other combinations from the supplies in your *own* emergency corner.

This same "corner" helps in other ways too. When friends drop in during the evening, or for tea, I can make delicious sandwiches in a very few minutes. Or I can prepare canapés as appetizers for unexpected dinner guests.

Pastry: By making more pastry than I need for immediate use, and keeping it in the refrigerator, tightly covered with waxed paper, I save time and am prepared for emergencies. Besides, the thoroughly chilled dough makes an especially flaky, tender pastry. Apple dumplings, cheese straws, jam tarts, meat pies (large or individual) made from left-over meat, and tea pastries are just a few of the dishes I now make easily and quickly.

Ice-box Rolls and Cookies: If your family likes hot, raised rolls you probably serve them often. But have you learned the trick of Ice-box Rolls? You can keep the dough in the refrigerator for a week or more, taking off what you want for each meal. About an hour before mealtime, shape as many rolls as you will need, place them in a pan, cover, and leave in a warm place to rise. When they have more than doubled in bulk, bake in a hot oven (400° F.) about 15 minutes.

I need not tell you about Quick Baking Powder Biscuits here, as the directions for them will be found on page 40 under menu (3).

Cookie dough which needs only to be sliced instead of rolled out on a floured board and cut with fancy cutters, is a glorious invention. Two or three different kinds of dough may be made, or just a plain dough which can be decorated with raisins or nuts before baking. "Ice-box Cookies" are as popular with the grown-ups as they are with the children. In less than 15

[*Continued on page 62*]

Thicken delicate cream sauces with previously cooked white roux, and dark rich gravies with brown roux. A supply of each can be kept in the refrigerator

Ice-box cookies and rolls belong to the family of time-savers. They will prove it if you will give them space in your refrigerator

SPRING DAYS

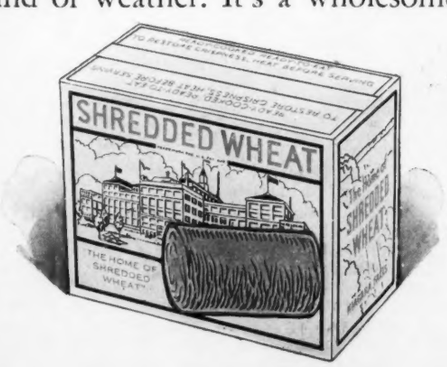
are Shredded Wheat days

for thousands who have learned the sustaining power of this light, nourishing, so easily digested food—how it takes them out of the dull shut-in days into the expanding activities of spring and summer with renewed vigor and enthusiasm.

All days are "Shredded Wheat days" for those who have learned how this food gives them strength for work or play in any season, in any kind of weather. It's a wholesome all-year-'round-food, delicious for any meal.

For the chilly days pour hot milk over the biscuits, adding a little cream and salt or sweeten to suit the taste.

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY



SHREDDED WHEAT

This Abdominal Belt is adjustable in tension and position, from the outside, after the garment has been fastened. A patented feature.

Charis is made in a variety of models to suit varying personal preferences. There is a choice of net or rayon tops. Prices range from $6.95 up.

Young Lines for Old

For the average woman, the fitted mode brings unaccustomed problems in appearance—and in posture. To wear the new fitted gowns becomingly, she must acquire a gracefully proportioned figure and an erect, youthful carriage.

Naturally, the first step towards solution of these difficulties, is the purchase of an adequate foundation garment. And because of its exclusive design, which meets the individual requirements of the wearer, the most satisfactory selection will be CHARIS.

The woman who wears CHARIS can, literally, re-create the proportions of her figure. This light, exquisite garment can be adjusted, quickly yet precisely, to modify and define the contours of bust, waist, hips and thighs—producing a smart, youthfully curving silhouette. And, since the degree of figure control is determined by the wearer, the re-proportioning effect of CHARIS is accomplished without restricted movement or discomfort from pressure.

Another important and exclusive feature of CHARIS is the Adjustable Inner Belt. It gives the desired flat, youthful abdominal line and also supports and strengthens this delicate region. Supplemented by light but properly placed back boning, this abdominal belt induces a youthful spirit and correct posture.

CHARIS is sold exclusively by a staff of women who are trained for this important service. A CHARIS Representative will bring the garment to your home for careful examination and to explain how its adjustable features enable you to wear the smart, fitted gowns with comfort and distinction. To arrange for a private examination of CHARIS, please telephone the nearest CHARIS Office (listed under the name of CHARIS) or mail the coupon below.

CHARIS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

COPR. 1930, CHARIS CORPORATION

CHARIS CORPORATION, Allentown, Pa.
Please have your representative arrange with me to demonstrate CHARIS at my home. Also send me "The CHARIS Handbook of Good Form." ... If interested in becoming a CHARIS representative, write us. Dept. A-3.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... *State*.....

BEAUTY BEGINS AT HOME

[*Continued from page 44*]

Springtime—with little buds bursting on the syringa bushes, with brand new green shoots starting up in the garden, with feathery breezes coming from nowhere that bring a promise of warm balmy days and growing things—this is a perfect time to make a personal housecleaning that will give you a fresher, lovelier skin. It's not all external, you know. Sometimes in discovering the fun that home treatments for beauty can give us we forget that there's another side to the question. April showers, like the shower baths in your own spick and span bathroom, wash the pores of leaves in your garden. But the earth itself, through the plant's roots, must be right or the plant sickens and dies.

Are your own 'roots' taking all the nourishment they need to keep your skin in blooming health? This process of living that goes on in our bodies is called metabolism—the growth and destruction of cells that produces energy for vital processes and activities. Our careless habits of unbalanced diets, of drinking too little water every day, of taking insufficient exercise and sleep—all these effect our metabolism. We grow listless and skins become muddy and sallow. Take a lesson from your own garden; give as much thought to your own metabolism as you do to the metabolism of your favorite rosebush. If you do this you may be assured of your quota of loveliness, and it may be a much bigger quota.

SPRING BEAUTY NEWS

In answer to the expressed wish of fastidious women all over the country, a well-known cosmetic house has just brought out a new loose powder vanity. It comes in an engine-turned, striped gold case which has a small inner lid. The lid keeps the loose powder from spilling out because it is supplied with an ingenious band of felt on its inner side. The small inner lid also keeps the puff and powder separated—but there is plenty of powder available at the touch of a spring.

English women, fond of sports and country life, have learned the art of protecting their skins, and we are now being told of a new English complexion cream. Although it may be used for other purposes, it is especially lauded for its protective qualities. The design of the jar is unusually charming; it was copied from one now in the British Museum, a jar discovered in the tomb of an Egyptian queen who used its contents five thousand years ago.

New manicuring equipment is always a delight. A tricky new set is compactly boxed and holds a tray in which the bottles and jars fit neatly. The tray may be removed and held on your lap for a convenient manicure.

American women are coming to realize that care of the mouth should be part of their regular beauty care. In this connection a convenient bathroom accessory is the new tooth brush which holds dental floss in its handle.

Some years ago a French house introduced to American women a rich cleansing and nourishing cream in a liquid form. Then it was available to a few only in the big cities, but now it is being distributed all over the country. In addition to its unique consistency, it has a natural bouquet odor.

With the refurbishing that comes after house cleaning, many bathrooms are putting on fresh colors. Besides the charm of colored towels and bath mats in exquisite patterns and tints, one can now find everywhere delicately tinted cleansing tissues in handy sanitary boxes.

And while you are redecorating your bathroom, don't forget to check up on your supply of the approved products that keep every member of the family from succumbing to the depression that follows when our bodies are not functioning properly. These health products are such simple, business-like things, and they do act as beauty insurance.

KITCHEN PREPAREDNESS

[*Continued from page 60*]

minutes, if your oven is already heated, you can have a plate of dainty, crisp cookies ready to serve.

A jar of bread crumbs is still another time-saver when there are so many last-minute things to be done about a meal.

Ice-Box Rolls

1 cake yeast
½ cup lukewarm water
2/3 cup shortening
2/3 cup sugar
1 cup mashed potato
1 cup scalded milk
2 eggs, well beaten
Flour to make stiff dough
1 teaspoon salt

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water; add shortening, sugar, salt and mashed potato to scalded milk. When cool, add yeast. Mix thoroughly and add eggs. Stir in enough flour to make stiff dough. Turn out on slightly-floured board and knead thoroughly. Put into bowl large enough to allow for slight rising. Rub over with melted shortening, cover tightly and place in refrigerator. About an hour before mealtime, pinch off dough, shape, and let rise until light. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 15 to 20 minutes.

Jam Tarts

Roll pastry to ⅛ inch thickness. Place over inverted tart or muffin pans. Trim edges; prick bottom and side with tines of fork. Place on baking pan and bake in hot oven (425° F.) 10 to 15 minutes or until brown. Cool pastry shells and fill with any desired jelly or jam or with cream cheese and a tart jelly.

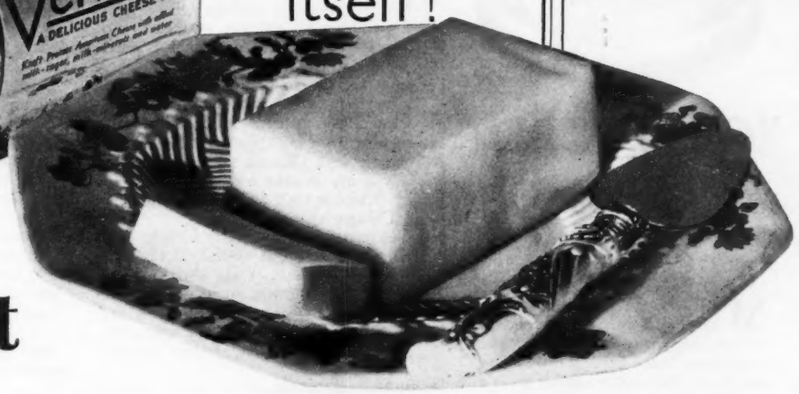
Cheese Straws

Roll out pastry to ¼ inch thickness. Sprinkle with grated American cheese or with a soft snappy cheese pressed through a sieve. Fold pastry over and roll out again; this time sprinkle with paprika and more cheese. Fold and roll again. Cut in strips ½ inch wide and about 4 or 5 inches long. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) until a light brown.

Every member of the family can enjoy Velveeta —at any meal. Serve it spread on bread, or crackers, sliced, in cooked dishes or toasted

*Digestible as milk itself!

Patented



A new delight ....in Cheese Flavor

—all can eat it freely

CARVE yourself a generous slice! You need have no tremors about eating Velveeta.

In Velveeta, Kraft-Phenix experts have added to cheese new digestibility, health qualities—and delicious new flavor that cheese lovers acclaim!

Here's a revelation in richness, mellowness, smooth and creamy texture! *Plus* new health benefits.

Kraft skilled blenders pick the finest Cheddar cheese. Then—crowning achievement—they return to it the milk sugar, calcium and other minerals of the full cream milk.

All these valuable properties retained! Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself, as natural a food.

Now you are offered this marvelous discovery. A secret protected by patent. A new scientific contribution to food enjoyment.

You spread Velveeta just as you would butter. You slice it, slightly chilled. For cooking, Velveeta adds new zest. It delights you by melting, blending and toasting like magic.

Give all the family this new treat. The chance for free enjoyment of delicious cheese flavor. Your grocer has Velveeta in the half pound package. Try some today.

KRAFT-PHENIX CHEESE CORPORATION
Makers of "PHILADELPHIA" *Cream Cheese*

General Offices, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company, Ltd., Montreal

*Velveeta—a product of scientific research

Velveeta is a product built up as the result of scientific research. This research was carried out in the laboratories of Rutgers University, Newark, New Jersey, in the College of Pharmacy, under the direction of Dr. L. K. Riggs, Ph. D., Director of Research, in association with F. H. Clickner, M. Sc., Nutritional Research Professor.

KRAFT Velveeta
The Delicious New Cheese Food

FREE—a recipe book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve it." New pleasure in cooking. Send to Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, 404-B Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

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Stuffed eggs, the crumbly yolks smoothed and enriched with the "creamed" tang of French's Prepared Mustard, become an inspired treat.

Use French's Prepared Mustard in Russian, French and mayonnaise dressings, on hot or cold meats, in sauces and in gravies. Wherever you include it, French's gives a finer texture, a richer flavor, to the dish. The smooth, light creaminess, unique with French's, makes this mustard a real delicacy.

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PREPARED
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FREE: *Mail this coupon for this month's set of free recipe cards. Address The R. T. French Company, 71 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.*

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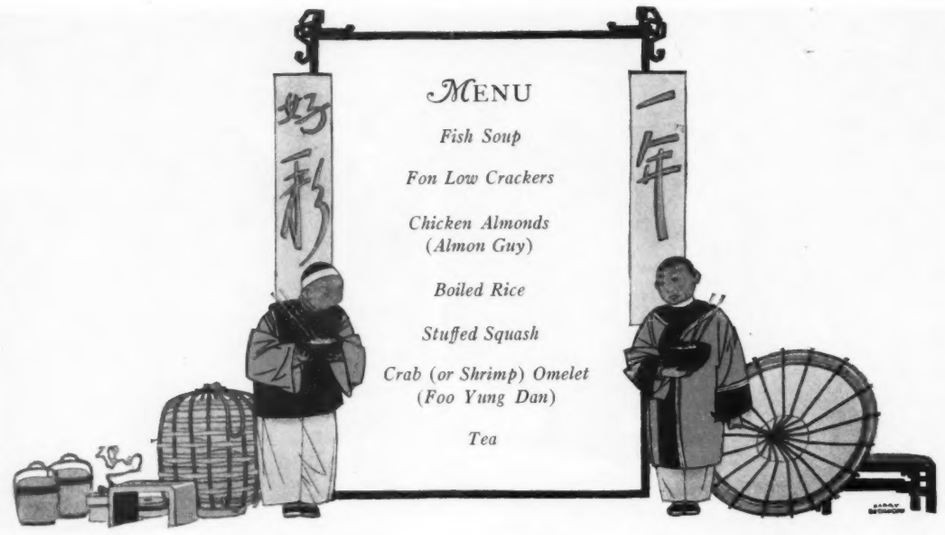

A CHINESE DINNER PARTY

By WILMA MILES

OF ALL the strange and interesting things the Chinese do, the strangest and most interesting to Americans is their eating. Indeed, many of their dishes have become so popular with us that we can now buy the ingredients and seasonings for them at any large grocery store in a city, or order them by mail from a Chinese supply house. So if you are looking for a novel way of entertaining your friend, why not give a Chinese dinner party?

A party menu in China usually contains several meat dishes. Pork, fish, (including lobster, crab, shrimp), and all kinds of fowls such as chicken, duck, pigeons, partridge and goose are the mainstays. The birds are not nearly so rare and expensive in their country as in ours.

The menu suggested above should be as satisfactory to a hostess as to her guests, for it is actually more easily cooked than many of our own party dinners. The operations marked with a star (see below) can be finished at any convenient time during the afternoon. Those marked with two stars can even be done the day before. When a recipe calls for diced ingredients all of them should be diced about the same size to make the serving as attractive as possible.

Following is the market order for this meal:

A 4-lb. fresh fish (or canned salmon)
2 pounds lean pork
A 2 to 3 pound roasting chicken
¾ pound chopped beef
½ pound shrimp or crab meat. (Canned crab or shrimp may be used.)
½ pound dried (or 1 pound fresh) mushrooms
1 cup shelled almonds
1 winter squash
1 pound (or two cups) rice
1 cup dried water chestnuts, or 1 can fresh ones. (If the grocer cannot get these for you, you may use about 1½ green peppers, cooked according to directions for the chestnuts, and the rest of the needed quantity can be chopped apples added just before serving.)
1 can bamboo shoots. If these are not in the market, chopped celery may be used, though the flavor is not comparable.
6 eggs
Peanut oil—this is absolutely necessary, for it is a characteristic flavor of Chinese foods. If it cannot be bought at a Chinese store or a nut shop, it can be made at home by frying peanuts in a little vegetable oil till they are brown, then crushing them through the fine cutter of a meat grinder, and straining the oil through a heavy cloth or fine sieve.
Soy Sauce—this is made from beans, and serves for salt in Chinese food. It cannot be substituted for, but is on sale in practically all grocery stores.

And now for the preparation of these foods:

Fish Soup

Stock: **To two quarts of water, add chicken bones and trimmings and 1½ pounds lean pork. Boil about two hours, or until it reduces to about a quart. Cool and skim off fat. **Boil a 4-pound cleaned fish until tender. Remove the bones and head. Shred the meat in pieces about 1½ inches long. (Canned salmon may be substituted.) *Soak ¼ cup dried mushrooms 10 minutes in 1 cup lukewarm water sweetened with 1 teaspoon sugar. If you use fresh mushrooms, peel and chop in shreds about 1½ inches long.

*Shred one can water chestnuts to the same size as the fish and mushrooms. If dried ones are used, soak them ½ hour. *Shred 1 cup bamboo shoots. *Cook mushrooms, water chestnuts, and bamboo shoots 20 minutes. 15 minutes before dinner—put together vegetables, fish, soup stock, and 1 tablespoon soy sauce mixed with 1 teaspoon cornstarch. Cook 15 minutes.

Boiled Rice

*Wash 2 cups rice until the water is perfectly clear. 1 hour before dinner, cover the rice with three cups cold water, and boil over high flame for two minutes. Cover and cook over medium flame until all the water has evaporated. Add no water, but set covered over very low heat for fifteen minutes. There will be a brown crust of rice sticking to the pan if this is done correctly. Serve the white grains with the meal as boiled rice.

For crackers for the soup, rub peanut oil on the pan which is coated with rice crust. Sprinkle lightly with soy sauce and put over a hot flame. The rice that crisps off is the cracker.

Chicken Almonds

**Cut the *raw* meat from a two or three pound roasting chicken in cubes. (Scissors are much easier for this than knives.) **Blanch 1 cup almonds. *Soak ½ cup dried mushrooms or peel one cup raw ones. Cut in cubes. *Cut a large white onion in cubes. 25 minutes before dinner, fry almonds in 4 teaspoons peanut oil till crisp and brown, remove from oil, and keep warm. Place chicken cubes in the remaining hot oil, add mushrooms, onion, and ¼ cup water. Cook until the redness leaves the meat. Add almonds, and thicken with 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon cornstarch and 2 teaspoons water mixed. Serve very hot in a bowl.

Stuffed Squash

*Cut one squash in half and remove seeds. *Soak 1 tablespoon dried mushrooms in 3 tablespoons warm water. *Chop ½ cup canned water chestnuts. If dried are used, soak first. *Mix 1½ cups chopped beef with chestnuts, mushrooms, and 2 tablespoons soy sauce. Fill the squash with the mixture. 45 minutes before dinner put the stuffed squash in the top part of a double boiler, or in a saucepan, with ½ cup water and 2 teaspoons soy sauce. Cook over boiling water ¾ hour.

Crab and Egg Omelet

**If raw shrimps or crab are used, cook and cool. Then shred one cup of the shrimp or crab meat. *Cut 1 cup lean pork into inch long, narrow strips. *Soak ¼ cup dried mushrooms. Slice in small strips. *Slice 1 cup bamboo shoots into inch-long, narrow strips. *Slice one large white onion into narrow strips. *Fry pork in 2 tablespoons peanut oil until tender and brown. Add onion, bamboo shoots, mushrooms, and

[*Continued on page 70*]

Has your mirror

ever murmured . . .

"MY *dear, you are lovely, of course, but, candidly, I have noticed a little falling off of late! There's a* dullness *to that pretty skin of yours that no rouge can cover* quite *convincingly; there are dark circles under your eyes that no powder can completely hide; there's even lack-lustre in your eyes themselves—that used to be so bright! I'm afraid, my dear, that your Dining Table is doing damage that your Dressing Table can't repair!"*

Now youll like Bran

The cameo-like beauty of today — flawless, revealing, natural — how quickly it betrays the slightest infraction of Nature's laws!

Unless the system is thoroughly freed of waste-matter from day to day, the effects of its accumulation are very soon apparent.

The skin is apt to become dull and lifeless —even blotchy; the eyes to lose their lustre; the whole face to reflect the unnatural condition within.

The pleasant *way to build a background for beauty*

Every woman knows the value of bran-bulk in promoting regular, normal elimination of beauty-destroying impurities . . . *And more women eat Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world!*

Small wonder! These crisp, golden flakes are miracles of flavorful goodness! You'll thoroughly enjoy this way of adding bran-bulk to your diet.

Serve Post's Bran Flakes regularly — as a cereal, with fruits or berries — in delicious muffins — and *see* how much better you'll feel and look!

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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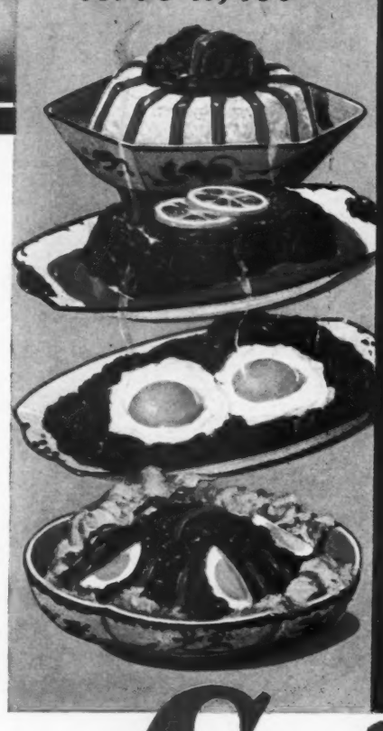
ADD UP all the good things you know about spinach as a FOOD~~

And so many tempting ways to serve it, too



~~and then remember how EASY it is to serve ~~how uniformly fine in FLAVOR~~ *under this quality brand*

In every large can of DEL MONTE Spinach—over 2 pounds, fresh weight, of the finest fresh spinach

—hand-selected

—washed and re-washed, clean and free from grit

—cooked, ready to heat, season and serve

—and with all the valuable diet elements you expect from this leafy green!

Give spinach the regular place it deserves in your meals! But remember DEL MONTE—the modern, convenient way to serve it.

TRY SOME OF THESE

Spinach with Rice—Drain 1¼ cups DEL MONTE Spinach; add 1 tablespoon shredded pimiento, ¾ cup well seasoned thick white sauce. Heat in double boiler, and serve in border of hot boiled rice. Garnish with strips of pimiento.

Spinach Loaf—Tomato Sauce—Drain and chop 1¼ cups DEL MONTE Spinach. Add 1 cup dry sifted bread crumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 well beaten egg, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pack into well buttered mold, put in pan of hot water and bake ½ hour. Turn out on platter and pour over 2 cups hot DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce.

Florentine Eggs—Drain and chop 2 cups DEL MONTE Spinach. Season with salt, pepper and 2 tablespoons melted butter. Place in flat baking dish, making nests for as many services as desired. Fill each nest with 1 uncooked egg. Pour over each 3 tablespoons well seasoned white sauce. Cover with grated cheese and cook in moderate oven about ½ hour.

Spinach Salad—Drain and chop 2 cups DEL MONTE Spinach. Add 1 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pack firmly into one large or several individual molds as desired. Chill and serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing. Garnish with pimiento or quarters of hard cooked egg.

This Useful Recipe Assortment—Free

Many other tempting and simple dishes are described in our special folder on DEL MONTE Spinach. Sent free, together with 6 other DEL MONTE recipe books and folders. A valuable file for any kitchen. Drop a card today—before you forget it.

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DEL MONTE *Spinach*

company to shell out a cool quarter of a million dollars. They're always on the watch for insurance frauds. And the chances are that he believed it was all on the level and was merely trying to get a hunch on where to start looking for the person who had committed the theft. In addition to that, I didn't have anything to do with it."

"You won't admit the truth, even to me?"

"I've told you the truth, Mary."

"I see . . . And you think Dave Glenn was merely following the regular detective procedure, eh?"

"Surest thing you know."

"Perhaps," she said, "it would interest you to learn that he didn't examine the apartment at all."

"No?" Eddie was more impressed than he cared to show. "What did he do?"

"Sat around; drank tea; chatted."

"About what?"

"Almost everything except the robbery."

For a long time Eddie Ware did not speak. He was drawing a mental picture of Dave Glenn, detective, and it was vaguely disturbing.

HE KNEW Glenn. Save that the man was a detective and Eddie Ware a crook, they might have been intimates. They were of the same general build: tall, slender, athletic. Both were fearless. The difference between them was that Eddie Ware was crooked because it wasn't in him to be honest; whereas Glenn despised criminality. "It's just," as Glenn once told Ware, "that we were born different, Eddie. We see things differently. I couldn't any more do something crooked than you could get a thrill out of earning an honest living."

But Dave was keen: Ware was the first to admit that! Just twenty-eight years of age, he had built up an international reputation. He was indefatigable, and he had the ability to think as crooks thought—a fact which disturbed his quarry more than a little. But now Eddie Ware laughed lightly.

"If your suspicions were correct, Mary, I'd be downright nervous. I don't like to buck up against that baby. His easy friendliness and his shy manner have the effect of disarming a person. But this . . . well, it's right funny that two such astute persons as you and Dave should think this of me."

She didn't respond to his light mood.

"I know you stole those jewels, Eddie. Or if you didn't do it yourself, you engineered the deal. And I'm warning you to look out."

"Is that a threat?"

"No. It's strictly a warning. Dave Glenn knows that you did it—"

"He knows wrong. But presuming that I did, what do you intend to do?"

"That's the nasty part of it, Eddie. There isn't anything I can do except try to shield you from Dave Glenn. I think that is the thing I most bitterly resent: you have made me a partner in your crime. I cannot even withdraw my claim for insurance, because that would be tantamount to an admission that I suspect you. And remember that this is not entirely an insurance company proposition. A big robbery has been committed. There is the State to contend with, also."

"That's a laugh. Down at headquarters they'll do just what Dave Glenn advises."

"Perhaps. And perhaps not. It's a risk I daren't run."

"Why?"

The color drained from her cheeks. "Because I love you; that's why—and you know it. Oh! I love you and I hate you. I love the fine manhood of you; your devil-may-care courage and your easy, generous outlook on life. But I loathe the crooked streak in you. I sit back and suffer because I recognize the same mental twist which caused my brother's death . . . and I know that some day it will either be that for you, or a long term in the penitentiary. Why don't you quit it, dear?"

"Because," he answered seriously, "I can't. For your sake I'd try it, except that I know it's no use. But they'll never catch me."

"You think you're too clever for them?"

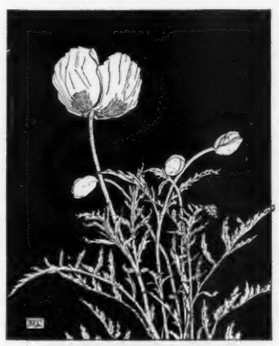
"Certainly."

"Tommy thought that. And he was killed."

"Because he was careless. I never make mistakes."

CONFIDENCE

[*Continued from page 17*]



"How like a child you talk, Eddie. Don't you know the basic principle of modern detective work? The police know that they can make a thousand mistakes; yet if they do one single thing correctly, they will land their man. The criminal must be right always. One tiny slip, and he's caught."

"I've never yet made that slip."

"You will, Eddie, just as sure as we're sitting here. It's inevitable. You'll never go straight. You can't. And that's why I came to tell you that we are through. I suppose you have considered that we were engaged. Well, we're not any more. I'll be your friend; I'll still be friends with your crooked associates . . . for one thing because they're the only friends I have, and for another, because I like them. But you've taught me my lesson this time. You've taught me that there is no length to which a true inborn crook will not go."

HE STRODE across the room and put his arms about her. She submitted passively to his embrace. Then he bent and kissed her, but her lips were cold and unresponsive.

"Don't you see, Eddie, things really are different?"

He was shocked and desperate.

"You must believe me, Mary. I had nothing to do with this robbery."

"That is a lie!"

"You won't take my word?"

"No!"

The silence was punctured by a ring at the doorbell. Eddie walked past her and down the hallway. He flung open the door and Mary Rutledge heard his voice, tinctured with surprise.

"Well if it isn't my old friend, Davie Glenn—Hemlock Jones."

Then Glenn's low laugh sounded.

"Himself—in person. Aren't you going to ask me in?"

"Surest thing you know. Keep to the right and don't crowd." The briefest pause. "Here's a friend of yours."

"Mary Rutledge?"

"What gave you that hunch?"

"Oh! I don't know. Intuition, maybe."

Glenn came swiftly across the room and took her hand. "I'm awfully glad to see you again, Miss Rutledge."

Eddie invited them to be seated and he himself lounged in one of the easy chairs, long legs stretched indolently, and only a hard light in his fine eyes giving the slightest hint that he was on the alert.

FOR perhaps five minutes they chatted in easy, friendly fashion of things in general: of the theater and the weather and of football prospects in the east. It was Eddie who brought the subject back to stern reality.

"You weren't surprised to find Mary here, were you, Dave?"

"We-e-ell, maybe not."

"What gave you the idea she was with me?"

"Isn't she with you a good deal, Eddie?"

"That doesn't answer my question."

Dave smiled. "Just accident, I suppose. I was on my way to call on Miss Rutledge when I saw her leave her apartment in a taxi and start in this direction."

"And you followed— Why?"

"Just to spend a sociable afternoon."

"That's all?"

"Almost."

The eyes of the two men met and held. Eddie spoke crisply: "What's the rest of it, Dave?"

The eyes of the detective flickered from Eddie's face to that of the girl.

"I have business with Miss Rutledge. It's the little matter of that quarter-million-dollar robbery at her apartment."

"Haven't you gone over it with her before?"

"Surely. But you see, Eddie, the company isn't satisfied. They're naturally suspicious, and they've been hearing things."

"What, for instance?"

Glenn answered slowly and gently: "I don't want to hurt you, Miss Rutledge, but they insist on probing more deeply into this thing before paying the insurance money. It seems they have just learned that your brother was the famous Tommy Rutledge and that you are engaged to Eddie Ware."

"That last is interesting to me," said Eddie—"even if it isn't strictly true."

Dave arched his eyebrows. "You're not engaged?"

"No. And most likely never will be. I'm sorry to say. Mary doesn't hanker to marry a crook."

The detective clasped his hands and smiled benignly.

"Excellent!" he remarked cryptically. Then he turned his attention to the girl.

"You are satisfied, Miss Rutledge, that your apartment was rifled by a common yegg?"

She shook her head. "I'm not satisfied about any of it. I found things as you saw them and reported the matter immediately to the insurance company."

"I see . . . And all the jewelry was gone?"

"All of it—just as you will find it itemized in the policy."

"Had anything else been stolen?"

"Nothing. But then there was nothing else of real value in the apartment."

"The burglar evidently knew what jewelry you had and where it was kept, eh?"

"I don't know."

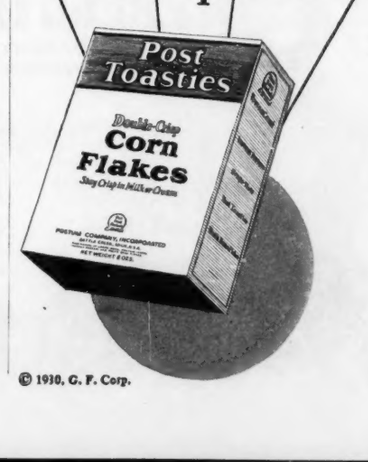
Eddie Ware was listening to the battle of words. His own lips were

[*Continued on page 68*]

For brisk breakfasts light midday "pick-ups" sensible supper snacks

Eat crisp POST TOASTIES for quick new energy

Easy to digest Delightfully refreshing in milk or cream — it's the *Wake-Up Food*



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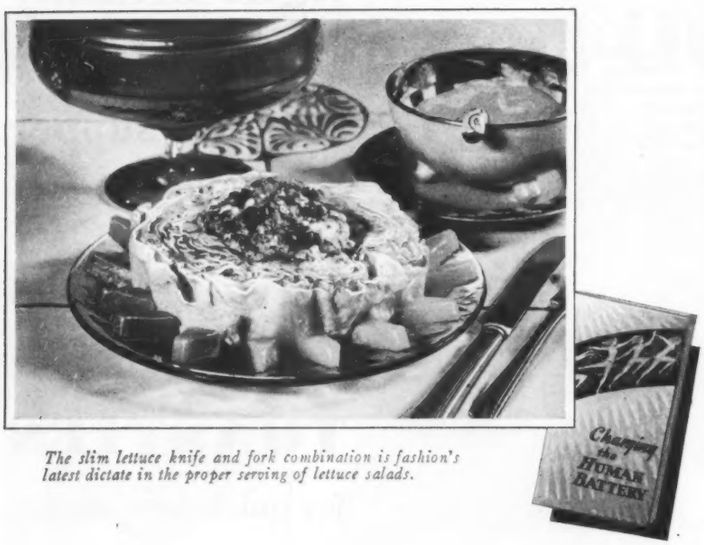
Serve SUN FOOD *. . . Every Day –*



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Iceberg head lettuce is a true "sun food." It is Nature's concentrated sunshine. Grown under the cloudless, sapphire skies of Arizona and California, its golden-green heart is packed by the blazing sun with a harvest of vitamins and mineral salts.

Iceberg head lettuce contains all the known vitamins.

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You should eat Iceberg lettuce every day—at least half a head. If you do, your body will never suffer from lack of vitamins and mineral salts, for you eat it raw, without impairing these elements by cooking. It is packed in ice as it comes from the fields and is shipped in iced cars. It reaches you as crisp and fresh as if plucked from your own garden. It is available every day in the year, and it comes to your table, on drab, dreary days, like a gift from the sun god. It is a delicious dish, and it satisfies hunger without piling up fat that smothers girlish curves.

Fifty Salad Recipes Free

Our little book of recipes is a remarkable collection of salad arrangements . . . varying from the hastily prepared luncheon tidbit to the most elaborately unusual combinations for formal dinners. It is yours for the asking if you use the coupon.

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CONFIDENCE

[*Continued from page 67*]

compressed and even though he seemed to slouch, his muscles were taut.

"Miss Rutledge, isn't it a fact that you never wore that jewelry?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I prefer not to explain. The fact remains that I never wore it."

"Then, actually, it was of no value to you."

"That is true."

"And its loss meant nothing, provided there was financial coverage—isn't that so?"

"Yes."

Dave Glenn sighed. "Those are the facts that have aroused the curiosity of my company, Miss Rutledge."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—without wishing to offend—that we aren't satisfied that things are on the level, and—"

Eddie Ware was on his feet, his face grim. "What are you talking about, Dave?"

Glenn smiled up into the fiery eyes of the other man. "Sit down, Eddie. Let's not get excited over this. Don't you know there isn't anything personal in it? I've got to do as I'm told, that's all."

"You surely don't mean to insinuate that Mary was in on this thing?"

"Perhaps not. But I do mean to say that it doesn't look savory. She was the sister of a great crook. She is the sweetheart of another . . . anyway, Eddie, that's the general idea. She had a quarter-million dollars' worth of jewelry that she never wore. Three months ago she insured it against all risks. And now it disappears. Do you wonder we want to know all about the surrounding circumstances?"

MARY leaned forward tensely. "I'm trying to keep my head, Mr. Glenn. Do I understand that I am suspected of complicity in this robbery?"

He gazed steadily at her. Then he spoke a single word: "Yes."

"Oh, you fool!" It was Eddie talking. "Don't you know this girl, Dave? Don't you know that she's clean and decent and right all the way through?"

"I think so, Eddie. But things look bad."

"What are you going to do?"

The detective flushed with embarrassment. "Only obey my orders," he replied.

"And they are?"

"To arrest Miss Rutledge!"

The girl sprang to her feet with a startled little cry. Her eyes flashed to the face of the criminal whom she loved. Eddie was staring as though at an apparition.

Then his face went white and his lips twisted into an ugly snarl. He took a step toward the seemingly indifferent detective.

"Why, you dirty, rotten—"

"Stop!" Mary interposed herself between the men. "Don't be a fool, Eddie."

"Do you think I'm going to let him arrest you? I'll kill him first."

Glenn spoke, calmly and dispassionately.

"No, Eddie—you won't do anything of the sort. You won't do it because it would be utterly silly, and you have plenty of sense. Now get this. It isn't any pleasure for me to suspect or arrest Miss Rutledge. But circumstances are against her. Her brother first, and then you. Then this peculiar robbery, indicating an inside knowledge, and coming so close after the taking out of insurance. I have questioned Miss Rutledge and her answers have not been satisfactory. I'm not a fool, Eddie; and I can give you my word that she is concealing something. Just what that something is, I don't know. But until she tells us the whole truth, we shall have to hold her."

Mary spoke in a tired little voice, "You wish me to go with you now?"

"If you will. And I can promise you that no charges will be filed against you until we have more definite proof."

"Thank you . . ."

EDDIE WARE was raging; but Glenn's quiet logic had stilled the homicidal fury which had been roused in him. He looked at the girl he loved: clean and sweet and decent—and now paying the price for the crookedness of her brother and her sweetheart. He wanted to take her in his arms. He wanted to say many things . . . but the criminal training of years was strong within him and he kept the words choked back.

"You'll do as you promise, won't you, Dave," he asked hoarsely—"About keeping this thing quiet and not docketing the case?"

"Certainly. You have my word of honor."

Eddie paid a grudging compliment in a pleading voice. "That is enough for me, Dave. God! I'm glad it's you and not some cheap, blundering dick who would go shrieking to the newspapers for the publicity he'd get. And how about headquarters?"

"They've put me in charge, Eddie. They'll pretty well do as I ask."

Mary stepped forward with a wan little smile.

"I'm ready, Mr. Glenn."

The detective rose and stood looking down at her from his great height. She seemed so tiny and delicate; so foreign to the whole situation, that his own voice choked.

"I wish this weren't necessary, Miss Rutledge."

She did not answer, and so he reached for his hat and started with her toward the door. Eddie Ware voiced one last futile protest: "You're all wrong, Dave . . . terribly wrong."

He seemed stricken.

"I hope so," answered Glenn with unmistakable sincerity. Then, quietly and courteously, he took Mary's arm and they vanished into the hall. Eddie Ware stood rigidly until the door closed behind them; then he leaned against the window frame and covered his eyes with his hands.

It was a ghastly situation. For the first time in his life the shame of arrest struck home to the young man. Heretofore he had been pleased to look on the whole thing as a colossal chess game with the police on one side and his own kind on the other. That idea had been romantic. But Mary's arrest and her trip to headquarters as a swindle suspect shocked him beyond belief and left him trembling with a horror he had not known he could experience.

For the first time he comprehended the ineradicable line which separates

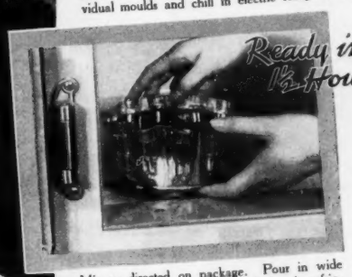
[*Continued on page 70*]

A New Food Invention... *Quick Setting* Gelatin

Mix as directed on package. Chill in freezing tray of electric refrigerator. Cut in cubes and serve with cream—plain or whipped.

Dissolve in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup finely crushed ice. Stir until ice melts. Pour in mould, set in pan of cracked ice.

Dissolve in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup cold water. Pour in mould, cover, set on outside window sill on cold day (below 40°). Or pour in individual moulds and chill in electric refrigerator.



Mix as directed on package. Pour in wide shallow mould; set on bottom of electric refrigerator. (In ordinary ice box, allow about 2 hours.)

Ready to unmould in HALF *the usual time ... and the flavors are much more delicious*

TODAY'S food news, madam, is about a wonderful new quick setting gelatin . . . that jells in half the usual time.

It's an entirely new formula—and it's called Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert.

You can see from the photographs above how fast it works. Twenty minutes to an hour and a half . . . while, ordinarily, prepared gelatins made the usual way take a number of hours, and even then sometimes fail to jell.

With Royal, you prepare your gelatin dessert in 3 minutes . . . along with the rest of the meal. At dessert time it's ready to serve—firmly set, yet tender and quivery. Sparkling . . . glowing with color.

This new Royal is not only quicker—it's more delicious. The flavors are true-to-the-fruit. And always fresh . . . for Royal is never allowed to grow stale on your grocer's shelf.

It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by the nation-wide delivery system of Standard Brands Inc.

Children love it—and it's good for them, too

Doctors recommend gelatin, especially for children. It aids digestion, and it's rich in a valuable growth-promoting element. So let the youngsters have all they want. Serve it frequently . . . at least once a week. There are dozens of ways to include this health food in your family's daily diet. Combine it with vegetables, or fruits . . . it makes attractive, wholesome salads.

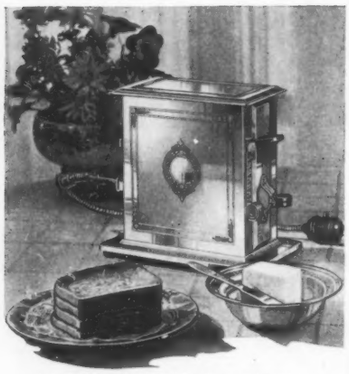
Make a Royal Gelatin Dessert tonight. Serve it plain, if you wish . . . or garnished with whipped cream, custard, fruit or nuts.

Be sure to get the quick setting kind

Remember, when you buy—all gelatins are not alike. If you want the quick setting kind—the kind that tastes like real fruit—ask for Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert. It's made by the makers of the famous Royal Baking Powder. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

In the red box—the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can. Five delicious flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert



ANNOUNCING

The New
UNIVERSAL
Automatic
TOASTER

TRY the latest and most highly perfected way of making delicious toast—***without watching—without burning***—in the UNIVERSAL Automatic Toaster.

Slide bread into toaster oven, press down timing lever and forget you're toasting bread. When toast is done to your liking (usual time about a minute), toaster rack automatically slides out with the kind of toast that rouses appetites—deliciously crisp and evenly browned on both sides at once.

The Exclusive UNIVERSAL "Sliding Rack" Method of delivering toast free of oven allows current to remain on continuously, resulting in an evenly heated oven which toasts exceptionally fast and always with beautiful uniformity. See this handsome toaster in operation at your nearest UNIVERSAL Dealer's.

Also ask him to show you the UNIVERSAL Electric Turn-Easy Toaster—an $8.00 Value on Special Sale during March for $5.95.

FREE—Send coupon for UNIVERSAL Household Booklet illustrating in colors and describing in detail the use and advantages of UNIVERSAL Electric Ware, Vacuum Goods, Kitchen Helps, Cutlery, Silverware and other household equipment—a valuable reference book every modern hostess should have.

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LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

right from wrong. And then suddenly, he was galvanized into action. He leaped into his clothes and dashed down the stairway of the apartment house. A taxi whirled him west to another impressive apartment on Riverside Drive. He was admitted by a sunny, round-faced little chap whom one would have mistaken for a college cheer leader. One look at Eddie's stony face and the little man stilled the banter that was on his lips and followed his friend into the room.

Two other men were lounging idly about. One was of medium height, with a fine, rather ascetic face and a touch of iron gray in his black hair; a man who looked like a successful banker. The other was a benevolent-appearing elderly gentleman with a disarming habit of smiling with eager friendliness. The quartet made up the cleverest group of confidence men in America.

Eddie Ware strode into the middle of the room and his voice crackled. "We've messed things up this time," he announced grimly.

No one spoke, and so he continued: "We thought we were mighty clever when we stole Mary's jewels. We knew she didn't ever wear them. We knew she didn't want them. We knew they were insured—and we kidded ourselves into the blind belief that we were stealing from the insurance company and not from her."

Another pause. The benevolent old gentleman spoke in a smooth, soothing voice: "Weren't we?"

"No!" The monosyllable came with explosive force.

"But, Eddie—"

"Don't argue!" He swept the others with his eyes. "Mary Rutledge is at police headquarters. She has been arrested for complicity in this thing."

THE three other men, veterans all of risky confidence campaigns—men who could, and did, play boldly with the police, were stunned. Mary was their girl, their pet. They had loved her brother and they loved her, although they never had quite understood her unswerving honesty.

In a low voice, which was shot through with agony, Eddie Ware told them of Dave Glenn's visit to the apartment. He explained that Mary had known intuitively where the jewels had gone, and that because she played the game and knew the code, she would never voice her suspicion. Then he threw his arms wide.

"We've made a horrible mistake. And we've got to rectify matters immediately. The question is—how?"

The moon-faced little chap was the first to speak. "I can get the jewels in half an hour, Eddie."

"Of course. And then—?"

The other rose. "Suppose I do that while the rest of you discuss it."

They didn't hesitate. Thoughtless as they had been in plunging into a criminal conspiracy which they had not thought could affect the girl they all loved, they did not hesitate about returning a quarter of a million dollars worth of jewelry to save her. They were that way, these gentlemen crooks: quick and impulsive in action—and never counting the cost of rectifying an injustice.

The little man took his hat and vanished from the apartment. The others talked, eagerly, tensely—combining their keen brains and their knowledge of police methods to save the girl they unwittingly had betrayed.

CONFIDENCE

[*Continued from page 68*]

Four hours later Eddie Ware found Dave Glenn. He shook hands with the detective and spoke eagerly: "Can you come with me for a half hour, Dave? It's vital."

They went together to Mary Rutledge's apartment. Eddie let himself in with a master key. Then, under the keen eyes of the detective, he walked into the bedroom and without hesitation commenced wrestling with the ornate steel radiator cover. The detective joined him, and together they lifted the rather cumbersome affair from its place.

As they did so there was a faint rustling and a handful of jewels fell to the floor. Just a handful. It seemed impossible that a quarter million dollars could be represented by that string of matched pearls, the four diamond brooches, the ruby ring and the three bracelets. Eddie spoke with piteous earnestness.

"There they are, Dave. Every last penny's worth. And can't you understand what it means?"

Dave shook his head slowly; but there was an amused twinkle in his usually serious eyes. "What, Eddie?"

"It means that you've made a terrible blunder in arresting Mary. It means that the apartment really was robbed by a cheap yegg and that he must have heard a noise and hidden the jewels under that radiator cover for fear he'd be caught with them trying to make a getaway."

"Does it?" inquired Glenn.

"Certainly! Good Lord, man, you can't doubt it! And anyway, you have the jewels. Mary naturally won't have any claim against the insurance company—and that will put her in the clear, won't it?"

"Surely."

Eddie grabbed his arm. "You'll let her out, won't you? You're convinced that she had nothing to do with it, aren't you?"

"Yes," answered Dave Glenn. "I'm convinced of that."

"And you'll see that the police don't make trouble for her?"

"Certainly. They've left the case to me and I shall notify them that the jewels have been found and consequently there is no case."

"Then let's get her out quickly."

Dave turned toward the door, the jewels in his pocket. "Nothing could please me better, Eddie."

AT HEADQUARTERS, Dave Glenn left Eddie in the waiting room while he disappeared through a door which was guarded by a uniformed policeman. A few seconds later he stood before Mary Rutledge.

She rose eagerly. "What luck, Mr. Glenn?"

He smiled slightly. "It worked perfectly. Eddie came to me and took me to your apartment. He found the jewels hidden under the radiator cover in your bedroom. You are of course free."

"And you won't molest him and his friends for the robbery?"

"No. For two reasons: In the first place I think Eddie has been through a rather illuminating experience. And in the second place, I wouldn't arrest him if I could because I wouldn't have a chance of obtaining a conviction."

Impulsively and gratefully she slipped her hand into his.

"You've been splendid, Dave. I'm proud to have you as a friend."

He looked down at her with a tenderness he could not conceal.

"This has been a wonderful experience for me, Mary," he said shyly; "because it has given me an opportunity to know you better. You see, I want to be friends with you—but I mustn't forget that you love Eddie."

For a long, tense moment they stared at one another; then his sense of humor came to the rescue. "I have only one wish, Mary. Though, of course, it's an impossible thing."

"What is it?"

"I wish," he said ruefully, "that Eddie Ware could know that I wasn't fooled for a minute. Just as a matter of pride, I'd like him to know that the first place I looked for those jewels was under the very radiator cover where they were found.

Editor's Note: You will enjoy Mr. Cohen's next story, "They Also Serve." It will appear in the June McCall's.

A CHINESE DINNER

[*Continued from page 64*]

1 tablespoon soy sauce. Just before dinner beat 6 eggs, add finely cut shrimps or crab, and vegetable mixture. Fry in a small amount of peanut oil in dabs the size of a small pancake.

A great deal of the charm of entertaining with Chinese food is the atmosphere of the party. If you like, you can have the room lit with Chinese lanterns and faintly perfumed with incense, although the Chinese themselves serve in a nearly bare room brilliantly lighted. The table can be round or square and small enough so that all guests may help themselves from the center of the table.

It is much nicer to serve the meal with chopsticks. They can be bought inexpensively in small sanitary envelopes. Lacquer chopsticks costing slightly more can be purchased at the Chinese store and later taken home as souvenirs; they would be especially appreciated if the guest had really learned to eat with them. Of course, if after a fair trial, someone seems in danger of starving, a fork can be supplied.

You should practice before the day of the party so that you can show your guests how to use the sticks easily. Both sticks lie along the hollow between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. The first stick is close in the crotch and held firm there by pressure from the third finger against the opposite side of the stick and an inch or two farther down. The second stick is held as far away from this stationary one as the length of the thumb will permit, and is supported on its other side by the first and second finger, much in the manner of a pencil. In this way one stick can be moved toward and away from the firm stick so that food can be picked up and held while it is carried to the mouth.

As chopsticks cannot be efficiently used on plates it is best to serve each guest with a bowl. Of course the soup must be eaten with a spoon.

Presenting the new

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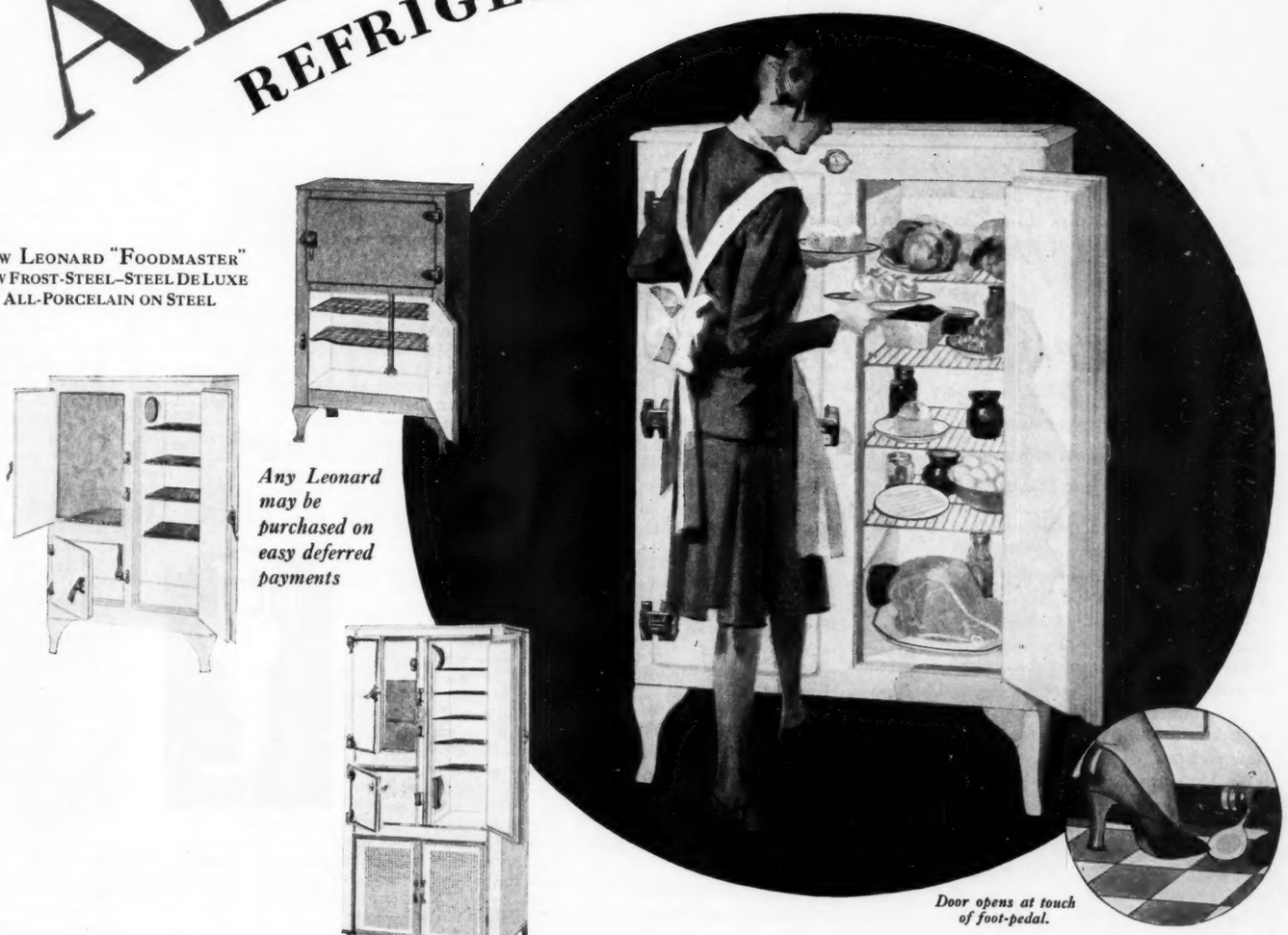

NEW LEONARD "FOODMASTER"
NEW FROST-STEEL–STEEL DE LUXE
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Any Leonard may be purchased on easy deferred payments

Door opens at touch of foot-pedal.

LEONARD revolutionizes the refrigerator industry! Brings a new sureness of food safety—a new measure of health protection!

First complete All-Steel All-Performance line of ice refrigerators on the market!

Of surpassing quality construction. No warping. No cold leakage—Foodworthy in fullest degree—New beauties to add richness and brightness to your modern kitchen.

The leader is the great "FOODMASTER," with these exclusive features: Automatic Self-Opening Door—A foot-pedal touch and the door opens. No rehandling of dishes. Food Safety Signal—Tells the exact temperature conditions inside food chamber. Daylight Base—Ample air and broom room. Every LEONARD 1930 refrigerator has the LEONARD Approved Insulation. Each is a food storage house of thorough dependability, assuring right temperature to the right food. Adapted to ice, electric or gas refrigeration. See the display at Refrigerator Headquarters—the LEONARD dealer's in your city.

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Tells of newest ideas in food protection. Illustrates the new LEONARD All-Steel Line. Write for a complimentary copy. Address LEONARD REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 324 Clyde Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan. Makers of LEONARD and ICE WAY Refrigerators.

A Good Leonard Refrigerator at the Price You Can Afford to Pay

Had my eye that sparkle... my cheek that bloom!

Many a woman's secret is not expensive beauty parlors, but a good cream and a saline laxative!

The good that care and creams have done the skin is not to be denied or minimized. And we commend, in no uncertain terms, the good effect of careful grooming.

But we also insist that true beauty—clear complexions—healthy, fresh and flawless skins come from within as well as from without.

Lack of internal cleanliness stops many a woman from having a complexion clear and fine. Physicians everywhere testify to this truth. And so thoroughly do European women believe in internal cleanliness that every season they visit the famous saline springs—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden—and there, by drinking the health-giving waters, rid themselves of constipation and find again their youth and beauty.

Sal Hepatica is the great American way of enjoying the benefits of saline waters. It is the practical equivalent of the natural spa waters of the Continent and, like these famous waters, cleanses the system through flushing away poisons and wastes. Complexions are cleared and body and spirit rejuvenated.

Because it purifies the bloodstream and eliminates acidity, the use of Sal Hepatica is suggested in the correction of countless ills—headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, stomach disorders—all the ailments that find their source in intestinal stoppage.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely indeed does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can improve your complexion and restore your health.

Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth", describing in detail how Sal Hepatica clears the skin and helps relieve many common ills so prevalent today.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN MYSTERY

[*Continued from page 8*]

left us in stone show that they had wooden cities long before the now crumbling stone ones which are the admiration of modern builders. A people whose mathematicians spoke as glibly of periods of 34,000 years as we speak of "the gay nineties" or "befo' de war" *must* have been developing their culture through century after unnumbered century before Christ.

Attempts to connect the Mayas with Egypt or with the very mythical "lost Atlantis" are frowned upon by the great majority of reputable scientists of today. They contend that whether America was originally settled by immigrants from Asia or not the evidence strongly indicates that culture was *developed* in America without aid from the Eastern Hemisphere.

TOMORROW you may step aboard a comfortable American steamer and in a few days be in either Yucatan or Guatemala where remains of temples, palaces, monasteries, raised stone roads, and stone walls dividing the parcels of land allotted by the Maya government to individual farms are so common that we may be pretty sure that these regions once constituted the most thickly settled part of the globe. If you go to Guatemala you may take a train with parlor car right to Quirigua, where are maintained, in a lovely park, the ruins of a city noted for its huge monuments over twenty feet high and weighing several tons apiece, which are covered with lovely intaglio carving of human figures and with baffling hieroglyphics.

In Guatemala and Honduras, where the early Maya culture flourished before its disappearance—with subsequent reappearance in modified form in Yucatan constituting another point of mystery in the epic of this people—the Mayas were inclined to place their buildings on a great central mound or "acropolis" in the Greek manner, with careful regard for the points of the compass, which they worshipped as gods of the wind and rain who brought the nourishing corn.

(Corn or maize, is perhaps the oldest cereal in the world, and was developed in America from a wild grass called *teocintli.*)

Quirigua is apt so to kindle your enthusiasm that you will want to see more of the scores of ruined cities. By a horseback or muleback ride which should be easy for any man or woman capable of hunting deer in Maine or Montana you can reach Copan, Honduras. In addition to excellent sculpture and other architectural features Copan contains an extraordinary astronomical observatory. There are two stone monuments on opposite sides of the city. If you sight from the eastern one you will find that twice a year the sun sets behind the western monument. One of these occasions is just before the spring equinox and the other is just before the autumn equinox.

If you go to Yucatan you may reach by train and automobile the famous Chichen Itaz, perhaps the loveliest ruined city in America. Here you will see the symmetrical pyramidal temple to Kulkulcan, the feathered-serpent god of wind and rain. You will see many other structures including a huge nunnery, where lived the vestal virgins before they were thrown into the deep and sinister pool of sacrifice to placate the rain gods and bring good crops. You will see a gigantic ball court, on which was played a game with a ball of solid native rubber which was quite like our own basketball. You will see a piece of a raised stone road comparing favorably with the famous Roman roads, although this particular one is narrower than a great causeway the writer discovered at Ixil, many miles to the eastward.

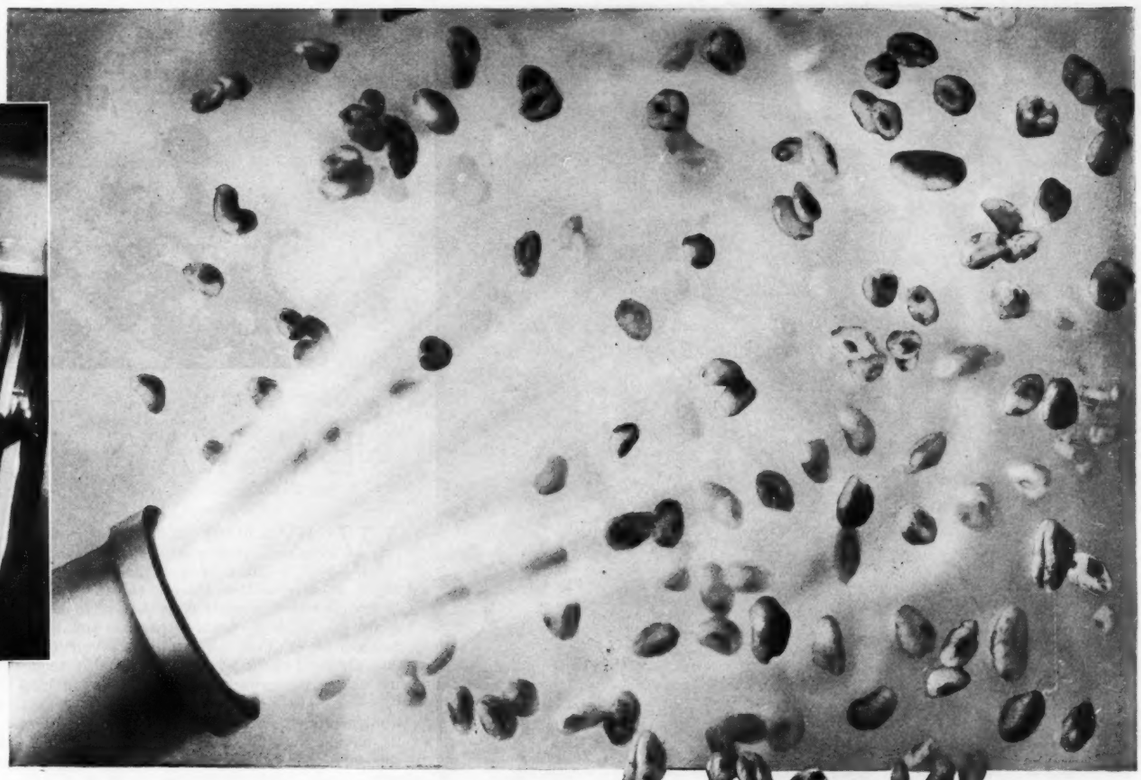
The invention of the "set-back" principle seen in New York skyscrapers was only one of the many original feats of the Maya architects, who worked in the soft native limestone, which you can saw out of the ground in blocks as you do in Bermuda. The Mayas never made a building of more than five stories or of more than 175 feet in height; but their structures are extraordinarily symmetrical and sound. The magnificent "House of the Governor" at Uxmal, Yucatan, which you can see by a short carriage ride from the railroad, contains about 200,000 cubic feet of masonry, not counting the massive substructure, such as all Maya buildings have, and presents a façade 320 feet long which is covered with stone carving. In the application of beautiful sculpture to the façades of buildings the Mayas have never been equaled, despite the fact that the Central American carving was done with tools of stone.

Maya art is hard for us to appreciate at first, because it dealt chiefly with religious subjects, and many of the Maya gods were grotesque semi-human animals in form, although the conception behind them was religious in the highest sense of that word. Maya painters and sculptors did much better profile portraits than the Egyptians. The best Maya sculpture, such as the lovely head of the Maize God, will stand comparison with some of the fairly high work of the Greeks.

But the two greatest feats of the Mayas were the building up of their astonishing knowledge of astronomy and mathematics, and their invention of an extraordinary system of writing. They were the only Americans to devise phonetic glyphs, that is, symbols to represent sounds. The Aztec writing was largely pictographic like the primitive Chinese.

THANKS to the extraordinarily painstaking research of modern scientists we are now able to read about thirty per cent of the Maya glyphs. But these are concerned mainly with the inscription of dates. If a man came here from Mars after our civilization was wiped out and learned to read only the *dates* in our volumes of history he would be in much the same position which we are in with respect to the Maya hieroglyphs. It is maddening!

Yes, and it is fascinating! Much more fascinating as a hobby than cross-word puzzles or bridge. Take it up, and you will agree with me. Read Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley's *Introduction to the Study of the Maya Hieroglyphs,* which any layman of ordinary intelligence can understand with a little work, and you will understand why.



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WHAT? Wheat and rice grains shot from guns? Yes, to make them completely digestible. To give them the same nourishment as hot cooked cereals possess.

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Today, 75 huge guns pour out millions of Puffed Grains every minute . . . sending forth the most delectable, the most tantalizing food odor in all the world. It smells like an old-time kitchen on baking day. It smells so good you can scarcely wait to lift a handful of grains to your mouth. And it tastes just as good as it looks!

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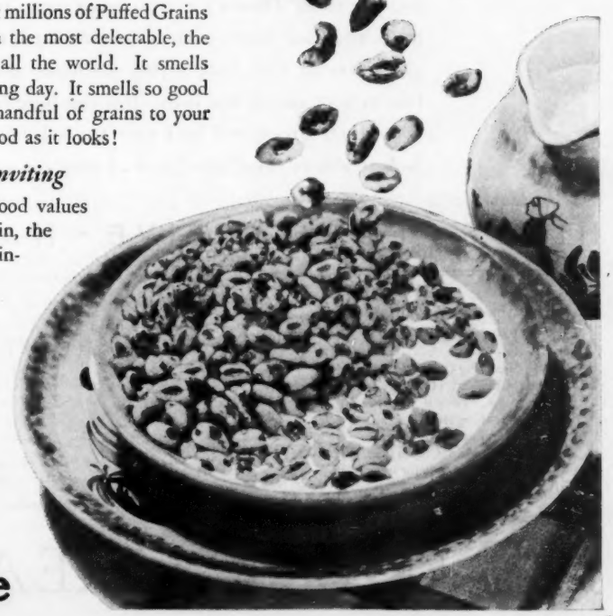
Puffed Rice has all the vital food values of selected rice. It offers protein, the great repair food. It releases instantly a rich flood of energy. Puffed Wheat provides matchless minerals for strong bones . . . good red blood. It is 25% bran. Thus these two delicious grain foods are wonderfully good for your children. Order today from your grocer. The Quaker Oats Company.



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Have you tried the new HINDS *beauty aids?*

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This new booklet of ours is an answer to nearly every question the modern woman can ask on the subject of beauty care, yet it costs only twenty-five cents. By having the booklet in your dressing-table drawer for ready reference, you will save money and time that might have been wasted in a careless use of beauty aids. Send twenty-five cents in stamps to the Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, and ask for *An Outline of Beauty.*

McCALL'S HOME SERVICE BOOKLETS AND LEAFLETS

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The Family Budget: If you will plan your income according to the budget system, there will always be funds for doctors' bills and other unexpected expenses. Price twenty cents.

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Four Lessons in Interior Decoration: Price twelve cents.

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Cookery

Time Saving Cookery: How to prepare delicious meals in very little time. Price ten cents.

Master Recipes: Foundation recipes for a hundred foods, including hot breads, soups, salads, casserole dishes and desserts. Price ten cents.

Some Reasons Why in Cookery: Helpful hints on cake-baking, mayonnaise, meringues and a special chapter on candy. Price ten cents.

What to Serve at Parties: The highlight of any party is the refreshments. This booklet will give you appropriate menus and recipes for every kind of entertaining. Price twenty cents.

Pop Corn Balls: Make them some night—just for fun! Price two cents.

How to Make Candies at Home: Simple rules and recipes for delicious confections. Price ten cents.

How to Serve Afternoon Tea: What to serve, and how. Price two cents.

Parties

Unusual Entertaining: Here are all sorts of party plans—bridges, novelty dances, school affairs and other unique entertainments. Price twenty cents.

Parties for Grown-Ups: Delightful parties for all occasions and showers for the bride. There's a particularly jolly one for All-Fool's Day. Price twenty cents.

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Parties for Children: The little ones will have the best time at an Easter Bunny Party as planned in this booklet. There are also many other delightful suggestions. Price twenty cents.

A Stork Shower: A tea party for the mother-to-be. Price four cents.

Parties for Young Girls: Jolly times and stunts for girls. Price two cents.

Alice in Bookland Party: For boys and girls. Price two cents.

Money-Making Affairs for Churches: Price two cents.

Four Fairs That Make Money: Price two cents.

Books You Ought To Own: A list of books on bazaars, pageants, club programs, etc. Also helpful information for the Parent-Teacher Association. Price eight cents.

Books on Church and Family Problems: A list of books on church work and entertainment; spiritual enlightenment, mind training of children, etc. Price eight cents.

Send stamps for these booklets and leaflets to The Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Will you pay 50¢ *to get rid of* dandruff?

It isn't at all surprising that many thousands of women—and men—have found the solution to the troubling dandruff problem, in a 50¢ bottle of Listerine.

Dandruff, many authorities contend, is a germ disease. Full strength Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), the stubborn germs used by the U. S. Government to test germicidal power, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

Listerine first dislodges and dissolves the tiny scales which are the outward evidence of dandruff, then it soothes, cools, and heals the troubled scalp. If infection is present Listerine attacks it. The flesh tingles and glows with new health and invigoration.

If you have any evidence of humiliating dandruff, begin with Listerine at once. Remember that it is entirely safe, and douse it *full strength* on the scalp. Then massage the latter vigorously with the finger tips. Keep the treatment up as a part of the regular soap and water shampoo, or independent of it. If your hair or scalp is exceptionally dry, use a little olive oil in conjunction with the treatment.

You will be delighted to find how quickly Listerine overcomes ordinary cases of loose dandruff. When dandruff persists, consult your physician as the condition may require expert attention.

LISTERINE
for dandruff

the safe antiseptic
***kills* 200,000,000**
germs in* 15 *seconds

Your baking is bound to be better

Millions of women find sure success with Calumet's Double-Action

THIS is a message for women who want perfection in their baking every time. We want to show them how they can make such wonderful cakes and quick breads that their families will boast about them to neighbors. We want to tell them why Calumet—the Double-Acting Baking Powder—brings such remarkable baking success.

Calumet acts *twice*, not once. The first action takes place in the mixing bowl. This starts the leavening. Then, when you put your cake into the oven, a new, fresh rising swells through your batter, lifts it to the top of the pan and holds it there until the oven heat has done its work. In this way Calumet's Double-Action makes your baking rise beautifully and come out exactly right, time after time—even though you may not be able to regulate your oven temperature accurately.

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action. Not all will give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients, in exactly the right proportions to produce *perfect* leavening action.

Try the delightful recipe given here. You will notice how little Calumet it calls for. The usual Calumet proportion which should be followed for best results, is—only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to each cup of sifted flour—a worthwhile economy.

Test Calumet's DOUBLE-ACTION this way!

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's Double-Action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with only baking powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how baking powder acts—and how Calumet acts twice *to make your baking better.*

Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's first *action—the action that takes place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients.*

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of hot *water on the stove. In a moment, a second rising will start and continue until the mixture rises to the top of the glass. This is Calumet's* second *action—the action that takes place in the heat of your oven.*

Make this test today. See Calumet's Double-Action *which protects your baking from failure.*

Recipe for Vanilla Nut Ice Box Cookies

4	cups sifted flour	1	cup sifted brown sugar
3	teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder	2	cups granulated sugar
		2	eggs, well beaten
¼	teaspoon salt	1	cup nut meats, chopped
1	cup butter or other shortening	1	tablespoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugars gradually, and cream well. Add eggs, nuts, and vanilla. Add flour gradually. Shape into rolls 1½ inches in diameter. Let stand in ice box over night or until hard enough to slice. Cut into thin slices. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 10 minutes. Makes 6 dozen cookies. (All measurements are level)

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NEW CALUMET BAKING BOOK

Mail the coupon for the new Calumet Baking Book—a collection of splendid, up-to-date recipes, prepared by baking experts.

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C—MC C. 4-30

MARION JANE PARKER, c/o *Calumet Baking Powder Co., (Inc.)*
4100 Fillmore Street, Chicago, Illinois.
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CALUMET

The Double-Acting Baking Powder

What both men and women need today is the new point of view on marriage

DANGER POINTS IN MARRIAGE

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

THERE are danger points in the happiest marriages, times when nerves are frayed, tempers torn, when the serenest homes lie under a cloud. But most psychological crises have causes we may all recognize. In this article the psychologists consulted give sound warnings to husbands and wives. After all, if you know there are rocks ahead, and know approximately where they lie, you'll find it infinitely easier to steer your ship around them.

WHY does the divorce impulse seize women in their forties?

Why, after having weathered economic and social storms, having reared their children and established themselves socially, do middle-aged couples separate?

And why, after living apart for several years do some couples remarry and presumably live happily ever after?

Here are some questions for psychologists to answer.

For it is not only the young wife today who seeks divorce. Just as often it is the staid matron of middle age. Not so-called wild youth demanding freedom from matrimonial ties, but his parents.

Make a matrimonial survey of your community, and you can match any or all of the following incidents.

Take for example the Logan case. Thornton Logan had been a charter member of the Country Club, trustee of the hospital and treasurer of the First Congregational Church. Evelyn had been the first president of the Women's Club and had served on the Library Board. Their son and daughter had graduated from the local high school to college, Molly had "come out" and been married according to the best traditions of their town.

Outwardly, the Logans had led a tranquil life. No servant or day worker had ever carried tales of quarrels or disagreements. Yet with the scattering of the children came the sudden divorce. The house on High Street was leased, Mr. Logan went to Alaska, Mrs. Logan to England.

To one of her closest friends Evelyn offered this explanation: "So long as the children needed a home to which they could come and a family circle to steady them and start them right, divorce was impossible. We both felt that our first obligation was to the children, but I do not know how we ever endured the last ten years." Thornton said nothing.

All this happened four years ago. Last month the Logans were re-married quietly in southern France. Married, divorced, and re-married, all in less than thirty years!

Ask any divorce lawyer, any judge presiding over a divorce court, and he will tell you that the fortieth year breeds the desire for legal separation.

Here is another case. The Jack Bolands! He was an ambitious electrical engineer with a host of friends. She was the petted daughter of parents in moderate circumstances. Five years ago, at forty, Jack met with financial reverses. He would have to make a new start, and immediately accepted an opening in South America without consulting his wife. Helen refused to go with him. She would remain with her parents until he got on his feet again. It should be evident that life in a construction camp in the tropics would be too hard on her.

Raw nerves in a man plus self-pity in a woman end in a matrimonial crash. Jack gave Helen a divorce, and she returned to the parental roof with the alimony which the court had allowed.

In her old home, Helen found a father grown querulous in the treadmill of a salaried position, and a mother who had learned to pamper herself instead of her daughter. So Helen set up a small establishment of her own. But her alimony did not cover her expenses, and so she secured a part-time position as social secretary to a rich woman. In her employ Helen has learned the responsibilities which even women of great wealth must carry.

Last spring Jack returned from South America, a rather distinguished looking man with an interest in a big utilities corporation. He lives at a club and Helen in a tiny apartment, but they are seen everywhere together. Sometime, their friends agree, there will be a wedding and two people who have suffered and grown tolerant will live together happily.

Jane S——, a woman in her late thirties, with three adorable children and a husband who to all outward appearances is desirable and livable, made this frank statement:

"If I thought I could bring up the children on the alimony I'd receive, I'd leave Jim tomorrow. But I've got to think of the children. I can't turn them over to servants and go back to work, and I don't want them reared in boarding schools. They are *mine* and I want every hour with them. A mother has her children only a few years at best.

"But there are times when I wonder how long I can endure it. I dread to see Jim turn the corner into our

[*Continued on page 78*]

A Bran that's *more* delicious ... *gentler* ... *more effective*

Because it's whole bran concealed in tender, flavory flakes of this luscious whole wheat cereal.

HERE'S a new, a more delicious way to eat bran. It's Pettijohn's, a delectably good-to-eat hot cereal that contains whole bran in tender, flavory flakes of whole wheat.

You don't taste the bran in Pettijohn's. But it's there. In fact, Pettijohn's is so effective that hospitals and doctors prescribe this hot cereal for stubborn cases where ordinary treatments fail. Nervous digestions can use Pettijohn's safely, because all the sharp edges of the bran have been softened by cooking.

Contains food elements lacking in average diet

And Pettijohn's is more than "just roughage." It provides important food element gravely lacking in the average civilized diet today. It is unsurpassed by any cereal for its health-protecting vitamins. It contains from 10 to 20 times as much body-building minerals as white flour. Its protein is twice as effective for growth as the protein of ordinary refined cereals!

And Pettijohn's cooks done in from 2 to 5 minutes. It is made by the great Quaker Oats Company, manufacturers of 49 different cereal products, with mills in 12 cities throughout the United States and Canada. Try it tomorrow, at the suggestion of The Quaker Oats Company.

Pettijohn's

Are you interested in new menus for children? In new recipes for whole wheat cookies and desserts? Send for a new Free booklet, "The Truth About Bran." Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

The Quaker Oats Company 5-4
80 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send me "The Truth About Bran."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Only a specialist told her the truth

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE: "Doctors always use liquid solvents for thorough cleansing."

SOMETHING had to be done. Her skin was showing the signs of age that women dread—enlarged pores, tiny wrinkles, sallowness.

DIAGNOSIS—Regardless of cost she felt she must learn the cause of these blemishes — see if they couldn't be corrected. She visited one of New York's greatest skin specialists. After a microscopic examination, he said:

"Madam, the surface of your skin is thoroughly clean but the pores are clogged with impurities—filled with an oily mixture of greasy dirt from the outside and bodily secretions from within. This condition interferes with circulation. The life of the tissue is impaired. To remedy this you must cleanse the pores: dissolve out the embedded dirt. A clean skin is a healthy skin which will remain young for many, many years."

TREATMENT — With her new liquid solvent she did as he had advised. At once she experienced a delightful sensation of renewed life in the skin itself. She noticed that the natural coloring and the fine texture of her complexion were being restored. Before long her friends began to ask her what new beauty treatment she had discovered... "It's a very simple thing," she said, "It's just a matter of pore-deep cleansing with Ambrosia."

WHAT IT IS—Ambrosia, the liquid solvent that cleanses the depths of the pores, is new to American women. It was first made by a French chemist many years ago. It was named by the Empress Eugenie. Until recently it was made only to private order.

Ambrosia penetrates instantly, dissolves pore-deep dirt, rouses circulation, normalizes and refines the skin. It prepares the pores of a dry skin to absorb a softening cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles . . . Safe—no caustic alkali, no wax!... Quick—convenient! Nothing to wipe away!

Write for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 4-M, 114 5th Avenue, New York; 69 York St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada. No advance in prices in Canada.

AMBRŌSIA THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

DANGER POINTS IN MARRIAGE

[*Continued from page 77*]

street. I hate the way he brushes his hair and holds his fork. The smell of his pipe makes me positively ill and his laughter grates on my nerves. Last night I slipped away from a bridge party before refreshments were served rather than walk home with him.

"It's hideous, living with a man year in and year out, sharing his unchanging interests, or pretending to, and listening to his little jokes."

Hysterical? Neurotic? To the lay mind, yes! To a nerve specialist, a patient for whom relief can be found.

And it was to a nerve specialist that I at last presented these three cases. But not until I had learned something from divorce lawyers and judges, for I wanted to know whether the cases were typical, or exceptional.

THE lawyer talked as we sat on the balcony of his home in a modern apartment house. It overlooks the railway station of a popular suburb. The evening trains were spilling hundreds of men upon the esplanade. The kind of men we all know, with newspapers under their arms, many of them carrying bundles, garden seeds, new hats, toilet articles, coffee, baskets of grapes.

"Average men, with incomes varying from three thousand to thirty thousand a year," commented the attorney. "The sort of men you rub elbows with in town, play bridge or golf with out here. At least seventy-five per cent of them are married and living in this suburb because it is best for their wives and children.

"Can you visualize the daily trip these men make? Breakfast at seven, a run for the train, upstairs, downstairs, by elevated or subway, through narrow streets into elevators, home again, reversing the procedure. Multiply the trip by thousands and you can see the army of married men in the economic treadmill, no matter what their trade, profession or calling.

"How many of those men do you suppose would like to step out of the treadmill and be free? Yet less than one per cent of the men we are watching would ask for freedom. Almost invariably it's the woman who talks of the monotony of marriage, the woman who broaches the subject of divorce. That is, among the sort of people you and I know. The weak, the irresponsible or the unscrupulous man does not talk divorce. He simply deserts his family, and lets things take their course.

"American men may be short on gallantry or chivalry but they meet their married responsibilities. They may not be pleasant about it. They may be stingy and grudging, or uncouth and tactless, they may even be unfaithful to their wives, but they pride themselves on staying tied if their women and children want it.

"I don't say that divorce does not always bring relief, even joy and thanksgiving to a man, but he'll endure nagging, inefficiency, extravagance, even infidelity, in his wife before he will suggest a divorce. One of the traditions among husbands of this generation—I can't speak for the next—is that having put his hand to the matrimonial plow, he will not turn back. But women, who are usually quicker about adopting new ideas, see divorce as the *right*, not the privilege of their sex."

The judge, whom I interviewed next, talked in the midst of files that were bleak reminders of unhappiness and failure.

"Forty is the rock on which most marriages are wrecked. The trouble may have started earlier, but forty is a sort of zero hour for dissatisfied couples. That is when they go over the top.

"Statistics might not prove this statement. Divorces are secured at any age, from sixteen to sixty, and later, but we who try to patch matrimonial differences know that when a man or woman between forty and forty-five decides to get a divorce the situation is well-nigh set. You can take two young people, high-spirited, impatient, passionately in love, perhaps as passionately hating each other, and reconcile them. You can talk to them about coöperation, compromise, compensations in marriage, and they will make a second try. But your middle-aged couple, especially your woman in her forties, will meet such arguments with: 'Yes, we have tried all you say. We have done our best to make a go of it. But we have failed. And we know that if there is anything ahead in life for either of us we must start afresh now.'

"And right there you have one cause or reason for the increasing number of divorces. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. The second marriage may turn out better. In other days, divorce was the last resort when marriage was unendurable. Now it is very apt to be a short cut to fresh matrimonial experimentation.

"Women are more apt than men to seek divorce because marriage still remains their commonest, their more general profession. If marriage is a failure, it depresses them more than it would a man. To the modern woman a second marriage is a good deal like a new job to the business or professional woman. Where before she has failed through lack of experience she now knows that she can handle the difficulties which are inherent in every close human relationship. Besides, middle-age has made her more tolerant.

ON THE other hand, the man is skeptical. Marriage is just marriage. It will have its drawbacks and its compensations with one woman as well as with another. The man has a dozen interests in which he can forget, temporarily, at least, the irritations or the failure of his marriage. But with women, in spite of a modern point of view and modern activities, marriage remains the outstanding life interest and they cannot endure a sense of failure or futility."

[*Concluded in* MAY McCALL'S]

Note: Next month Mrs. Richardson will tell of her interview with a famous nerve specialist during which she placed the cases of the Logans, the Bolands, and Jane S— before him and asked him to explain why in his opinion they had come to grief. His explanation and his suggestions as to how trouble might have been avoided will be of interest to all married couples.—The Editors.

Photographs through glass dishpans prove lasting suds *all through the water*

with this instant-dissolving bead soap

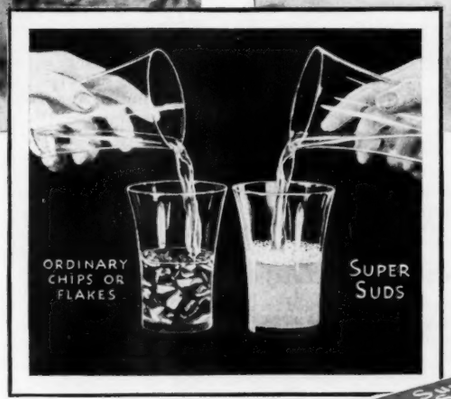
That's why Super Suds saturates the water with suds—right down to the bottom of the pan . . . while other soaps remain idle, undissolved.

Bead soap in action, at right →

Note in this actual color photograph the uniform color, the creamy "texture" of the water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

← At left, slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.



HERE are the first actual photographs ever made of how soaps act in your dishpan.

These photographs show the great difference between "chip" soap and Super Suds . . . the only "bead" soap made. They prove that "bead" soap saves waiting for suds. Dissolves instantly . . . completely. Gives instant, lasting suds clear down to the bottom of the dishpan.

Why bead soap dissolves instantly

Bead soap is incredibly swifter . . . gives more complete suds . . . because it's soap in an entirely new form. It's not chips, flakes, nor powder. It's soap in the form of tiny hollow beads. Made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. Each tiny soap bead has walls 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. This is why Super Suds dissolves faster. Why it gives not only instant top suds . . . but instant lasting suds all through the water.

You can make this test yourself

Make this test in glasses, to prove for yourself what goes on in your dishpan. Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass. A teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands. ***Instantly,*** you get the same result shown in the dishpan pictures above.

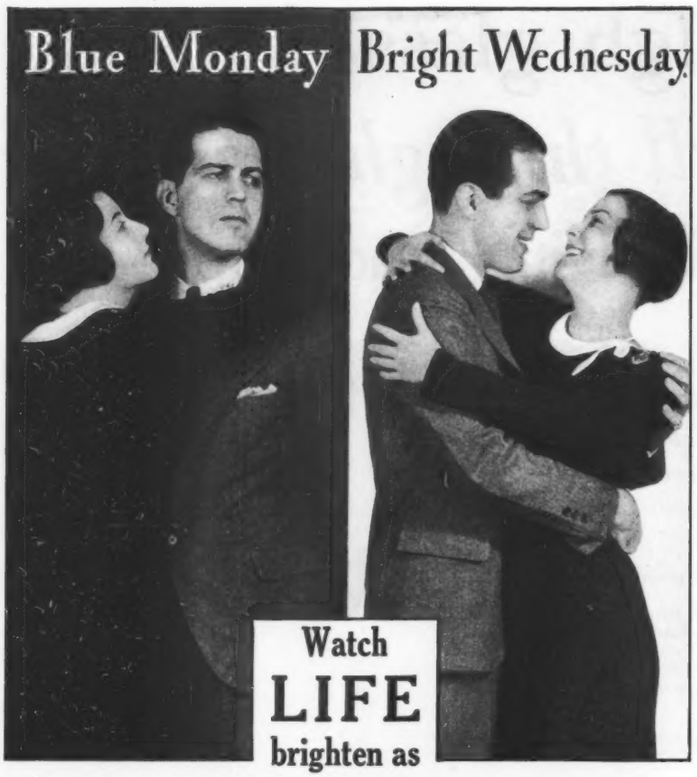
And what time-saving . . . what relief from dishwashing drudgery these instant-dissolving beads of soap bring to women. They actually cut dishwashing time in half in these 3 ways:

(1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring . . . coaxing, or heating water extra hot to get soap to dissolve. (2) Washes dishes clean faster. The rich, penetrating, all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. Because they work *below* the surface of the water, where the dishwashing is actually done. (3) Saves dish-wiping. Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness.

Get Super Suds from your grocer today. You'll find it acts in your dishpan exactly as it does in the photograph above.

Super Suds 10¢

5177



TEETH WHITEN

3 shades in 3 days

when you remove Bacterial-Mouth

DULL teeth that are ugly, yellow and decayed, and receding gums are enemies of beauty, health and happiness. They are telltale signs of a condition offensive to all of us—and inexcusable. Germs sweep into the mouth, with every breath and attack teeth and gums. They cause the condition known as Bacterial-Mouth. But Kolynos quickly conquers this foe by killing the germs that cause it. The result is astonishing.

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter.

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream is unique in action. *It multiplies 25 times when it enters the mouth—thus a half-inch of Kolynos is equal in effectiveness to 12 inches of the ordinary toothpaste.* It becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that makes wetting the tooth-brush unnecessary.

You can feel Kolynos work. It foams into every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish and the entire mouth is purified. *Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 10 seconds, 424 million in 60 seconds.*

This amazing Kolynos Foam removes food particles that ferment and cause decay . . . neutralizes acids . . . washes away tartar and the unsightly mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

Easily and quickly, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for 3 hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, gums will be firm and healthy.

Look for results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean sweet taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail this coupon for a generous trial tube—*sent free.*

Make the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Test with

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic

DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 4-MC-68
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos

Name.....

Street & No.....

City.....State.....

A PARIS BARGAIN

[*Continued from page 25*]

appeared, subscribed to the legend of Henri's insensibility. "Can you say no?"

"I might."

"Your lovely eyes say otherwise."

She drew in her breath catchily. "Oh you—you are priceless!"

"You have but to name it, *chèrie*—my price."

Quick and clever, this Nicolas de Rougement, as superb an artist in his own line as Henri in his. There in the medley of chatter, the clip of shears, the ceaseless tide of movement, he managed somehow to isolate her to himself, to weave the mesh of his charm about her like a screen. Henri, carving an earlap against her cheek, felt its heat scorching his fingers and for some reason—perhaps it was the memory of the Dickybird's stricken eyes—the sensation revolted him. He tried to detach himself from that daylight seduction so openly taking place under his nose. But the pleading voice of the seducer drew him back.

"You will not be so cruel as to refuse, when I leave so soon?"

BUT I've a luncheon engagement, really. Besides if I'm having dinner with you tonight—"

"Tonight is ages off. You might give me this last day. Look!" He drew her eyes—with his—to the window. "Can you picture the Bois on a day like this?" And even Henri could feel the lure of those June-soaked silences. "Tomorrow I shall be gone."

"But you'll be back. And Florence—I've never been there. I envy you."

"So!" His voice dipped to an impassioned whisper. "Then why not come?"

"Oh, I—I suppose I shall some day."

"Now! *Avec moi!*"

She giggled nervously. "Lovely! But Auntie isn't well enough to travel right now."

"Is she necessary? Without her, we might find the spirits of Beatrice and Dante—you and I!"

"I never go spirit hunting without Auntie," she said and laughed again, a high, tight little laugh.

His handsome dark eyes were full of sadness. "But today? You will give me that, then?"

"Oh, I—I don't see—I—"

But both men knew that he had won. The one betrayed his triumph in a slow, ecstatic smile; the other his disgust by dropping the shears with a sharp clamor.

"*Voilà!*" said Henri. "It is finished for today."

She chattered self-conscious inanities as she gathered up her things. "That's fine, Henri. It's going to be a lamb of a hat. When will it be ready—and the others?"

"Tomorrow," said Henri firmly, "all will be ready." And, for once, he meant it. Of a sudden he was eager to be rid of her. Because, of a sudden, he realized to what a ridiculous extent his own disciplined emotions had become involved. He felt indignant and fluttery inside. He was certain that his blood pressure would excite the least excitable doctor. And he was very tender of his blood pressure. "Tomorrow, if Mademoiselle can spare five minutes—five will be sufficient to perfect the small *chapeau* of rose—all will be complete. If Mademoiselle will find eleven tomorrow a convenient hour?"

He saw them go with relief. Relief because, just for a moment, it had seemed as though the onus of responsibility had threatened the tranquil routine of his life. Which was absurd. He might be responsible for what his customers did with their heads; what they chose to do with their emotions was none of his affair.

But Henri was sad. He was sharp with the old lady whose taste ran to juvenile models and sonorous shades. The memory of those two young things as they had come to him that first day, persisted in following him about. The doting young giant and the radiant girl, two dewy crocus, their roots nourished by the same homely soil. Now one crocus had decided to be an orchid, while the other suffered the blight of disillusion. All of which deepened Henri's regret that he had been betrayed into thinking Rufus different from any other flighty young American.

Nothing, however, could long supplant his prevailing passion. He had fairly succeeded in forgetting them in the throes of a creation inspired by a really fetching head when a voice, familiar as it was unwelcome, inquired diffidently, "Beg your pardon, Henri, but has Miss Hunter been here today or—or is she coming?" Henri lifted his eyes and the really fetching head on which he was at work, lifted hers, and they both regarded the Dickybird—the first sternly, the second with obvious pleasure. "I—I—happened to meet a friend of hers—of Miss Hunter's—and she said she thought she—er—had an appointment—"

He shifted his feet and the color was hot under his eyes, and Henri noted the change in him, too. He looked tired and shop-worn, as though life had been handling him a bit roughly.

Thinking of his blood pressure, Henri said severely, "Miss Hunter has been for her feeting today, yes."

"Oh!" He shifted his feet again and the grin held against the desolation in his eyes. "Well, I just happened to be in the neighborhood and so I thought I'd pop in. Great day, isn't it?" He took a swaggering step toward the door, turned back to ask, airily casual, "Oh, by the way, when's her next appointment? I mean, do you happen to remember offhand?"

Henri hesitated, but only for an instant. Then he said with a kind of grim relish, "Mademoiselle Hunter will come for her last feeting tomorrow at eleven, Monsieur."

UNETHICAL perhaps, certainly impolitic, exposing a customer to a presence she was obviously trying to avoid. But he took a malicious satisfaction in what he had done, in having, himself, forced the issue. That, doubtless, was what a meeting between these two would mean now. And it was only charity to put the poor lad out of his misery.

A reasonable enough conclusion, if it had held. But at seven, when the last customer had left and Henri's thoughts were leaning to his evening *poulet et salade,* he was summoned to the telephone by Rufus herself.

[*Continued on page 82*]

DAGGETT *and* RAMSDELL

1890 d and r 1930

McCLELLAND BARCLAY • illustrator, and painter of smart people, says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages are all that modern cosmetics should be. Smart, new, with the utter simplicity that characterizes all good design. They are in exquisite harmony with the fine scientific reputation of the products."

HELEN MARTIN • Director of the Delineator Beauty Institute, says: "The users of Daggett and Ramsdell products should be grateful indeed for the added value you are giving them in these lovely containers which are as practical and useful as they are smart and decorative."

TERRY R. CRAMER • anticipates the fashion demands of the chic women who patronize the new fashion shop of Stewart, Fifth Avenue. She says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages are a perfect expression of all that is really fine in what is known as 'modern.' They possess that exquisite simplicity in color and design that is the keynote of the smart woman's taste, today."

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FAMOUS FASHION DICTATORS

•

SEND the coupon below direct to Daggett and Ramsdell for the new Debutante Kit. It costs 50 cents and contains regular sizes of the three famous creams and Vivatone. It is a marvellous buy.

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2 Park Avenue, New York City
Enclosed find 50 cents for The Debutante Kit.

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1—Fashioning of the knee eliminates ugly "bagging."

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3—Made smaller at the ankle, a slenderizing effect is gained.

Now, madam, the Reason this Hosiery *Enhances Shapeliness* . . . . . .

An utterly new type of hosiery has recently been created that accomplishes what every woman has secretly wished . . . It gives bewitching slenderness to the ankle. It makes the leg more graceful and appealing. It banishes ugly creasing and bagging at the knee. (Please note the 3 illustrations above showing the improvements made.) . . . Now, virtually every Screen Star of note favors this hosiery. Every day thousands of women are choosing it in preference to long standing favorites . . . Allen-A is now presenting this improved hosiery in the new "4000" series. Including an extra-fine gauge, all-silk chiffon with Panelcurve Heel; and a glorious Service Sheer with Panelcurve Heel. All with double Picot Tops in two-toned effect and smartest Parisian-sponsored shades. $1.95 the pair. Other improved Allen-A styles $1.25 to $2.50. THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.*

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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The same hosiery styles worn by Screen Stars and shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores—are available at Allen-A dealers the country over. Priced from $1.25 to $2.50 the pair. These same styles are made and sold in Canada.

A PARIS BARGAIN

[*Continued from page 80*]

"Oh, Henri!" Her voice was high and strident. "I just called to ask you if you couldn't finish the rose hat without another fitting? And send it and the others to the hotel in the morning? Early."

His very eyebrows bristled indignation. This was beyond endurance. This was treating his art lightly. "Impossible, Mademoiselle."

"But, Henri, I—I'm going away tomorrow and I don't see *how* I can spare the time to come in and I *must* have my hats."

"Ah!" said Henri, surprised. "Mademoiselle returns to America?"

"Oh, no, I—I'm going to Italy for awhile. I—it's rather sudden and my train leaves at two and of course I *need* my hats."

HENRI was, by necessity, a skilled mathematician. Life drifted through his salon in fractions, so that, in the event he was interested in any sum total, he was forced to put two and two together. But it was as well to be sure and so he said gently, "Then perhaps I could send the hats to Florence—Mademoiselle said Florence, did she not?"

"Yes, but I—you see I decided so suddenly that I don't know exactly—I mean, I couldn't give you any definite address and I really must have the hats—the rose especially. So you see—"

And Henri did, indeed, see. To anyone in possession of the facts, it must have been as clear—de Rougement and the spirits of Beatrice and Dante, Auntie who was unable to travel just now and the little crocus drunk on orchid fare. Only Henri could see so much more. For, as a Frenchman, Henri knew his de Rougements; as the modiste who had taught feminine America the importance of having her hat *fit*, he knew his Rufus Hunters.

It was terrible for Henri to know so much. For, in that moment, it was given to him to see that he must do something about it. And Henri had never done anything about anything except hats. And all the time that strident voice was pleading, "I'm sure if you were to try, Henri, as a special favor to me—"

"Impossible!" he repeated desperately, and would have torn his hair only that he had no audience and had paid ten francs for a fresh marcel that very morning. "The small *chapeau* of rose requires the presence of Mademoiselle—for but one short moment."

"Well, then, if you could send the others over early—"

But even this, it appeared, he could not promise to do. What with the season at its height, messengers so uncertain, his own establishment disorganized. No, he could not jeopardize his honor by making promises he might be unable to keep. But if Mademoiselle found it possible to keep the appointment as already arranged for her, he could promise that the hats would be forthcoming. And surely Mademoiselle could spare five minutes—

When he replaced the telephone, he had at least assured himself of that, of a five-minute interview with the latest victim of the de Rougement witchery. The next moment he was asking himself frenziedly what he was to do with it. How could he, trafficker in hats, hope to influence the destiny of a soul? What could he say, supposing that she would so much as hear him, that would prevail over the arts of a Nicolas de Rougement?

The obvious solution was to strip the "most succulent male in Paris" of his romantic cloak. But how? By telling her of the odium in which he was held by decent folk? By mentioning the tragic affair of the little ballet dancer? By recounting the sordid details that had shocked all France when the story of the young mannequin had come to light? Would she believe these things—and the innumerable others? If she believed, would she fall away in disgust at the disclosure of her Lothario's past? Not if Henri knew the processes of the feminine as well as he knew the contours of her head.

If Rufus had been a French girl, his problem would have been simplicity itself. A matter of appealing to parental authority and the dawn of a new day would have found Mademoiselle beyond the reach of the most artful amorist. But it is something for Henri's sagacity that, never for a moment, did it occur to him to enlist the aid of the aunt-ique, nor of the Dicky-bird. Henri knew that authority was an obsolete word in the lexicon of modern young America, discarded along with all the other hampering conventions, once so useful in crises of this sort.

Through the open windows of his little private *bureau*, came the sounds of Paris en route to its dinner. A fragrant aroma of broiling *poulet* from some adjacent kitchen, mocked his hunger. His *chef d'atelier* poked his head in to say goodnight, but at sight of the absorbed figure at the desk, decided that the master was in the throes of creative labor and reverently withdrew.

But Henri was struggling with a far knottier problem than any ever presented by his most intricate model. It was not until he had discarded every other possible solution, that real inspiration leaped into the void. There was one convention which that impulsive, irreverent, autonomous little rebel, the American girl, still held in peculiar awe. It was when he remembered this that he reached again for the telephone, as truly overwrought as he had ever pretended to be for his most bizarre-loving customer.

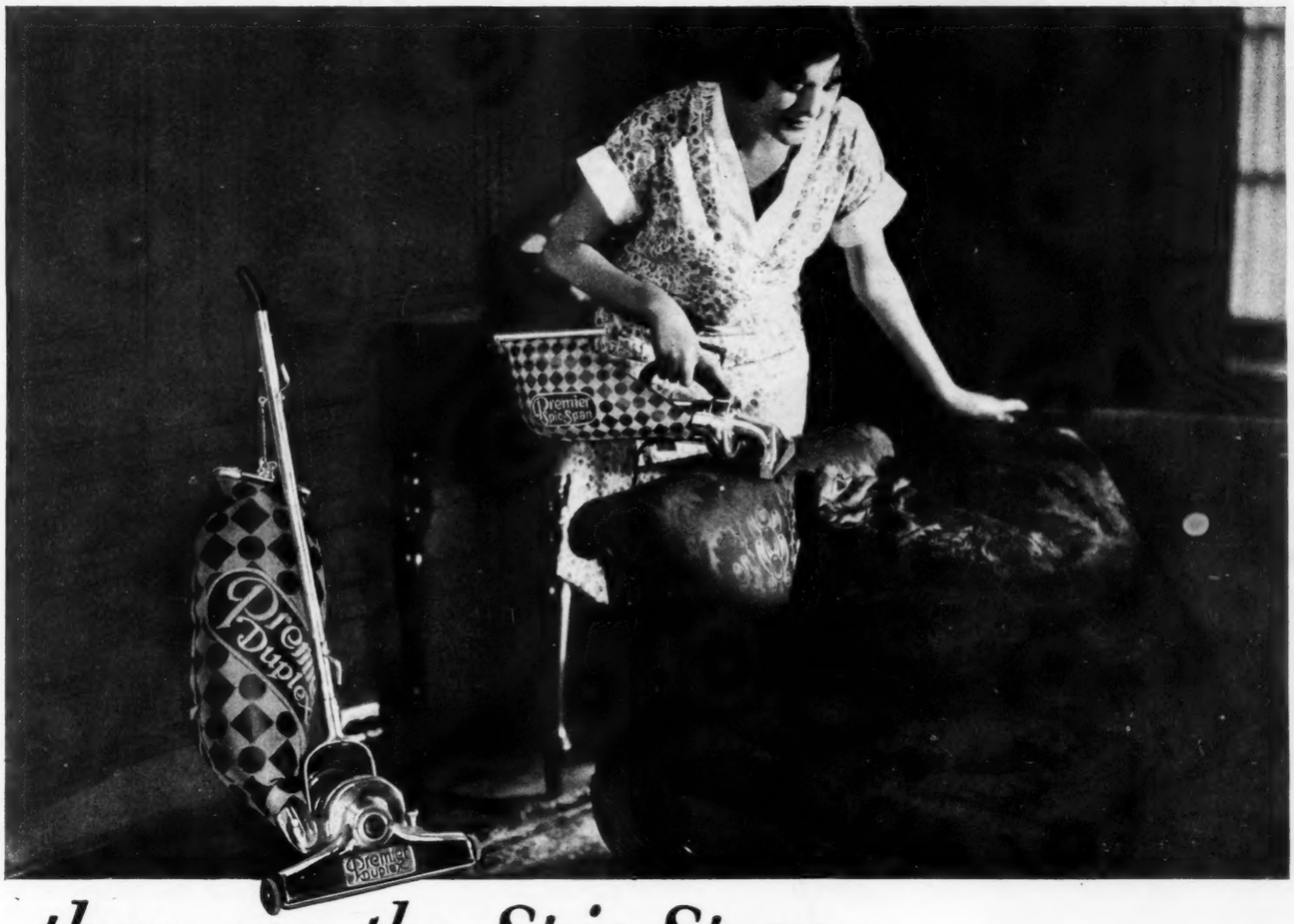
IT WAS a haughty and impatient young Rufus who stormed the salon on the following morning. "I'm a little early," she told a bowing attendant, "but I'm sure Henri's ready for me. Please tell him I'm here and in a frightful rush."

Henri looked at his watch and wrung his hands when they brought him the message. From the passage that led to the *atelier*, he watched her make for her accustomed chair, the hidden pleats of a leafy-green frock breaking into little billows about her silken knees. A great silver fox lay voluptuously about her shoulders and the best that the rue de la Paix could offer, in the way of accessories, completed a picture that contracted Henri's beauty loving heart.

It was not until his watch showed three minutes before eleven and he saw the toe of her shoe launch an impatient tune on the rug, that he went out to her. He was desolated to have kept her waiting. His expressive hands, his peripatetic eyebrows, attested to his chagrin that he must impose upon her impatience for one short moment

[*Continued on page 84*]

When the big Cleaner's work is finished...



then use the Spic-Span instead of attachments

FROM WOMEN everywhere comes the wonderful news...the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit saves precious hours each week...cleans the house more thoroughly...makes it more sanitary than ever before!

Think of it...instead of the old idea of a single cleaner with a lot of ordinary attachments, the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit consists of two cleaners—a large one for the rugs and carpets plus the handy Spic-Span to speed up all the little cleaning tasks...*two electric cleaners for about the price of one!*

The Spic-Span is the greatest general utility cleaner in the world. It is a giant in suction power ...yet weighs only four pounds. Plugs into any electric socket...cleans and freshens clothes, mattresses, closets, without the use of attachments! Comes with a deodorizer that applies moth repellent, and with a special blower that banishes dust from those hard-to-reach places.

For the small home or apartment the Spic-Span plus the Premier Junior is recognized as the most modern cleaning unit. For the larger home the Spic-Span and the Premier Duplex is the last word in cleaning efficiency. If you wish, you may purchase the Spic-Span separately. Write or 'phone your Premier dealer today for a free demonstration.

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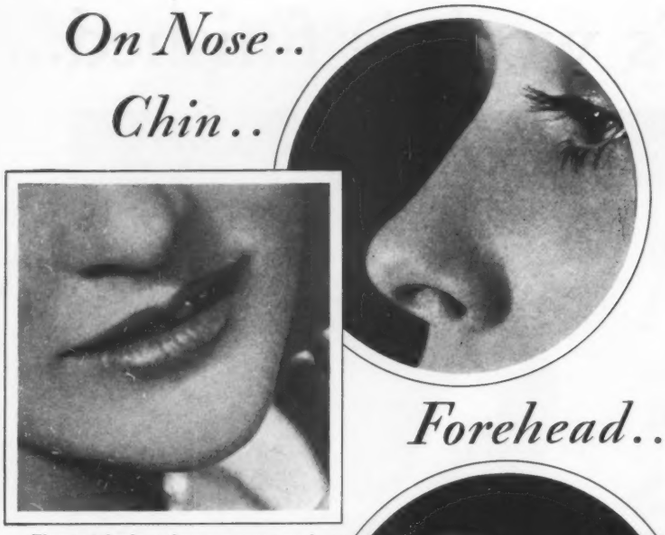
On Nose.. Chin..



Forehead...

These are the three places you must watch constantly for conspicuous face pores

Shrink Large Pores

to fineness with this wonderful soap

IT'S the close-ups of life that count! Don't let big pores on your nose, chin, forehead, make your skin unattractive at close range! *You* may forget that they are there—but you may be sure that others see them.

You can keep your face pores small and fine by daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap, for Woodbury's actually *shrinks large pores to fineness.*

The first time you use Woodbury's you will notice its astringent action on your skin; you will feel how much finer and smoother it is than ordinary soaps, how much more penetratingly it cleanses.

Formulated by a skin specialist who spent a lifetime studying the skin and its needs—Woodbury's makes lovely skin texture. It gradually reduces the size of the pores by freeing them of the hardened fatty substance that has caused them to enlarge. It contracts them to natural size and keeps them clean and active.

Begin using Woodbury's today! See what new fineness of texture it will give your skin! Around each cake you will find the booklet of Woodbury treatments, which have helped literally millions of women to overcome blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, and to build up a clear, beautiful complexion.

To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use. Get Woodbury's today, and let it help you, too, to have a beautiful skin!

Keep lovely skin texture by keeping your face pores small and fine!

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. . . Formulated by a skin specialist, WOODBURY'S *makes lovely skin texture*

Send for the large-size trial set

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For the enclosed 10¢—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

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A PARIS BARGAIN

[*Continued from page 82*]

more, and as he said it, he lifted off the little green hat, the first he had made for her, and produced the unfinished rose felt. She looked at it in dismay.

"Why it's—you haven't done a *thing* to it and I—"

"But one moment, Mademoiselle!" He drew it hastily over the golden head and produced his shears. "But one—"

"Please don't bother. I really can't wait, Henri." But his hand was clamping the rose felt to her head and those relentless shears were at work. "If you'll just have the others done up—"

"All will be ready," he said, "in one moment," and threw a desperate look at the clock above the door. "Mademoiselle understands that to perfect the hat upon the head—"

HENRI was accustomed to holding time at bay with words. They fairly tumbled out now, piling up a very dam of sound against the girl's protests. And his fingers and shears worked as swiftly, clipping, pinning, making dramatic flourishes above the head that was taut as a wire-stemmed flower under his hands. Neither Henri's voice nor the tensed nerves of the girl could have borne this for long, and his eyes had wandered for the hundredth time to the door when they had their reward.

He let out a little squeal of pleasure and lapsed into a vivacious torrent of French. "Ah, Madame de Rougement! *Quel charmant—"*

Rufus lifted her eyes sharply. Her mirror reflected the newcomer, a woman not young, not old, but splendidly, regally beautiful. The little modiste bent low over her gloved hand and drew out the chair next to Rufus. While he seated her, his words poured over her in a cordial stream. Words, for the most part, unintelligible to the impatient Rufus — unintelligible save for that familiar name that kept popping out like the intermittent rays from a lighthouse. But it was plain that he was pleading for indulgence. Explaining that the young Mademoiselle was pressed for time. The regal beauty waved him away graciously, and he came trotting back to Rufus.

"Mademoiselle will pardon," he said, "but Madame de Rougement is a very old friend." Her blue eyes were fixed upon him with a kind of terror. "A very old friend, indeed—ah, but Mademoiselle has already the pleasure of Monsieur's acquaintance—of Monsieur de Rougement?"

"Y-yes. Is she—"

"Très belle, is it not?" and he bent over her confidentially. "She has the reputation for great beauty, has Madame." He shrugged. "But that is not strange, since Monsieur has also the reputation for much taste." Her breath was coming in hot little gusts. "It is no wonder then, that Madame should be beautiful—"

"Oh!" and she sprang up suddenly. His shears, fastened like tenacious claws in the brim of the rose hat, made a ripping sound. "Oh, I must go."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Henri softly. "The *chapeau!* She is *perdu!"*

She tore it off and thrust it at him. "It—it doesn't matter. If you'll give me my other one." She dragged it over her mussed hair. "I'll come back—tomorrow, or the day after. I mean—I can't wait any longer now—why Dick!"

Henri had seen him first, and with immense relief. A little late but still in time. There was an aloof dignity in his slow approach, a challenge in his eyes and in his voice when he said, "Well, Rufus!"

Her hand shot out and clutched his sleeve. "Oh, D-Dick!" and she laughed and shook him a little.

"Rufus, where the deuce have you—"

"Listen, Dick, don't ask me anything now. It's so stuffy in here. I was just—I mean, let's go, Dicky, somewhere—outdoors somewhere. And, Dicky, don't be cross with me—now."

"Why, Rufus, girl!" said the Dicky-bird and Henri was twenty years old and knew that it was June.

They didn't even see him, standing there bobbing and smiling, holding the door for them like one of his own menials. It would have been only human in him to resent such a sight. But there was a look of seraphic complacency on his face as he closed the door and turned back into the salon.

And there was his very old friend, Madame de Rougement, sitting bolt upright where he had left her waiting for him with majestic patience.

He stared at her, cleared his throat nervously. Then his eyes fell on the little rose hat still dangling from his fingers and he pranced buoyantly over to her.

"Well, Henri!" she said, "I am all eagerness. I couldn't imagine when you telephoned me last night—you know I've told you I can no longer afford to buy your hats—now that you are demanding these scandalous American prices for them."

HENRI shook his head sorrowfully. "Is it not that Madame requested me to notify her in the event of an *occasion? Alors. Voici!"* He held up the little rose hat, being careful to keep the torn side toward himself. "This hat. It does not please the American mademoiselle. Very good. It may please Madame, no? If Madame will remove her hat." She did so and he drew the rose felt swiftly over her head and said rapturously, "Ah-h! It is perfect, as I told myself it must be when I took the liberty of telephoning. Madame can see for herself that it fits as though it had been made on her head."

"It does, doesn't it, Henri?"

"But yes!"

"And the price, Henri? I really cannot—"

"The price!" said Henri and spread his beautiful hands in a truly noble gesture. "The price is nothing. If Madame will do me the very great honor—"

"Why, Henri!"

"Madame will confer a favor by accepting, since the hat is of a piece with Madame." He stood off to admire her. "And in such a hat, it will be even less to wonder at that Madame is so often mistaken for the wife of her son. Is it not so?"

WAKE UP SLEEPY MOUTH

enjoy the fresh bracing effect of Tek-sercise--the oral setting-up exercise

Sleepy Mouth means unclean teeth and listless gums, unsafe to health and beauty. Tek-*sercise* is Tek in action, Sleepy Mouth's reveille. One brisk brushing cleans teeth, massages gums. You're off to breakfast or bed with a new sense of well-being.

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Tek brushes are as delightful in appearance as they are effective in use. Handles in gay modern colors (of Lucite in blue, green, yellow, red, black or in amber). Get a set of Tek brushes today. Use one in the morning and one at night. This assures thoroughly dried, efficient bristles and longer service from each brush. Tek (with flat handle) 50c. Tek (floss in handle) 75c. Tek Jr. (for the children) 35c.

"We all enjoy fried foods so much in our house," she tells the doctor. "They're so delicious, so crisp, so much richer, somehow, than foods cooked other ways. But we've always been rather afraid of them—that is, we think they're indigestible. Now the Wesson Oil people come along and say that if you fry in Wesson Oil, at correct frying temperatures, your foods will be entirely wholesome. Is this right?"

"If people would fry *correctly,*" the doctor replies, "then their fried foods would be wholesome and digestible. No doubt of that. The trouble is that so few people fry *correctly*. And it's the *incorrectly* fried foods that cause indigestion.

"As a matter of fact, you can fry correctly in Wesson Oil because you can heat it to proper frying temperatures without scorching. Very few other fats will stand this heat without scorching, or 'breaking down', as it is called. Now, a fat heated to the smoking point is burning, and burnt fat spoils the taste of foods, and makes them particularly irritating to the stomach. On the other hand, if your frying fat isn't hot enough, the foods cooked in it absorb too much fat and become soggy, unpalatable, indigestible—*no matter how pure the fat itself may be.*

"So, you can readily see that you must be careful in your choice of frying fats. Wesson Oil is excellent because if you use reasonable care you can fry perfectly with it. You will notice that I said, 'Reasonable care.' I mean that you must test even Wesson Oil with a thermometer—or use the bread-cube test—to be certain that it is at the correct frying temperature before introducing your foods. Don't overheat it—remember that even your pan will burn at a temperature that is too high."

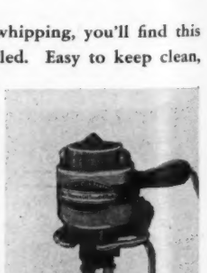
If *you* use Wesson Oil and follow the table of correct frying temperatures given below, you'll find that *your* fried foods will be wholesome and good—you'll find that you can indulge your taste for them as often as you wish.

TABLE OF FRYING TEMPERATURES

	Bread Test 1 in. cube (Seconds)	Temperature (Fahrenheit)
Oysters, small fish, fish cakes, croquettes, cooked foods generally	40	390
Doughnuts, fritters, uncooked mixtures	60	360 to 370
Chops, cutlets	30 to 60	360 to 400
French fried potatoes	40	395

WESSON OIL—*For Mayonnaise . For French Dressing . For Enriching Vegetables . For Biscuits, Cakes, Pastry, as well as for* wholesome *Frying.*

FOR QUICK MIXING . . . for beating, for whipping, you'll find this Wesson Oil Polar Cub Electric Beater unexcelled. Easy to keep clean, saves time and work, gets perfect results. Price in the U. S. A. $11.95 delivered. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, Dept. B, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.



Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, Dept. B
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☐ Please mail me free copy of Wesson Oil recipe book.

☐ Enclosed find $11.95 for one Wesson Oil Polar Cub Mixer.

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For an open porch choose durable furniture of iron or wicker

IT'S TIME TO PLAN FOR YOUR SUN ROOM AND PORCH

By MARY DAVIS GILLIES

THE sun room is a modern and an American contribution to architecture. There are no rules or ultimatums in the archives of historic periods controlling its decoration. The usual detachment from the main body of the house and its many windows invites unique treatments. Color schemes are ventured in the sun room which would be impossible elsewhere but the garden-like air and streams of light make even the most bizarre plans, if correctly handled, gayly inviting.

Sun rooms have become all-year-round rooms. Even so, the first bright days of spring offer the best time of all the year to freshen them up. A new warmth and brilliance in the sun and new growing things in the garden cry out for changes in the human order of things also. Moreover, the sun room is one room where expense need not deter you. A can of paint, several yards of rollicking material, one or two small accessories, and the room will acquire an entirely new complexion.

If the furniture must be repainted don't let the delightful array of color chips in the paint folder lead you astray. Put them aside until you have found just the upholstery material and curtain fabrics which please you. Using the colors in the fabrics as a guide, plan your color scheme. Paints can always be mixed to the desired hues but it may take hours of searching to find fabrics which will conform to the paint.

Let the cretonne illustrated be an example. It is an excellent sun-room pattern, printed on sturdy cotton material in guaranteed fast colors. The handsome cluster of flowers brilliantly combines blue-green, primrose-yellow and terra cotta; and at once suggests the color scheme, which, of course, can be interpreted in several different ways.

Visualize the cretonne in draperies and pads on two chairs. The walls may then be painted a soft blue-green, a color which would make a pleasing background for primrose-yellow furniture upholstered in deep blue-green crash. Brick-colored flagstone linoleum or tile would complete an excellent plan for a sunny room.

A warmer and equally charming distribution of colors using this same cretonne as a guide would find a deep creamy orange used on the walls. In this plan brown furniture would be upholstered in terra cotta colored crash, and the blue-green note would be introduced in lamp bases, plant stands and metal side tables.

The unusual plaid fabric at the right offers still another possibility. It is a coarse homespun type with alternate squares of black, peach, and beige-colored yarns lined off with yellow, blue and green. It would be distinctive used as upholstering on natural colored stick willow or on furniture painted black or azure blue. Natural casement cloth curtains of pongee or mohair, edged with bias tape or peach, blue and black wool fringe would be suitable for the windows and would concentrate interest in the upholstering.

If the sun room serves also as a playroom or nursery, or if it shares its furniture with a porch or terrace in the summer, it is well to be acquainted with the numerous water-proofed or lacquered fabrics available. They are excellent for upholstering, are very smart, and are available in a wide range of delightful and usable colors. Slips, or cushions of guaranteed fast-colored crashes that snap or button on, or are held with slide fasteners are also excellent as they permit frequent laundering.

Its gay setting should make the sun room one of the most used rooms in the house. If it fails in this the room probably does not offer the variety of conveniences which it should have. In a well-planned sun room there are facilities for serving tea, for writing, for a game of bridge, for lounging and reading, and through the summer months, at least, the radio should be moved out. The man of the family should be supplied with a chair that entirely suits him and lamps should be plentiful. In other words it is an informal living room, a transition place from house to garden, combining the comfort of one with the freedom and beauty of the other.

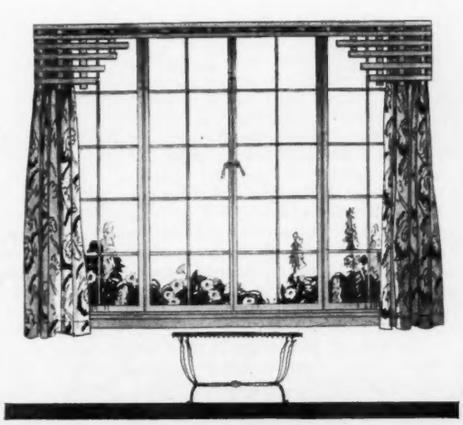
If the difficulty lies in a shortage of tables, this can easily be remedied with some of the new metal ones. Their light graceful shapes add an interesting contrast to reed and wicker furniture. They come with tile glass and hard-surfaced tops and are thoroughly practical. Though they look like extravagant little accessories they are really inexpensive. Several styles can be had for less than ten dollars. The stock colors are black, green, coral and orange.

The metal chairs with spring seats, though meant especially for porch and terrace use, may also find their place as additional chairs in the sun room. Even though you are informed in advance you will be surprised at how soft they are to sit in. They come with and without arms, as well as in ample sizes which a man could appreciate. Some of the side chairs are available for less than fifteen dollars. While talking of metal furniture it will not pay to overlook the charming wrought iron plant stands and racks. No longer is it necessary to tolerate a miscellaneous lot of pots and jars standing around on tables and window sills. These metal stands solve the problem practically and gracefully. They can be purchased for single pots or with arms for a dozen plants of trailing ivy, cactus, or inch plant.

The wrought iron wall brackets for plants also have pleasing possibilities. Three or four can be screwed to the casements between windows, or placed on the wall opposite. Some provision of this kind for plants and growing things is absolutely necessary, in order to carry the garden feeling into the room.

If you want to expand your porch

[*Turn to page 88*]



Chintz and lattice work bring the garden indoors

Green oilcloth curtains and Venetian blinds

This cuts dusting in half

3 simple steps

wash oil off

put wax on

polish

Reduce dust with furniture polish? Hundreds of women are doing it today with a lustrous polish that makes furniture exquisitely beautiful.

Chemists have found that Johnson's Wax Polish (liquid) avoids half the dust that settles on ordinary oil polishes. Here's the explanation. The glistening wax film dries absolutely hard and smooth. Sealing the dust pockets. Ending stickiness. A surface so smooth that dust cannot cling to it. Whatever particles remain are on top where they are lightly whisked off without rubbing or scrubbing.

Microscopic view of dust on furniture. Note dry hard surface of Johnson's Wax (left) opposed to oily film which holds dust like flies on fly paper. This explains graphically what chemists found by actual dust accumulation.

Furniture and your woodwork (if you do it, too) are twice as clean. Lustrous. Shimmery. Protected by the wax coat from stains and scars. For though you may mark the wax, the surface beneath is safe.

Below is a coupon which will bring you a 25c can of Johnson's Wax Polish *free* and a new booklet called, appropriately, "Reducing the Care of Floors and Furniture." Send for them now.

and smile

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S.C. Johnson & Son, Dept. M-4, Racine, Wis. Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Wax Polish and illustrated booklet, "Reducing the Care of Floors and Furniture."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

PLAN YOUR SUN ROOM AND PORCH

[*Continued from page 87*]

inexpensively, the new folding chairs with arms are worth considering. They can be obtained for as little as five dollars and are remarkably comfortable. Their popularity for bridge chairs suggests their purchase in lots of four. In order to accommodate the nervous American some are made with rockers and though the appearance of these chairs is quite laughable, once you have tried them, their comfort will make you forget their looks.

If you are completely refurnishing a sun room or porch your problem is quite different than the one just outlined. Moreover, you should not just buy some wicker furniture and think that is all there is to it. The styles and materials used for sun room furniture have gone through a most interesting expansion and a very individual room can be developed if you have the enthusiasm to plan it carefully.

Reed, rattan, and stick willow are still important. The newer models however, have dropped all the old fussiness and are beautifully simple. Leading artists have been called upon to aid in the styling and in designing the fabrics used for the upholstering.

Here again the metal furniture, this time of tubular construction in modernistic styling, should not be ignored. There are many very interesting models to choose from and though delightful in shape they are styled particularly for comfort. The seats of chairs are swung low and some pieces are upholstered, with cushions that are ingratiatingly relaxing. Draperies, rugs, lamps, and accessories in the same spirit are readily available and if you are at all interested in this new movement you will find the sun room or porch an excellent place to experiment with modernism.

A THIRD possibility is offered in the new hard maple wood frame furniture with loose cushions, especially styled for sun rooms. Though not true reproductions, many of the pieces suggest early American styles and are especially pleasing in Colonial houses or in sun rooms which are to be used more or less as a study or office; and it seems that many sun rooms are being converted to this use.

In a sun room seen recently which was too drafty in winter for comfort and entirely too sunny in summer, the corner windows had been replaced by bookcases. On the inside wall, bookcases had also been built around an interesting old maple desk which was used and appreciated by the man of the family. On the shelf above the desk a ship's model was displayed. A many-pointed star made a delightful central lighting fixture and supplemented parchment shaded bean-pot lamps. Simple white ruffled curtains were used at the windows and made a delightful contrast with the red grounded small patterned chintz used for upholstering on the maple chairs. Hooked rugs on the floor completed a very usable study.

The number of windows in most sun rooms makes their curtaining appear to be a real problem. A few rules may serve as a guide. If you have elaborately figured cretonne upholstering which you cannot exactly match, plain or striped curtains of the casement type are advisable. You may select from pongee, cotton casement cloths, mohair casement cloths, and fast-colored cotton crashes. A pair of curtains should be used at each window. They are usually made to reach to the lower edge of the apron beneath the window sill unless the windows are deep set; then, they necessarily end at the window sill. A pinch pleated finish is most effective across the top. In order to make them more decorative, finish them on the edge with braids, bias bands or contrasting hems.

IF FIGURED over-draperies are used, groups of three and four windows may be thrown into single units. At small groups the over-draperies may end at the lower edge of the apron beneath the window sill. Large groups really call for floor length draperies and a full width of 50-inch material on each side. The cretonne or printed linen selected for draperies may also be used on one or two chairs or the sofa in order to draw the pattern interest into the room. The other chairs should be covered in plain colored fabrics.

Valances are frequently omitted now in favor of painted wooden poles, wrought iron decorative rods or cornices. A touch of real individuality can be achieved by using a simple lattice treatment across the top of the window simulating a valance. It should be painted to harmonize with the over-draperies and may even be used as a support for trailing ivy vines. The window treatment will seem more logical if a lattice treatment is also carried over the ceiling or the walls.

Venetian blinds offer another means of achieving distinctive windows as well as comfort. They can be easily adjusted to shut out the glare of light, yet admit air. They can be had in any color and are so attractive that no other curtains are necessary though casement cloth draw curtains, crisp chintz or oilcloth over-draperies add an effective touch. Heavy looped cords ending in tassels may also be used to break the severity of the blinds.

In a very charming sun room seen recently, turquoise blue Venetian blinds were used as the center of interest in the room. The walls were painted a soft warm Italian pink and the wood trim was grayish walnut brown forming an excellent transition to a floor of waxed terra cotta colored tiles. The low wicker lounging chairs were stained brown and were upholstered in a wide-striped linen, shading from pale pink to deep terra cotta. The wicker couch was upholstered in a terra cotta colored linen and was piled with big turquoise blue cushions.

Beside the couch was a low coffee table with a glass top. Another wrought iron table held a lamp of blue glass with a pleated shade of pink paper bound with blue. Another lamp of the same kind was used on a smaller table at the opposite end of the room.

The final touch was given by large pots of ivy held by brackets between each of the windows and by long, low window boxes filled with dwarf evergreen placed on the floor under the windows.

DATED COFFEE....

enjoyed by these celebrities at home

NEVER before have you had such a guarantee of fresh, full-strength flavor in your coffee!

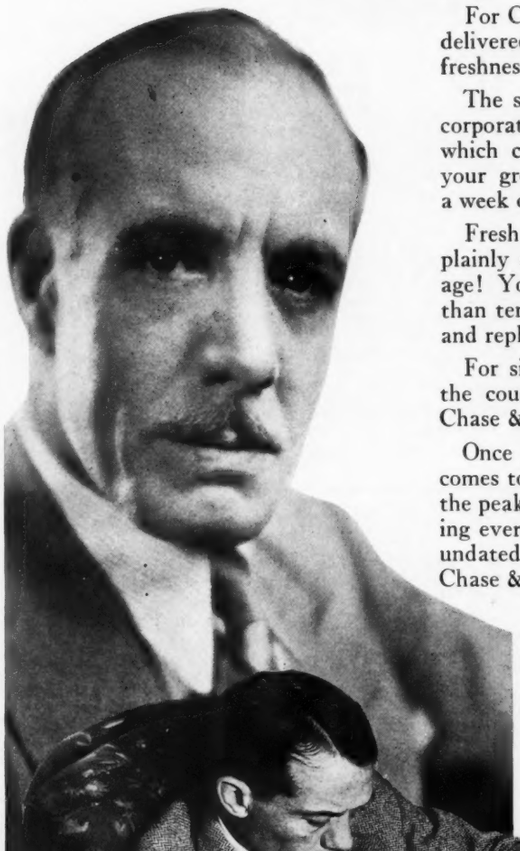
For Chase & Sanborn's is the only coffee delivered by the same method which insures freshness in perishable fresh foods!

The same fleet of "Standard Brands Incorporated, Daily Delivery" motor trucks which carry Fleischmann's Yeast fresh to your grocer bring him also two deliveries a week of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Fresh from the roasting ovens! The date plainly stamped on the face of each package! You will never find one that is more than ten days old, for they are taken back and replaced by fresh.

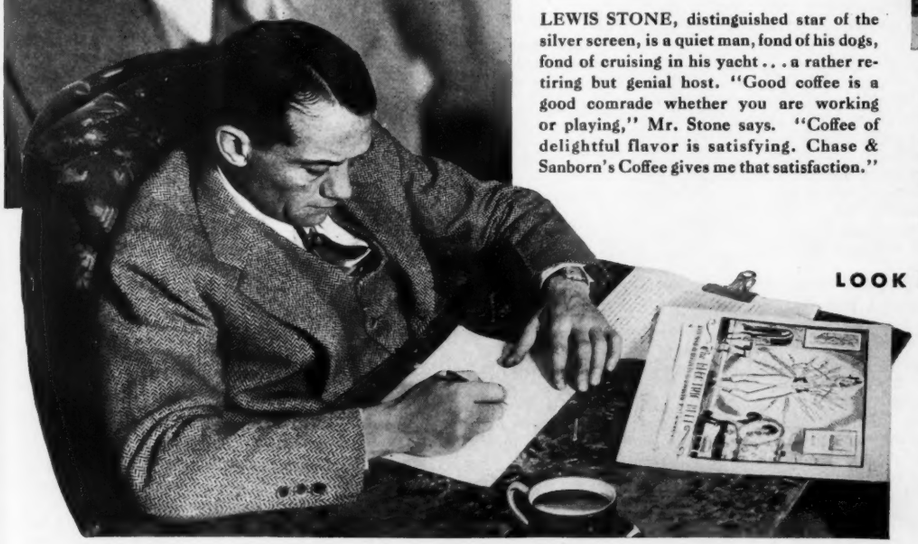
For sixty-five years in many sections of the country, coffee lovers have preferred Chase & Sanborn's mellow blend.

Once you taste this fine coffee . . . as it comes to you always fresh, full strength, at the peak of its flavor . . . you will be unwilling ever again to risk disappointment with undated coffees. Ask your grocer today for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee—*dated.*



LEWIS STONE, distinguished star of the silver screen, is a quiet man, fond of his dogs, fond of cruising in his yacht . . . a rather retiring but genial host. "Good coffee is a good comrade whether you are working or playing," Mr. Stone says. "Coffee of delightful flavor is satisfying. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee gives me that satisfaction."

GEORGE GERSHWIN, famous young composer of musical comedies and orchestral music, is vividly abreast of his time, a staunch believer in its cultural integrity. His enthusiasm embraces every forward-looking accomplishment from the development of radio to as personal a benefit as fresher, better tasting coffee. "I appreciate good coffee," he admits, "—coffee with a fresh, vigorous, nutty flavor. Chase & Sanborn's is like that; it's especially good."



JOHN HELD, JR. . . . portraitist of the American "flapper". . . a brilliant host to gayly clever people. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee brings the exhilaration of its fresh flavor to the gatherings at his three interesting homes, whether in his ultra modern New York apartment, his home at Palm Beach, or his very famous farm. "I rate Chase & Sanborn's Coffee 'up and up,'" he says. "It has the verve, the fragrance, found only in good coffee freshly roasted."

LOOK FOR THE *date* **ON THE CAN**

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee-DATED

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Uniform Regular Vegetable Feedings

for **baby**

No seasonal changes in marketing supplies upset the uniformity of the strained vegetable schedule when Gerber's Products are used for baby. And their use is so convenient that even the busiest mother finds it easy to maintain regularity in providing the daily vegetable supplement to baby's milk diet.

Tested and Approved
Add Salt—Warm—and Serve

The choice Michigan garden products used in Gerber's Strained Vegetables are started on the cooking process while still garden crisp. The Gerber steam-pressure cooking, straining, and steam-sterilization methods insure maximum safety—and conserve the valuable mineral salts and vitamin factors partially lost in open vessel cooking in the home. Just open the sterilized tin, add salt or sugar as prescribed, and baby's vegetables are ready. Tested and approved by leading national domestic science institutes, the Gerber Products are prescribed today by thousands of physicians. Your own baby's doctor will gladly explain their technical superiority to home-cooked vegetables—and he can best prescribe the amount and variety to use in your own baby's special feeding schedule.

Send for Assortment

If you have not already used the Gerber Products—ask your doctor about them today. They are available at leading grocers most everywhere. If your own grocer cannot yet supply you—send us his name and $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment offered below—or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid. *In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.10 —Canadian Currency or Money Order.*

Free Samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals.

Gerber's
STRAINED VEGETABLES

SEND THE COUPON TODAY—A WEEK'S SUPPLY

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.
$1.00 Complete Assortment Dept. M 8—Enclosed find money or stamps for Assortment or for Gerber Products checked.

15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c
Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Spinach	Strained Carrots	Strained Prunes	Strained Peas	Strained Tomato	Strained Green Beans

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

My grocer is .....

SLEEP FOR BABIES

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.
Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers"

THE fact that a baby sleeps well at the regular sleeping hours is usually a strong proof that he is in a normal, healthy condition. Normal sleep for an infant is dependent largely upon two things—first, proper feeding, which means good digestion, and, secondly, fresh air. A baby occupying a close, ill-ventilated, over-warm room is very apt to be a restless sleeper. A German investigator recently made some interesting observations on a group of babies in an institution—they could be made to sleep long and soundly, or they could be made restless or periodically wakeful by simply keeping the windows opened or closed.

During the first few days of life, sleep is normally almost continuous, excepting when the infant is fed or bathed or when other attentions are given. During the first month the infant sleeps about twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four; during the second and third month from twenty to twenty-two hours. At the sixth month the child should sleep from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M. without interruption except when he is fed and his napkin is changed, which need cause little disturbance. After this age there should be a two hour sleep in both morning and afternoon.

THE afternoon nap should not last longer than 3 o'clock, if a baby is to sleep well at night. Gradually the child will shorten his day naps until, at one year of age, one hour in the morning and two hours in the afternoon will suffice. After the eighteenth month, the morning nap may be discontinued, but an afternoon rest of not less than one and one-half hours should be continued until the child is six years of age or older. Regular sleep is largely a matter of habit, and if the baby is started right with suitable feedings at definite times followed by a proper period of sleep, little trouble will be experienced with wakefulness.

Not a few infants form the habit of sleeping in the daytime and being wakeful at night—a most distressing habit to the family and often to the neighbors. This bad habit is best remedied by keeping him awake during the hours of the day when he *should* be awake. By entertaining him and keeping him in a well-lighted room the mother can prevent his sleeping.

Inflamed buttocks are frequently a cause of sleeplessness in the diapered child. This condition can be readily relieved by boiling the diapers, drying and saturating them with a solution of boracic acid—one tablespoon to a pint of water—and redrying. Apply to the inflamed parts zinc ointment to which the druggist has added 10 per cent of white wax; this preparation is spread on pieces of clean old linen and placed over the excoriated area, and over this the napkin is placed. The thick, heavy ointment acts in a measure as a waterproof protective dressing. When the napkin is changed the dressing is removed, the parts cleansed gently with a mild soap and water, or in a severe case with sterile olive oil, and the dressing is re-applied.

A well baby may be able to sleep in all sorts of positions and surrounded by noise. However, we do not recommend such procedures to our young mothers. For the convenience of the mother and the comfort of the child there are certain stage settings that can be carried out. The best sleeping arrangement for the average infant during the early months is a small basket-weave bassinet on wheels. The bassinet should be furnished with a firm, well-fitting mattress; three quilted pads and three rubber sheets should be purchased for it. A rubber sheet is placed next to the mattress and over this a quilted pad; over this a plain sheet is smoothly drawn. Instead of the sheet many mothers use a plain pillow case. The extra sheet which is supposed to cover the baby is of little use, as it will always be somewhere else than over the baby.

The great advantage of such a bassinet is that the wheels lighten the work of the mother who can easily push it from or near windows as she desires. It is especially practical in small houses or apartments. The old-fashioned wooden cradle in which father, grandfather and Uncle Peter were rocked is best left in somebody's garret, there to ponder in the modern manner upon an unappreciative present generation.

WHEN the weather permits, the baby can do his daytime sleeping in a baby carriage on the porch. After he has outgrown the bassinet, as he will in four or five months, the best sleeping arrangement for indoors will be a metal crib so arranged that the sides can be lowered. It is important in buying a crib to choose one in which the upright rods are close together, for infants have a perverse way of trying to squeeze their heads between the rods; in selecting a mattress, only the best quality should be chosen.

The arrangement of the pad and rubber sheet are the same as for the bassinet, and over them is a small-sized sheet. If the mother wishes to economize, she may buy adult cotton sheets, single-bed size, and split and hem them. In this way two sheets are obtained at the expense of one. About one dozen sheets will be required. The mattress and the pad should be exposed to sun and air daily. A pillow should not be included in the outfit of the bassinet or of the crib.

How keep the covers over a well, unconscious, squirming baby on cold nights? The plan that is generally followed is to pin hem down; for this purpose large safety pins are necessary, four to six inches long. A pin is fastened through the blanket, through the night dress, and into the mattress ticking on both sides of the baby. By this method he is able to use his arms and legs freely, but is not able to throw the covers off.

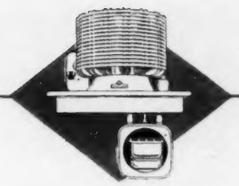
When Babies Shut Their Eyes

BY LOUISE THOMAS

When babies shut their eyes at night
And cuddle down, all warm and still,
The fairies flutter in and light
Upon each snowy bedclothes-hill.
They tuck some tiny dreams, with wings,
Beneath each sleepy little head—
Quite special dreams, all full of things
That babies like to take to bed.

For fairies, as perhaps you know,
Take care of babies here below—
Especially if they are good
And cuddle down the way they should.

Of the hundreds of thousands of owners



NOT ONE HAS PAID A CENT FOR SERVICE

What greater proof of the supreme efficiency and economy of the General Electric Refrigerator could be asked?

Not a penny for service! What is it that makes such an unheard of thing *possible?* Look at that small round unit on top of the General Electric cabinet. Your answer is there—the answer which tells you why the General Electric Refrigerator is the most inexpensive refrigerator you can own.

In that amazing unit on top is housed your refrigerator's entire mechanism—sealed forever against dirt, rust, moisture—and trouble. And sealed up with it is a *permanent* supply of oil, that will protect the mechanism as thoroughly in the years to come as on the day you first plug your General Electric Refrigerator into its socket.

And the General Electric cabinets you will find as durable and efficient as the remarkable mechanism that preserves your food within them. Glistening white inside and out, with immaculate porcelain lining, they are *all-steel*—every inch.

Extra storage space, accessible freezing regulator, easy-cleaning features, low running cost, quiet operation—these advantages you will often think of and appreciate, *after* you have bought your refrigerator. If you think of them *before* you buy, there is only one refrigerator you will even consider!

Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory—and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. For our catalog and easy terms, address section J-4, Electric Refrigeration Dept. of General Electric Co., Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, O.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Golden Crest Hosiery, *Pure-Silk, Full-Fashioned, Extra-Fine Gauge. In semi-chiffon weight, with picot top. Color shown is the new* SUNBROWN *for Spring. This quality, if purchased elsewhere, would cost as high as $2.50—one of America's highest-quality silk stockings. Ward's price (retail or by mail) is only* **$1.79***

Golden Crest Hosiery, *Pure-Silk, Full-Fashioned. Service weight; silk from top to toe, with all-silk French heel. Color shown is the new* NUDE *tone. This quality sells regularly elsewhere at one-third higher than Ward's low price of* **$1.49**

Hook Side Girdle. *Of beautiful lustrous brocade, daintily lace-trimmed at top. Boned full length in back; closes down left front side with concealed hooks and eyes. Six hose supporters. Natural waistline model. Full range of sizes. Price (retail or by mail)* **$2.98***

Golden Crest Hosiery, *Pure-Silk, Picot-Top Chiffon. Shown in the new* ROSADOR *tone for Spring. This hose is full-fashioned, in chiffon weight, with picot top and reinforced foot with all-silk French heel. One of the country's most popular qualities, usually sold at prices one-third higher!*
In all Montgomery Ward Stores or by mail **$1.49**

Corset Brassiere Combination. *Specially designed to give the new perfect Princess silhouette. In beautiful lustrous brocade; bust section tricot jersey, giving the new uplift style. Invisible boned diaphragm control. Six fancy shirred supporters. Flesh color only; full range of sizes. Garments identical in style and quality are often sold at $7.50.*
Ward's price (retail or by mail) is only **$3.98***

***Slightly higher in Pacific Coast States**

MONTGOMERY

World's Largest Chain of

Fashion Decrees . . . . . A well Defined WAISTLINE *and the new* French Heel HOSIERY

To meet this new style trend, Montgomery Ward & Co. offers Paris-inspired FOUNDATION GARMENTS and the ever popular full-fashioned GOLDEN CREST HOSIERY in new color-tones, with French heels that enhance slenderness at the ankles.

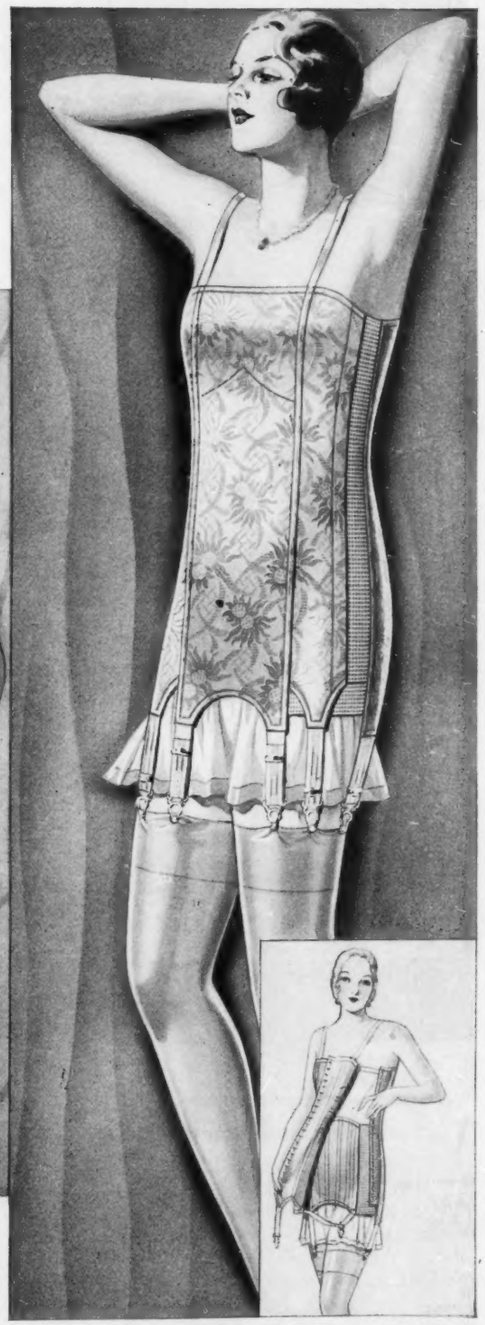
ALWAYS abreast of the newest trends in fashion, Montgomery Ward today offers the American woman ideal shopping advantages in every detail of *dress*—as millions have already discovered.

You will sense this the moment you inspect the delightful Spring showings in foundation garments and hosiery now displayed at any of our 550 Retail Stores throughout the country, and also featured prominently in our new spring and summer catalogue.

Shown here are four examples of the Paris-inspired garments which smart women are now selecting to give them the proper foundation for the new silhouette frocks. *"For the new silhouette,"* says that well-known fashion adviser, Antoinette Donnelly, *"is more than dress deep. To wear the new dresses successfully, one must wear a foundation garment."* A visit to our nearest store will convince you how truly these styles do lend added grace to every type of figure!

Familiar to women the country over, *Golden Crest* full-fashioned Hosiery also assumes a leading place in the mode. This time with the new flattering French heels which designers have found gives to the ankles that fascinating slenderness women so desire. Those who have not yet worn *Golden Crest* will find it the loveliest of silk hosiery. Full-fashioned, of course; pure silk service weight or chiffon; and famous for lasting beauty, long wear and surprisingly low price.

Visit your nearest Montgomery Ward Store . . . see these smart silhouette models and *Golden Crest* hosiery for yourself. Compare the quality and prices with the offerings of any other stores. Then you'll understand why they are the choice of thousands of particular women who prefer to buy them economically at Ward's stores or through Ward's catalogue.



Twelve-inch Step-In. *Lustrous brocade, with knitted elastic panels. New model with plush-lined centerback opening (about 5 inches deep), and loop supporters—one of the most fashionable foundation garments money can buy! Easy to put on—cleverly shaped and designed front panel. An ideal step-in for slender and average figures. Full range of sizes. Price* **$2.98***

Corset Brassiere Combination *In lustrous brocade, with all-elastic shoulder straps and six supporters (two sliding-loop style.) Has 12-inch Inner Belt (small illustration) boned lengthwise and crosswise for perfect figure control. Full range of sizes. The great popularity of this garment and heavy purchases enable us to offer this remarkable garment (retail or by mail) for our unusual price of . . . .* **$2.98***

**Slightly higher in some States*

If you are not near a Montgomery Ward retail store, you may order any of these articles by mail from our nearest branch. Your order will be shipped immediately *postage prepaid.*

Mail Order Branches at:

Chicago Kansas City
St. Paul Baltimore
Portland, Ore. Denver
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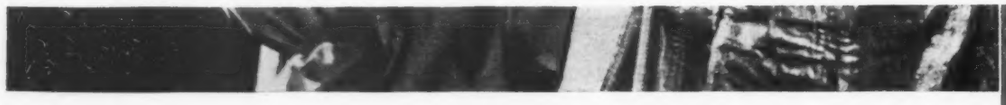
Fort Worth Albany

WARD & CO.

General Retail Stores

Once you use Kotex you'll want its *lasting* protection... always



Kotex absorbent is now used in 85% of America's leading hospitals. Once you use it, you will understand why doctors advise this soft, scientifically designed pad.

WHAT a comfort to feel the safety and security of Kotex protection! You'll wonder how you ever managed without it. Because this protection *lasts* . . . through busy hours. And it stays soft and comfortable. You will appreciate that.

This unique comfort is due to the Kotex absorbent—Cellucotton. It is *not* cotton, but a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, with 5 times the absorbency, five times the efficiency.

Hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Where the greatest precautions are observed, in 85% of the leading hospitals of America, this very same absorbent is used today. It replaces thousands of pounds of surgical cotton. Last year hospitals used 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! What a tribute to its effectiveness! No woman could ask a safer guide in choosing sanitary protection.

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

There are many ways in which Kotex is better: it deodorizes by a special process; it is shaped to fit; it may be worn on either side with the same degree of protection and comfort.

Best of all, it is disposable. Please try Kotex and test its absolute protection for yourself.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

SAFE, SECURE . . .

1. Keeps your mind at ease.
2. ***Kotex is soft*** . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
3. ***The Kotex filler*** is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
4. ***In hospitals*** . . . The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
5. ***Deodorizes,*** safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

FASHION COCKTAILS

BY Therese Clemenceau

LEST you should fear this is another article on the vexed question of prohibition, I hasten to explain that its title has been suggested by the fact that it is composed of a medley of fashion notes taken at random, so that its flavor shall probably be rather mixed.

The straight coats are close rivals of the flared ones. A designer who makes it a point of saving money for his clients —an all too rare virtue among dressmakers—has created a coat combining the two effects. The upper part is straight down to the legs, with a slightly marked waistline however, and a flared flounce gives fashionable width. Fur cravats are tied on the left side or at the back, never in front.

Flounces are increasingly popular on skirts, whether they be pleated, shirred or flared. A corresponding frill effect is achieved on the bodice and runs from the shoulder slantwise to the waist, the frills appearing also on sleeves. If you are fond of frills you may even wear these silk flounces on a woolen dress.

Small capes, short in front and longer at the back, are worn on straight coats. They button under the fur collar or are tied with a big bow of moire ribbon. You can therefore wear the coat with or without a cape.

On certain plain coats, jackets, long or short and three-quarter coats, the flowing tie has made an appearance. It is piquant, gay, delightful, a little dashing, but so youthful that before wearing it you must look at the calendar, and if you have already come of age, you will have to be very careful. Fur bands or bands made of other material around the elbow are a novel trimming on dress or coat sleeves. Another novelty is to have skirts ending with the selvage instead of a hem or other finish.

I think it quite becoming for clothes to keep to the dipping line that is longer at the back than in front since this cut gives the added length now fashionable while still keeping the short effect dear to all our hearts.

It is rumored that it will be quite novel to have a sports jacket or coat lined with the same wool of which the blouse is made, and to wear with this ensemble a narrow scarf wound around the neck, and tied at the back in a single knot.

The evening décolletes are higher than ever in front while they creep so low at the back that modesty may well be shocked.

Shawl collars tied in front are worn on dresses and seem quite modern although they may be traced way back. These shawls are in most cases long, pointed and made of fine lace. They cover the back down to the waist, over the shoulders and are tied in front with two short flowing ends.

Black and white, in smart gatherings, are considered of the utmost distinction. In a black dress may be inserted, on the shoulder, a white satin scarf. A pleated panel printed black on a white background is inserted in the middle of the skirt or on the left side.

Strands of curly hair are put more and more inside small bonnets, but, needless to say, when your own locks are long enough you need not use this stratagem. The daring ones find an advantage in it since they can be in the same day brunettes, blondes or even red haired. Do not shave your neck, do not cut your hair, just let it grow. If you do not follow this advice you will soon look old fashioned and when you finally decide upon long hair you will have to wait, since it only grows half an inch a month.

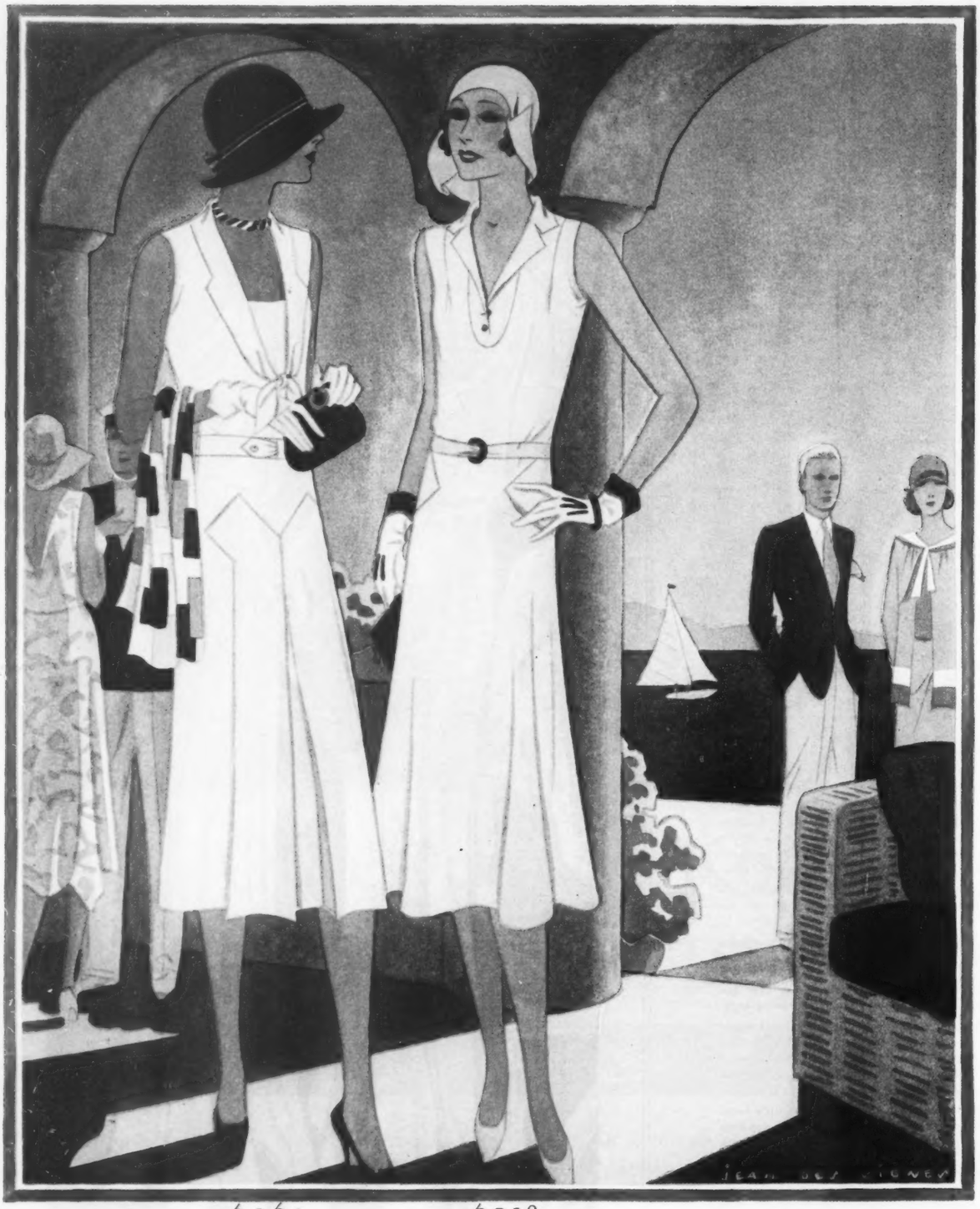
Listen to me and start right away . . . but then I have just noticed that I am beginning to mix hair with my cocktail . . .

THERESE CLEMENCEAU

No. 6057. The Patou silhouette is beautifully exemplified in a formal evening gown which has curved bands at the neckline and hipline, a short bolero and inserted panels lengthening the skirt.

FOR YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 162.



6062 6058

PRINCESS LINES FOR SPORTS ARE LOOSELY BELTED AT THE WAIST

No. 6062. A neckline that suggests both revers and a knotted scarf is a style feature of a sleeveless sports frock. Decorative seamings and box pleats give smart lines to the skirt.

No. 6058. In a simple sports frock, Lina Mouton combines seamings and circular cut to produce slightly fitted lines and a flaring hem. A narrow belt is at the waistline.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

6068 6064

No. 6068. A scarf knotted at the neckline is a soft becoming detail of a sports frock cut on straight lines and belted at the waist, with pleats to supply fulness in front.

No. 6064. The type of ensemble equally suitable for any hour of the day is attractively carried out with a short jacket and skirt of one material, and contrasting blouse.

SCARFS AND SHORT JACKETS
COMPLETE THE ALL-DAY SPORTS COSTUME

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

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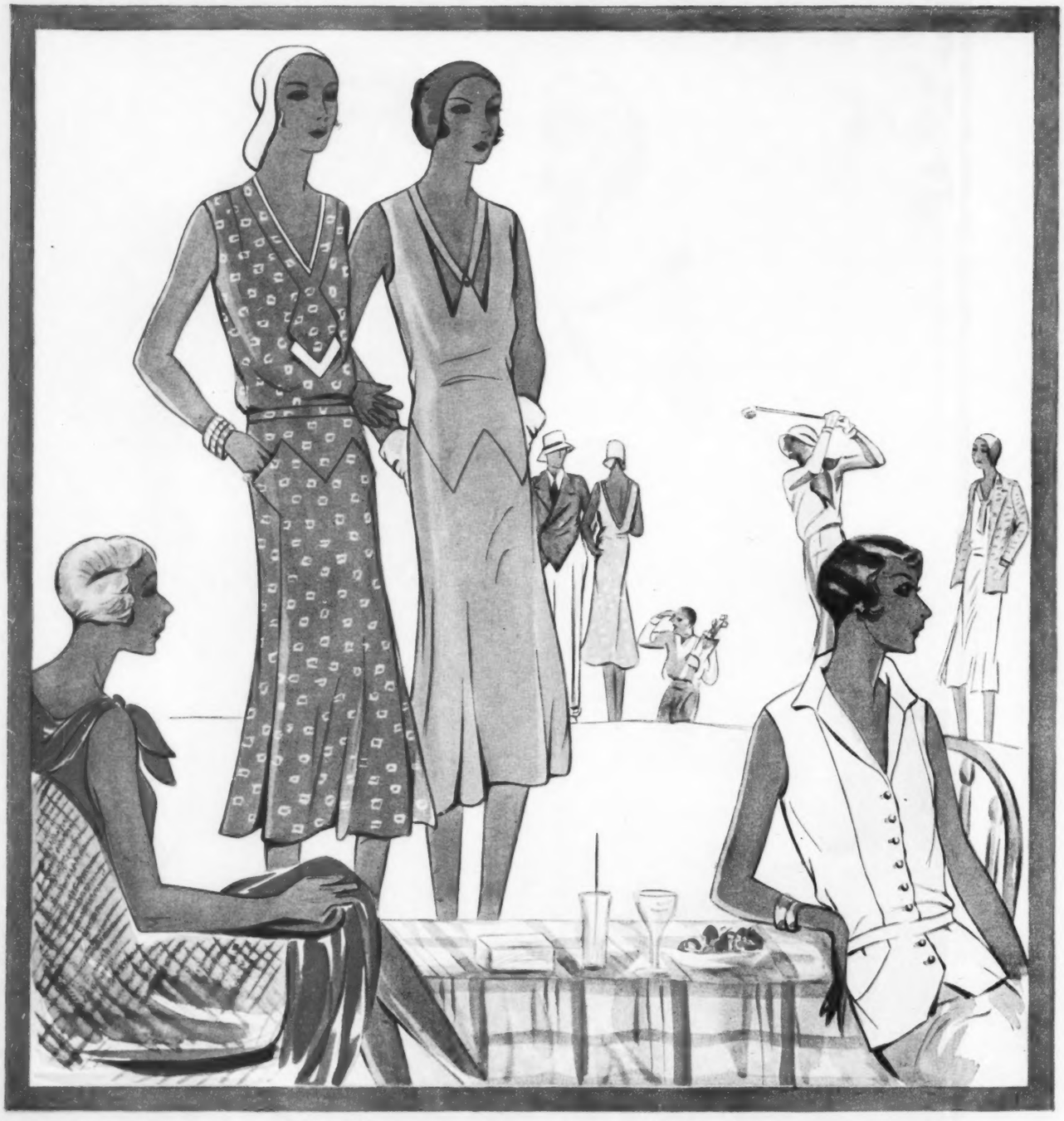

DRAWN IN COLOR BY BLANCHE ROTHSCHILD 6053 6051 6047

Paris Has Simple, Charming Ideas

No. 6053. A double jabot shaped in a point is Patou's way of accenting the front panel of a sports frock, pointed between two pockets.

No. 6051. An individual version of the suntan mode is presented by Lina Mouton in a low neckline made higher by narrow straps.

No. 6047. Smartly tailored lines are sponsored by Claire Any in a blouse which may complete an ensemble or top a sports skirt.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 161

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 162.

6051 6048 6054

For Sports And The Side-Lines

No. 6051. In the back, the sun-tan neckline of the frock shown on the opposite page is cut lower than in the front. A sash ties in a bow.

No. 6048. The new square treatment forms the effective theme of a sleeveless sports frock in neckline, tucks, trimming bands and pleats.

No. 6054. The three quarter length jacket is endorsed by Lina Mouton in an ensemble with skirt pleated at the side and sleeveless blouse.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

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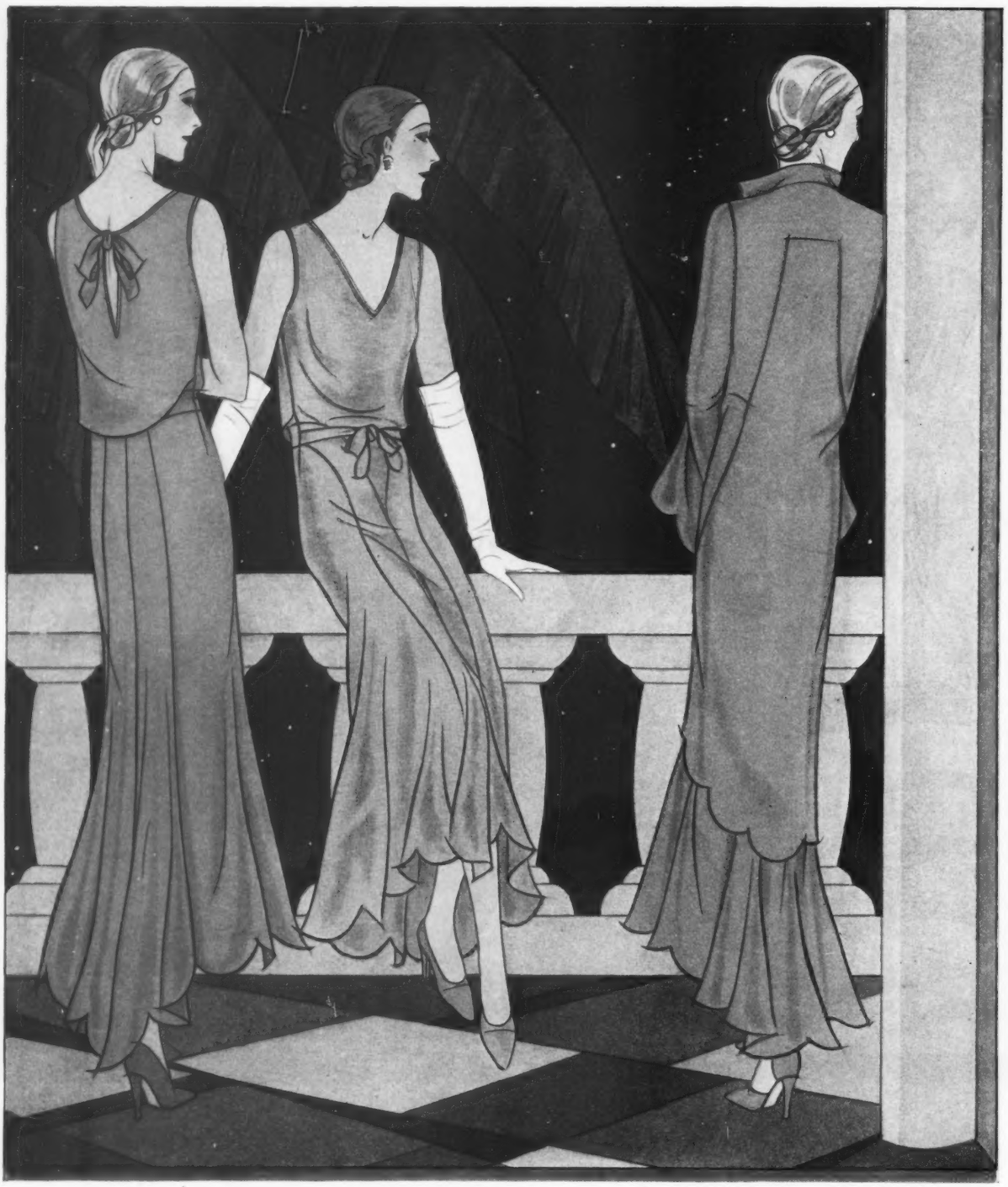


6052

THE SILK ENSEMBLE — A NEW STAR OF FORMAL FASHIONS

No. 6052. There is no lovelier representative of ensemble fashions than the formal frock made with a coat that matches it in line, color or material. In the frock of this ensemble, a short bolero in the back gives a graceful line to the bodice, and the skirt is cleverly seamed to remain slender to a low line and then flare. Patou emphasizes this effect by a coat, scalloped to match the hemline of the frock.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 162.

6078 6074

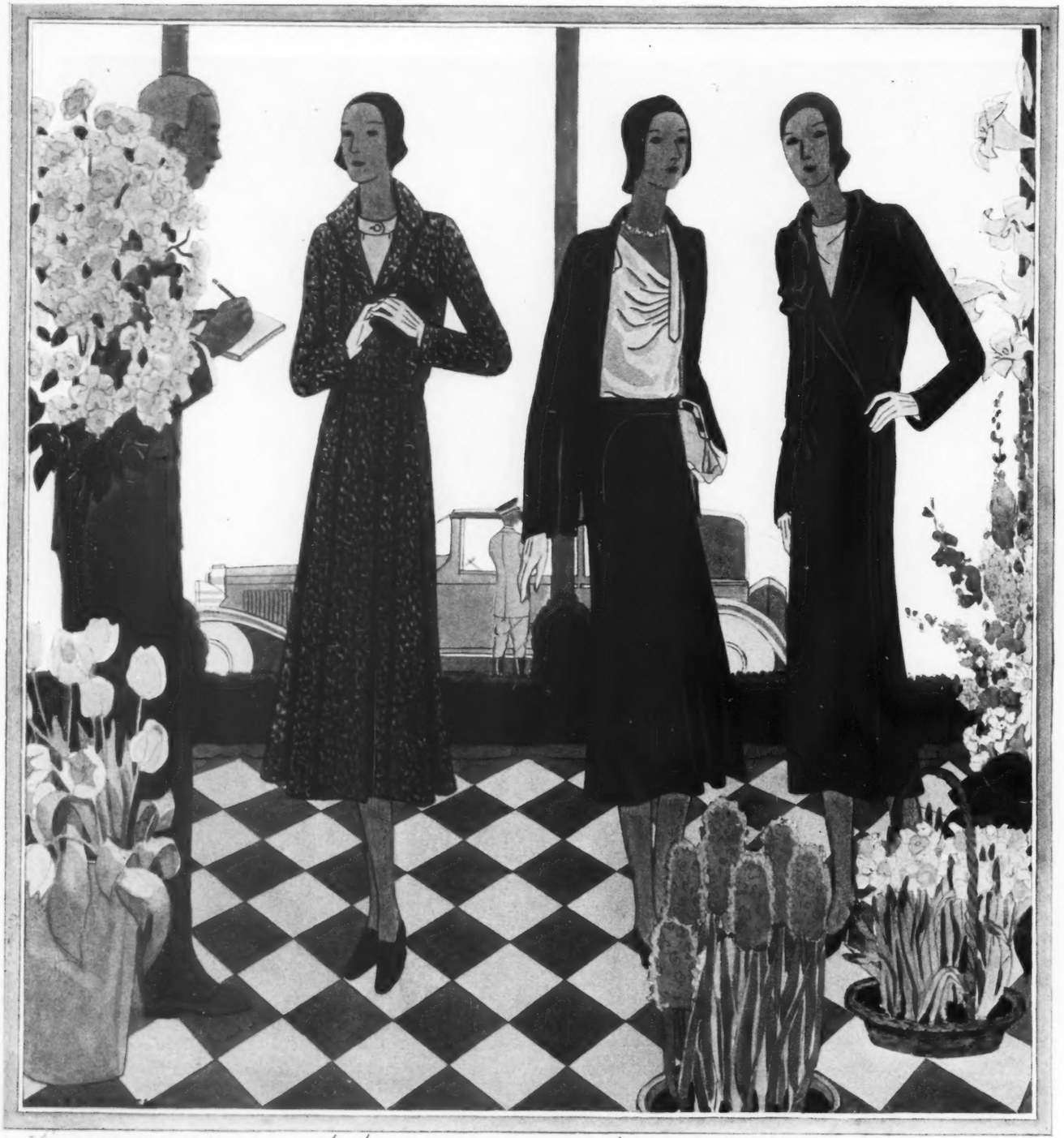
No. 6078. Widened shoulder lines are produced in a dozen different ways by French couturiers. A favorite way, shown in this frock, is to cut short kimono sleeves in one with a pointed yoke.

No. 6074. Another way of widening the shoulder line is by a short cape. A French detail that shows this cape in a very new arrival is the closing by means of ends that tie in a bow.

CAPES AND CAP SLEEVES DISTINGUISH THE FRENCH SPORTS FROCK

DRAWN IN COLOR BY BEN HUR BAZ

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163



DRAWING IN COLOR BY HELEN SMITH

6061 6059 6067

JAUNTY FLARES AND BELTS PLACED HIGH ARE COAT FEATURES · BLOUSES CONTRAST FOR ENSEMBLES

No. 6061. A coat for every practical purpose presents a tailored version of princess lines, loosely cut, and belted.

No. 6059. Maggy Rouff lends an unmistakably French air to a jacket ensemble by draping the neckline of the chic blouse.

No. 6067. The waistline is marked in a straight coat by a belt in the back and a seam in front. Bows form a trimming.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 162.

6049 6063 6049

No. 6049. Clair Soeurs makes the blouse short, sleeveless and contrasting. Worn with the skirt, it forms a two-piece frock.

No. 6063. Cape sleeves widen the shoulder line of a sports frock which has a trimming of large and small scallops.

No. 6049. The blouse and skirt shown opposite are completed by Clair Soeurs with a soft jacket to form an ensemble.

THE ENSEMBLE BLOUSE DISPENSES WITH SLEEVES • FROCKS COVER THE SHOULDER WITH TINY CAPES

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 162.

6065 6073

The Mode is Practical for Active Sports

No. 6065. A two piece sports frock has a tuck-in blouse shaped in envelope style at the lower edge. The skirt is joined to a yoke.

No. 6073. A spectator sports frock designed on simple lines has one of the new shoulder capes and a collar that ties in a bow.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 162.

DRAWN IN COLOR BY BLANCHE ROTHSCHILD

6066 6007

And Softly Becoming for Passive Spectators

No. 6066. This season's classic costume for active sports is a shirt with pleated shorts. The shirt is long enough to form an envelope.

No. 6007. A youthful sports frock consists of a tuck-in blouse worn with a suspender skirt cut slightly circular, attached to a yoke.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

TEA-TIME FROCKS FROM PARIS

No. 6055. The slender lines of an afternoon frock are accented by a strap down the front, continued by an inserted section.

No. 6056. Maggy Rouff interprets the new molded hipline by a crossed girdle slightly draped at one side and finished with a bow.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 162.

6050

DRAWN IN COLOR BY MYRA SOBEL

FLATTERING CAPES AND FLOUNCES

No. 6060. Pointed neck line and skirt joining are skilfully used by Lucile Paray in the chic frock shown on the opposite page.

No. 6050. Germaine Lecomte makes use of a flounce to widen hemline, suggest peplum and trim the cape of an afternoon frock.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

6076 5731 5605 6077 5586

First Lessons in French Chic

No. 6076. Style features of a simple frock are two pockets shaped to accent the lines of the circular skirt.

No. 5731. A favorite spring costume for a little girl consists of a one-piece frock worn with a cape.

No. 5605. The frock of an ensemble has a panel of pleats in the front, revealed when the coat is opened.

No. 6077. A grown-up fashion is attractively echoed in a little girl's frock with a scalloped shoulder cape.

No. 5586. A coat becoming to any small child is gathered to a round yoke fastened with buttons.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 161

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 162.

5567 5564 6070 6071 6075

In And Out of School

No. 5567. A small girl wears a coat with raglan sleeves and patch pockets, with a sectional brimmed hat to match.

No. 5564. For a small boy, a round sectional cap accompanies a smart coat with notched collar and slot pockets.

No. 6070. A little girl's sleeveless frock with a contrasting yoke and hem is decorated with an embroidered applique.

No. 6071. Typically French is a sleeveless frock trimmed with an applique motif, worn with a smart sleeveless jacket.

No. 6075. A serviceable ensemble for spring consists of a one-piece frock belted at the waist, and a short jacket.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 163

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 162.

A PAIR OF PETS FOR THE RUMBLE SEAT AND DOLLS FOR THE BOUDOIR THAT ARE FAVORITES

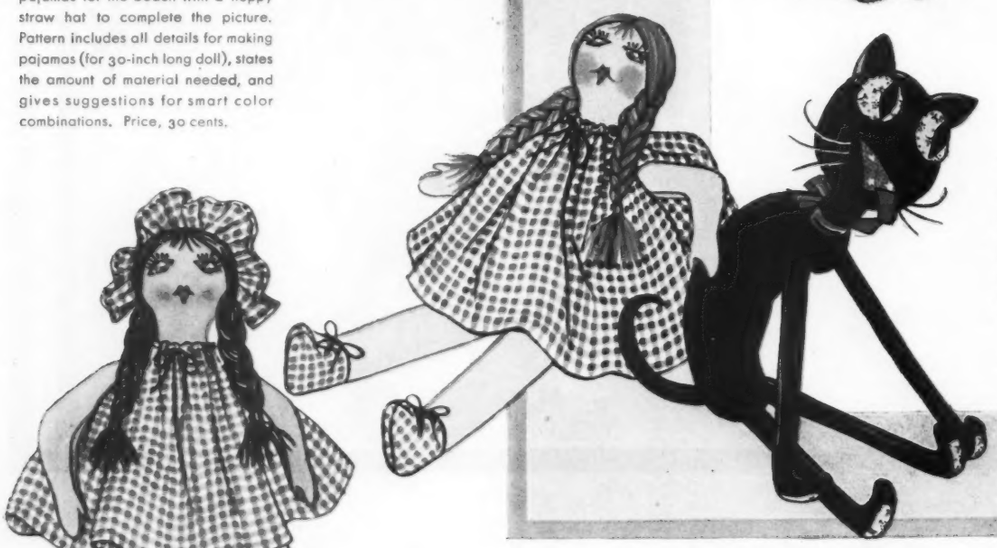
By Elisabeth May Blondel

1776

Even French Dolls follow the modern mode of pajamas for every possible occasion. Lounging pajamas for the boudoir, hostess pajamas for afternoons at home, or gloriously gay pajamas for the beach with a floppy straw hat to complete the picture. Pattern includes all details for making pajamas (for 30-inch long doll), states the amount of material needed, and gives suggestions for smart color combinations. Price, 30 cents.

1777

The lingerie of a French Doll (30 inches long) is every bit as smart as that of her sophisticated owner. She wears a dance set of crepe de chine trimmed with lace and rosebuds, with headband and garters to match, and a flatteringly feminine negligee completes her luxurious costume. Pattern gives all details for making. Price, 30 cents.



1774

The Gingham Girl, with stubby braids and flaring skirts, leads a life of high adventure. You are apt to find her the center of a gay group of college girls, or at the beach. It is such a smart idea to use bright yellow for the doll and lavender check for the dress, or any other clever combination. Easy to make following cutting pattern and directions for both doll and costume. The doll is 18 inches high. Yellow transfer for face. Price, 35 cents.

1772

This popular boudoir pair, "Cleo the Cat" and "Harry the Hound," are about 15 inches high. Their floppy ears, tongues, tails and dangling legs give them an amusing character all their own. They are elegant rogues when made in velvet, the gayest of rowdies when of bright prints, and are among those present in the smartest rumble seats, and at the most exclusive beaches. Cutting pattern, yellow transfer for faces, and directions. Price, 40 cents.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers or by mail, postage prepaid, from the McCall Co., Dayton, Ohio, at prices quoted above.

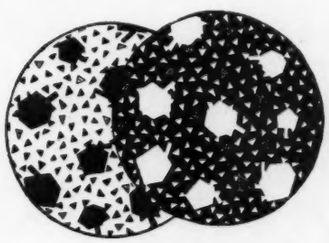
A RAYON VIEW OF THE MODE

Jade green transparent rayon velvet makes a slim wrap with cleverly cut elbow space. Worn over a fluttering, diagonally flounced gown of soft rayon lace In the same green. Dress and wrap from Kurzman

"Mouldette" by Carter, of flesh colored rayon, gives perfect princess lines entirely without the use of bones. Just as light and washable as a piece of lingerie. From Best & Company

Ombre striped shiki by the Hadlee Silk Mills. A luxurious modern rayon material that drapes beautifully while subtly combining in its vertical stripes a dozen tones of brown, blue and gray. Lord & Taylor

Bergdorf Goodman uses the dull side of a red and white silk and rayon satin print for the tuck-in blouse and skirt yoke of this piquant costume. The smart circular skirt is of fine, white wool crepella



"Twin Prints" in a smart modern geometric pattern of softest rayon can be variously adapted for skirt and blouse or dress and coat-lining ensembles. Beautifully suited to the draped styles of 1930. Duplan Silk Corp.

An intriguing evening slipper of antique gold rayon with a flower pattern in subtle tones of blue, green and henna. Trimmed in gold kid. Jay-Thorpe

The three graces of fashion—beauty, dependability, and economy—account for the brilliant success of the new textile, rayon . . . Man-made. Modern. With the soft sheen the new romantic fashions demand. And the clear jewel-like colors that cannot be equaled in the older fabrics. Whether she knows it or not, every smart woman wears rayon and uses rayon in her home, either by itself or in combination with wool, cotton or silk . . . From your new slim underthings to your newest velvet evening wrap, in your latest traveling case, in your curtains and upholstery—rayon plays a vital part.

RAYON

RAYON INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC., 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

MARY BRIAN, *intriguing Paramount star, in the delightful bathroom designed for her by a prominent New York artist. She says: "I find Lux Toilet Soap is pleasing and soothing."*

"Lovely Skin always wins hearts," say 45 Hollywood Directors

9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin petal-smooth this way . . .

"THERE'S more real *allure* in lovely skin than in any other beauty," is the conclusion drawn by 45 leading Hollywood directors.

As Victor Fleming, Paramount Director, says: "Lovely skin is all important to the screen star. Without it she cannot hold her public."

This is why, of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are so enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps the skin so smooth! All the great film studios have made this daintily fragrant, white soap official for their dressing rooms.

The Broadway stars, too, long ago made Lux Toilet Soap their own. And the screen stars of the European capitals are now as devoted to it as are the American stars!

You will be charmed with its gentle care of *your* skin, too. Order several cakes—today.

MYRNA LOY, *Warner Brothers' star, has no fear of the close-up. "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin so beautifully smooth," she says.*

Lux Toilet Soap

First sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway—and now the European Capitals . . . NOW 10¢

LEFT-OVER MOTHERS

[*Continued from page 21*]

As she did not answer I asked another question. "Does Addie ever correct your grammar?"

"Does she?" The lips of Addie's mother set in a straight line. "She does it all the time. She *works* at it!"

"Do you let her see that you don't like it?"

"I guess she knows that, all right."

"Why don't you like it?"

Addie's mother looked at me patiently, but as one who regrets past confidences. She appeared to be wondering why she was wasting time on me.

"I've got enough to stand without having my mistakes rubbed in," she said at last.

"You ought to take it," I assured her. "You ought to take it and like it. You ought to eat it up and learn from it. Why don't you see that Addie is trying to help you? She's trying to build a bridge for you to cross over to her."

After a time she began to see. A suggestion of the old light flashed in her wet, red eyes. We talked for an hour. Persons are always asking one's advice. Few listen to it when they get it, and fewer take it. But Addie's mother was desperate. She was also naturally intelligent; though she still cherished the tradition of the infallibility of parents and their divine right to their children's love and respect. But she was open-minded and between us we worked out a constructive plan. First, a straight talk between Addie and her mother. An appeal to Addie for patience, understanding, and help. A promise to Addie of patience and work on the mother's side, acceptance of Addie's help and a grim determination to profit by it. The use of some of those spare hours for self-help as well as for cooking and housekeeping lessons. More attention to dress, to hair, to finger nails. Second, an intimate talk with Addie. The suggestion of certain points that Addie has not grasped. Addie came to see me. She was open-minded, enthusiastic, ready, she said in her new business vernacular, to give her mother "a hundred per cent of coöperation."

THE reader may stir restively at this point. He may still be of the opinion that Addie is a selfish little beast, unfit to kiss her mother's shabby shoes; and that she ought to be educated to the point where she can appreciate her self-sacrificing parent. There is something to be said for this point of view, no doubt. But it is not the answer to the problem of Addie and her mother nor is this problem theirs alone.

On the contrary, it now is a very common problem and one which exists all around us, in the homes of countless bewildered Addies and mothers of Addies on different levels of life.

The higher education phase of this problem is its newest element. For thirty years or more women have been meeting similar phases of it. Most of us can remember some such outbreaks as this, a quarter of a century ago, as well as last week, among our laundresses and our seamstresses.

"The worst mistake I ever made was to send my Nelly to high school. Her education ain't done a thing for her but put highfalutin' notions in her head. Now nothin' in the flat is good enough for her, an' she finds fault with me an' with her father all the time. I ought to have put her right from the grade school into the factory, an' believe me, I'm doin' that same with her brothers and sisters!"

We can and did answer outbursts like that by mentioning to Nelly's mother and her fellow rebels that Nelly's education had not gone far enough to include balance and a sense of values.

ALL of us have watched dozens of instances in which children have come home from college consciously or unconsciously bringing woe to their families. A case I have just followed is that of a factory employee and his wife who sent their daughter to college. They had another child, a son, who followed in his father's footsteps and is now a successful young working man with a wife and children of his own. He has no fool notions, according to his mother, and he is therefore a great comfort to his parents. He helped to educate his sister and now he feels, with his parents, that her family has lost her. For the sister, who graduated from a woman's college two years ago, came home with a head "full of fool notions" according to her mother. Like Addie, she had made good. Lucy, (we'll call her that) obtained a situation with an excellent salary, and settled down in the flat with her father and mother. Almost immediately "the fool notions" came into play and life together grew intolerable for the three.

The mother was not a good housekeeper. She was the type who left in her train a trail of brooms and mops and wet cloths. In response to the bell she went to the door in soiled aprons and with wisps of hair hanging untidely from under a messy cap, and in such costume she admitted Lucy's callers. Dishes were thrown on the table "any way," and the father ate in his shirt sleeves and was fond of sitting around home in his stocking feet. Lucy is not an intellectual snob. She is a really nice girl. She had accepted the fact that her father and mother were not educated; but after four years away from home she could not accept the messiness and untidiness of the home atmosphere, and she did not feel that she ought to do so. At first she hoped that her father and mother would let her change and improve that atmosphere, but they saw no reason for doing this. They met her suggestions with the familiar domestic slogan, "It's been good enough for us all our lives and what's good enough for us is good enough for you." When Lucy pointed out that they themselves must have felt that it was not good enough for her, as they had sent her away for better things, they pointed out that the better thing they wanted for her was "schooling." They had not supposed schooling would "spoil her," make her a "stuck up girl and an ungrateful daughter," as it had done. They were genuinely hurt, puzzled, and resentful.

Unfortunately most of the children are not tolerant, understanding, or patient. They are young, and being young they are selfish. To their elders their criticisms seem impertinences. Lucy struggled with her individual problem for a year. She had no one to help her and the wall between educated youth and uneducated middle-age was very thick. Like thousands of

[*Continued on page 115*]

An admired grace of line and contour

SEEING the new Ford as it speeds along the broad highway or parked proudly beside the cool green of the Country Club, you are impressed by its flowing grace of line and contour. There is about it, in appearance and performance, a substantial excellence which sets it apart and gives it character and position unusual in a low-priced car. To women especially, its safety, its comfort, its reliability and its surprising ease of operation and control have put a new joy in motoring.

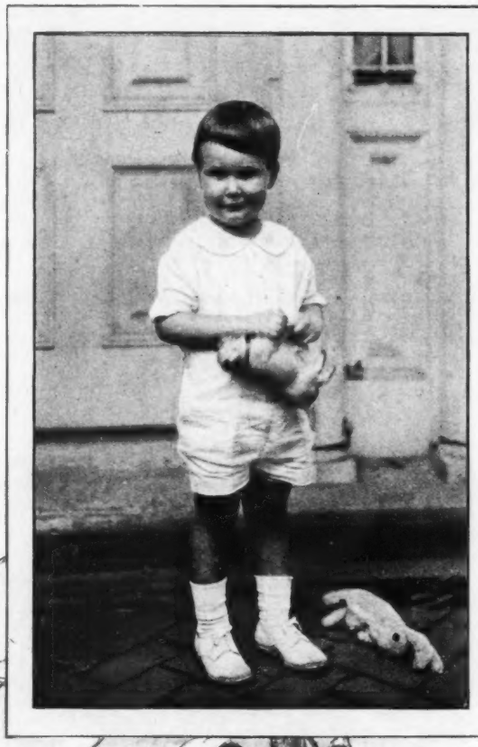
THE NEW FORD COUPE

Charles A. Van Rensselaer, III, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Van Rensselaer, of Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York. The family was among the first Dutch settlers of Nieuw Amsterdam and Albany, and is one of the oldest in New York

Round red cheeks and bright blue eyes for little

CHARLES VAN RENSSELAER, III

His mother starts his daily schedule in a way that specialists advise



Though so young, Charles is already an excellent swimmer. Mrs. Van Rensselaer wants him to be adept at every outdoor sport

He's very gay . . . and not awfully far removed from roly poly—this little chap with the fine old Dutch name, Charles Van Rensselaer, III. He lives in a hundred year old white clapboard house—with Dutch tendencies—at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

There's everything to interest a little boy—coasting on the hills near home in winter, swimming at the Piping Rock Beach in the summer. And, always, his wise little Sealyham, Nellie. Charles' duties are light—as a four year old's should be—but he loves to help his mother pick flowers for the house. There's a beautiful formal garden and one with informal planting . . . old fashioned climbing roses . . . and all sorts of old timey perennials.

It's an outdoor life to keep a little boy stalwart, and Charles' high spirits and perfect health promise well for his future well being.

He lives with simple, pre-school child routine in charge of an excellent nurse, and supervised by a pretty young mother whom he thinks of as a very charming playmate.

Quite regularly, for breakfast and supper, Charles eats with gusto the cereal mothers look upon as the children's own—Cream of Wheat. The famous child specialist who advises the boy's parents prescribed it for him when he was only three months old—and Charles loves it. "I try to pay attention to every health habit," says Mrs. Van Rensselaer. "Cream of Wheat has always been part of our program and I think it has a lot to do with keeping Charles so sturdy and well."

For breakfast and for supper Charles eats hot, cooked cereal and is especially fond of Cream of Wheat

The Van Rensselaers' physician is just one of many leading specialists who consider Cream of Wheat ideal for children.

Recently we asked 221 distinguished men of the profession their opinion about cereals. The inquiry was made in four great cities—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Toronto. *Every single one* of these physicians answered that he approved Cream of Wheat.

The reason is easy to see and careful mothers know it. Cream of Wheat is extraordinarily rich in energy and, with its simple, granular form, amazingly easy to digest.

To give your youngsters a fine start for the days ahead of them, make a regular practice of this simple, protective care in the mornings—a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 796,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT G-40
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Name of Child.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here——

CREAM OF WHEAT

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LEFT-OVER MOTHERS

[*Continued from page 112*]

her kind she grew weary of trying to make herself heard through it. She undoubtedly made herself a nuisance to her father and mother, but there was no open-mindedness here as there was in the case of Addie's mother. Lucy came up against limitations her parents did not recognize. When she talked about order it was as if she talked about colors to a man blind all his life. Her mother was a hard worker in her way, constantly scrubbing, washing, sweeping; but incurably disorderly about herself and her home. She could not get on with the maid Lucy installed and paid. She could not or would not understand what Lucy was "everlastingly fussing about." At the end of a year equally unhappy for all three Lucy moved into an apartment with a girl friend, leaving a lonely and hopelessly bewildered father and mother behind her.

"That college ruint her," said Lucy's father. "She was a level-headed girl before she went there."

"There was no pleasing her," said the mother who had not made one real effort to meet Lucy's newfangled ideas.

"If they wanted me to stay exactly as I was why did they send me away?" Lucy demanded with equal resentment and bewilderment. "Why did they fit me for something better than I had and then make a tragedy of it when I wanted the things they had made me want? I'd have met them half way," she added drearily. "If they had made the least effort to help me I'd have stayed on. But it was all hopeless."

Possibly Lucy did not try hard enough or long enough or patiently enough. We must educate the Lucys, too, teaching them first of all that more is expected of them than of their mothers in the new adjustment because more has been given to them. But Lucy's summing up is the answer to the problem in a nut shell. Lucy wanted help, and a get-together movement; but her parents could not or would not see it, could not or would not meet her half way.

YOU may know daughters who have been educated above their families and who have remained unspoiled by the process. So do I. I know two of them—one a successful journalist, the other a brilliant stage star. Both buoyantly announce to new friends that they "came up from the soil." Both are deeply devoted to their families and make constant visits back to homes whose standards are far below those of their present lives and associates. They obviously enjoy these visits and are enjoyed by their families. But it must be remembered that these women, and probably those you have in mind, and countless women like them, are living their own lives in their own way the greater part of every year. Their visits are matters of days or weeks, and love can carry them safely through these periods. What they and their families would experience and endure if they were together all the time is quite another question, and that is precisely the question we are considering here.

The answer, as I have said, is Lucy's and Addie's "get-together movement;" but this cannot be carried out until mothers and daughters are given a certain outside help. No two human beings can get together and keep together unless both of them are willing to move in the same direction, and this must be the first lesson impressed upon them both. The higher education of daughters must be followed by a higher education of parents, especially of mothers. Mothers may safely be counted on to pass on to fathers any interesting discoveries they make in the matter of human relations.

IT IS not the time to tell these pioneer mothers, as some authorities have been doing, that in educating their children they must face not only the financial struggle of doing so, but they must be prepared to go all the way, that they must even be ready for divided paths in later life. We can point out the need of maternal minds open to their young's point of view. We can almost promise that the widening paths will converge with the passing years, that their daughters will attach less importance to small things and will gain a better sense of values with experience. They may also have children of their own, and the education that comes from that great human experience. We can assure mothers that a certain progress is possible to every human being, and reassure them by adding hurriedly that they will not be made over into college professors or society matrons. Incidentally, we can with perfect truth assure the mothers of the Addies and Lucys that they are not alone with their big problem. Every type of mother in every walk of life is facing it too. With them the problems may not be so academic. They may not all have to do with elementary questions of domestic life. But they certainly have to do with differing standards, with questions of taste, and with the ability to meet wisely the impatience and intolerance of youth.

The situation of Lucy's mother and her kind is more tragic than that of her sisters who are better-off solely because the latter are better fitted to meet it. They have had more experience, larger opportunity, and they are in a position to find help and greater wisdom than these can from friends around them. This is the sort of help Lucy's mother and her kind need and find it so hard to get. It is the kind that must be supplied to them.

In what form? First of all, perhaps, in a more comprehensive college course on human relations, for the benefit of the Lucys and the Addies. In night schools, if necessary, for Lucys' and Addies' mothers. In lectures at night school. It is at least as important that uneducated women should learn something about human relations and some understanding of their daughters' rights and viewpoints as that they should know our constitution, our language and the market prices of our foods. Such education can go on through pamphlets distributed at doors, if necessary. Best of all, through lessons in newspapers and magazines, in novels and in the drama—those painless forms of education for the general public.

As to the specific character of the education, it should make clear to mothers, first of all, their need of progress and open-mindedness, and next the fallacy of their cherished tradition that

[*Continued on page 116*]

ELEVEN MEMORABLE DAYS

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for $70

YOU might be tempted to call it "a mid-summer night's dream"... light wraps for motoring after sundown and for comfort listening to Hollywood Bowl "Symphonies under the Stars"; blankets tucked under your chin ten nights out of eleven! Yet, that is Southern California in summer — and you won't need your umbrella!

Close-by ocean beaches invite daily swims. Trips to Hollywood, Old Spanish Missions, High Sierra glaciers, ocean islands, Yosemite, the Orange Empire, nearby mile-high mountains, ocean barge fishing. Novelty... almost endless.

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OH, DEAR . . . ANOTHER GRAY-LOOKING WASH! I'M GOING TO 'PHONE THAT WASHING-MACHINE MAN AND FIND OUT IF I'M USING THE RIGHT SOAP FOR THIS HARD WATER

No wonder millions use these rich, safe suds

for whiter clothes—in tub and washer

MORE than 32,000 demonstrators use Rinso to help them sell washing machines. For they know from experience how white—how *snowy-clean*—Rinso gets clothes.

"No wonder the demonstrator used Rinso in my new washer!" declares Mrs. T. B. McCauley, 3815 Seventh St., Des Moines, Ia. Mrs. McCauley is only one of *millions* all over the country who have been astonished to see what a difference Rinso makes.

"Those good rich Rinso suds make clothes whiter than I've ever seen them," says Mrs. W. F. Rhodes who lives at 1708 Fourth St., Altoona, Penna.

The makers of 38 leading washing machines recommend Rinso every time. They know!

For tub washing, too

Rinso's marvelous suds make the hardest water soft as rain. You need nothing but Rinso on washday — no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Rinso alone gives you rich, active, *lasting* suds.

How those creamy suds loosen dirt! Tub washing is so easy now. All you need to do is soak and rinse for the whitest, brightest wash ever. No scrubbing, no boiling...*clothes last much longer.* Your hands are spared, too.

So economical!

Get the BIG package of Rinso. It's wonderfully economical. Cup for cup it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps, because it is granulated and *compact.* Use it for dishes, pots and pans, floors, woodwork, *all cleaning.*

And *of course* for the weekly wash! There's nothing like it.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

The 'no-work' soap for hard or soft water

LEFT-OVER MOTHERS

[*Continued from page 115*]

maternity necessarily includes superior wisdom.

Nor should such education be confined exclusively to the mothers on our lowest economic levels. Theirs is the most crying need of it; but as I have already intimated, the woes of far more sophisticated mothers and daughters are almost equally poignant. In innumerable homes the relation which should be and often is the most beautiful in life is destroyed by conditions each side feels powerless to change. But these mothers and daughters are not isolated on individual and lonely isles as Addie and Lucy and their mothers are. On the higher levels there are usually observant and understanding friends who can and do help, by acting as mediators; and the mother in comfortable financial circumstances has learned her lesson of patience and tolerance before the acute need of it comes up.

UNTIL she was twelve my daughter Jane thought I was absolutely perfect," the sanest woman I know—a college graduate herself—confided to me the other day. "Even after she got into the prep school she still thought there was a good deal to be said for me, though during her vacations she kindly pointed out a few imperfections. But since she has entered college there's no question that her father and I and her home are all wrong. It's very chastening," she added with a sigh that changed quickly to a smile.

"How are you taking it?" I asked with interest. "I mean, how far are you going toward meeting her ideas?"

"Just as far as we possibly can without losing all our independence," Jane's mother briskly admitted. We sent her away to learn and she is learning. She is younger and more up-to-date than we are. Why should we resent what we ourselves have brought about? Of course we have to sit on her sometimes and show her what a little idiot she is; but as a rule I can appreciate her point of view. She is in the vanguard of the young movement of today and the young are moving fast. We elders have got to make an effort to keep up, or we'll lose them altogether." But are you sure you want to go where they're going?" I ventured.

"I want to go where Jane's going," Jane's mother assured me, "if only to make an effort to keep her somewhere near the middle of the road."

It is never too late to learn. No mother need continue to be a thorn in the side of a progressive and ambitious daughter. To some degree, at least, every woman can improve if she wishes to do so; and the youthful heart is hard indeed which fails to be touched by her efforts, or refuses to give her help. But of course most of the effort must be made by the mothers. The intolerant young will not stop long, and least of all will they turn backward. Wherever they are going they are on their way—selfish, fearless, indefatigable, often lonely, but always alert for any experiment, any adventure, along the road of life. It is not the timid mothers, or the resentful and the bitter mothers, or the unprogressive mothers, who will help to keep them near the middle of that road.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

the purpose, the necessity of pain, wretchedness, adversity, Christianity alone is eloquent. It alone explains; it alone knows the secret of suffering; it alone knows that what men call evils can be, and are meant to be, blessings from the hands of a merciful Father to enrich and ennoble and elevate those who in prosperity forget the true end of life, and the fact that 'here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come.'

"Yes, the skeptic, the cynic, can understand the suicide who, too cowardly to face misfortune, ends his life with a bullet; but only the Christian can understand the heroism of the man who, seeing naught before him but adversity and sorrow, refuses to turn his back upon it but meets it calmly, content to stand on his guard till his Master calls and his General sounds the signal for retreat. It was Christ alone who taught the true office of pain; it is only His religion that understands the value of suffering.

"Men forget God; we run after baubles; we misread the meaning of life. Without pain, without sorrow we would neither desire nor seek the highest truths, which joy hides from us as sunlight hides the depths of the sky. But pain dispels the dream and wakes us up. From being almost gods, swollen with vanity, we are brought to our proper place. We are taught humility, a sense of dependence, and the fact that our very breath is a gift of the Creator.

"In sorrow we learn the truth that the way of life leads through the Cross and Passion , to the Resurrection; through pain to eternal joy; through suffering to purification and peace. This is what our holy religion teaches: Manfully to bear the burden that is sent us in whatever form it comes, knowing that it is meant to draw us away from evil and lift us nearer to God. No one knows our nature as God knows it.

WHILE we live here below we are called upon to meet all misfortunes with Christian fortitude, not to rebel against life, turn cynical and sour, like a poor soldier; but in sickness as in health, in adversity as in prosperity, in pain as in joy, to stand as Mary did, trusting God. So shall we come at last to the land where there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; for the former things are passed away."

Simply, directly, tenderly, a great Christian leader shows us the way in which the Christian faith meets and wins victory over the ills and woes of life. It is in striking contrast with much of the thought of our day, which reads the tragedies of life as the blows of blind fate or the whims of chance, without reason or meaning or hope. The one is hard and hopeless; the other radiant and triumphant.

"If I could have but one electric home labor-saver ...*I'd keep my Thor Speed Iron*"

HUNDREDS of women will tell you that! We know. We've asked them the question: "If every electrical home labor saver but one were taken away from you, which one would you keep?" Almost invariably they answer: *"I'd keep my Thor Speed Iron."*

No wonder this remarkable new machine is called the greatest home labor saver ever invented.

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Hand ironing by old methods is by far the hardest job left in the home. It's the job that does most to ruin the health of women. It's the cause of untold backaches, tired arms, exhausted bodies. You, madam, know how true this is.

Now comes relief in a workless speed-method that thousands upon thousands have turned to. A method that has the hearty approval of leading home economists, women writers, and housewives everywhere. For it takes *all* the work and drudgery out of the hardest task in the home. It spares women priceless health. It saves precious hours hitherto wasted. It does better work. It irons everything.

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Please send me illustrated literature describing the Thor Speed Iron, new Thor Washing and Ironing Machine and name of a nearby Thor dealer.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF ELECTRIC HOME LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT

"Love apple" flowered crepe frock and smart straw hat from Hickson, Inc. Pull-on gloves by Fownes. Complexion by Armand.

when you choose your new clothes consider your new complexion!

STYLES are still on the change! The fascinating "feminine mode" launched by Paris last season gathers momentum. Everything today is different: hemlines — waistlines — necklines. Even *complexions* have stepped into style in a new way!

Your skin must have a mellow, creamy tone — it's more feminine — more fascinating!

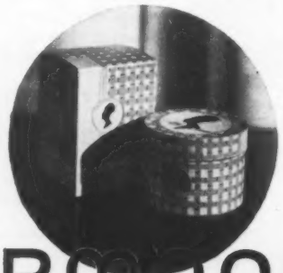
Today your skin must be thoroughly alive—pulsating with health. The color-tone must be natural—like lovely feminine curves. Only the richer blend of Armand Cold Cream Powder can give this mellow beauty. It films the face in fairness.

Choose the shade that suits you best and rub the powder first into your puff. Then slowly, carefully, smooth this film over face and throat. Patience in doing this will reward you with a freshness that lasts for hours! And a creamy beauty that's most becoming.

At night, purge the pores with Armand Cleansing Cream. You'll love the way it melts in, then wipes completely away, leaving no greasiness—just the fragrant sweetness of its orange blossom perfume.

Armand products assure the complexion perfection that the new clothes demand! Ask for Armand at toilet counters.

Armand Cold Cream Powder, in becoming new shades, $1. Armand Cleansing Cream, 50c and $1.25.



ARMAND

CLEANSING CREAM COLD CREAM POWDER

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SUSANNA WESLEY

[*Continued from page 20*]

the place since celebrated in Christendom as the scene of their joint labors for nearly forty years. An Eighteenth Century English country parsonage suggests idealized pictures of a rose-covered Queen Anne house of warm red brick, handsome and commodious, with flower-covered lawns, woods and paddocks, and fertile glebe lands lying around it. To be frank, Epworth Rectory was a shabby, rambling, dilapidated structure, built of timber and plaster, and thatched with straw.

IN THIS half-tamed and wholly uneducated nook of England all Susanna Wesley's children save one were born. Here some of them died. In the adjoining Church which cuts the skyline with its ancient tower they were baptized, and in its churchyard the dead of that family circle are buried.

In 1701, a grim year for their remembrance, only a dollar and a half could be scraped together, and this had to go for fuel. The barn fell down, the house burned up, the row of little graves in the churchyard grew longer, the debts swelled enormously. The writings on which the Rector lingered so laboriously could not find a publisher.

Political animosity alienated those who could have relieved the situation.

"Renouncing the world" is the last sacrifice many parents of today dream of imposing upon themselves. Mrs. Wesley had the faith and courage to make it to the utmost. She robbed herself of health and ease to enrich her children.

During twenty years she bestowed the prime of her splendid womanhood's powers upon their development in knowledge and religion. No reward on earth was then in sight, but it came later, pressed down and running over. Her home was the birthplace and the shrine of a world-wide faith.

Their's were the short and simple annals of the poor, interspersed with black days and blacker nights when there was no money in the house; where food, clothes, and coal were wanting. While Wesley was fussing with his clerical assemblies, his poems, and the commentary on the Patriarch Job, his wife devoted herself to the care of the farm, the parish, and the family.

When John was born on June the 17th, 1703, and Charles followed in 1707, she began to make full proof of her amazing abilities as a trainer and a teacher. For John in all essentials was his mother's son, and Charles, who was only kept alive by the utmost pains, soon rendered promise of his superb genius as a hymnist. Many modern mothers will question the possibility and even the wisdom of Mrs. Wesley's far-famed domestic regime; but it should be judged by its results. And it is only just to say that it was the growth of necessity rather than a preconcerted arrangement. Her own modesty is extraordinary: she did not suspect any unusual educational bent in herself; and her son John had to exercise considerable pressure to induce her to set down in writing an account of the methods she practiced. They were so effectual that every child responded to its training and at least three, if not four, became scholars of distinction.

It may be charged against her Spartan code that it blighted the merrier side of family life and made the days at the Rectory an ironclad round of detested obligations. But the charge is disproved by numerous allusions which reveal the benign grace which suffused Mrs. Wesley's ways of motherhood and housewifery.

Charles, the youngest boy, was growing up in a cheerful and normal manner, unvexed by religious doubts and fears. The daughters were their mother's chief companions, but under the unpropitious circumstances of their life they were forced to turn their attention to matrimony as the sole means of relief. John was the one who was looked upon as a providential child. His education progressed rapidly. His mind, one of the ablest of the time, expanded, like flowers in the sun beneath his mother's leadership. He entered Charterhouse School in 1714 and there acquitted himself with infinite credit.

Upon the completion of his studies John Wesley was appointed Chaplain to the settlers in Georgia; and Charles had been asked to accompany him as the Governor's private secretary. At first they declined the adventure. But Mrs. Wesley, unbroken by her trials or her widowhood, urged them to undertake it. "Had I twenty sons I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more," said the intrepid woman. Her boys had already been dubbed "Bible Bigots," "Bible Moths," "Sacramentarians," "Methodists," sour hypocrites, and killjoys, by the dissipated students of their University.

The name "Methodist" was destined to stick, and is now honorably borne by ten million members and twenty million adherents in the United States alone. Evidently to Mrs. Wesley's sanctity had been added the gift of prophecy.

THEY went to Georgia only to return disillusioned and disappointed, broken in body and greatly depressed in mind. During the critical years when they were but preparatory, she was their stay and strength. After John had come under the influence of the Moravian teachers, she advised him and Charles about their change of doctrinal emphasis. They could not get beyond her depth, or deal with theological mysteries to which she was unaccustomed. With characteristic caution she bade them go forward to attain a new spiritual consciousness while clinging to the divine realities which time had verified. Startling tidings reached her in her retirement that John, the pride of Oxford, was preaching in the open air, and Charles willing to do likewise. Her eldest son, Samuel, the dignified, law abiding clergyman, and Master of Tiverton School, could not credit the story. No Wesley, as he supposed, would violate the customs of the Established Church by preaching anywhere outside her sanctuaries. He did not recall the One who preached on the hillsides and in the valleys of Galilee and Judea.

The Revival spread from coast to coast; and every conversion added to the renown of their mother. At last she had entered her rest, and her beatification was begun in the crusades of her children.

Let the taste-test *prove* "There's a Reason"

"Here's a helpful reason"

No fussing. No trouble. Grape-Nuts is ready to serve, ready-to-eat.

"What a reason this is!"

Grape-Nuts, specially baked, is exceptionally easy to digest.

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No. 445—A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. Smart-looking extended front design. All around covering of apricot mohair with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Kroehler non-warping frame of finest hardwood. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slight extra cost. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a three-piece suite where desired, $63

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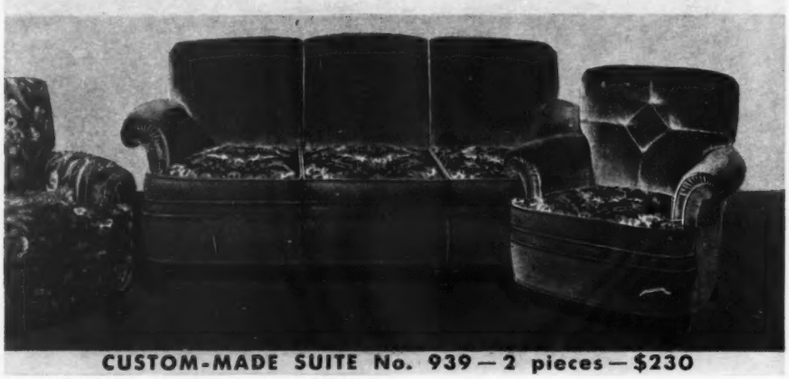
All previous ideals of living room furniture value have been completely revolutionized by these three new and amazing Kroehler Value Standards. Study them carefully.

Each of these specialized groups offers a maximum of quality at the price. Adopt them as your buying guide—as your basis of comparison—and no cheaply built, *false face* furniture will ever find its way into your home.

A typical suite from each of these new Kroehler *super-value* groups is illustrated, described and priced. Please note that, irrespective of the price you select, each piece in each group has the two basic features for which Kroehler quality construction is famous everywhere.



CUSTOM-MADE SUITE No. 939—2 pieces—$230

No. 939—*Kroehler's finest quality.* Luxurious sofa and button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich silver taupe mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slightly higher cost. May also be had in a choice of many other attractive coverings. The two pieces, $230. Lounge chair No. 8956 in figured green tapestry, $75

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No. 237—Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality line. Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other beautiful colors. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame and patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to harmonize, where three pieces are desired, $48.50

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KROEHLER

LIVING ROOM FURNITURE & DAVENPORT BEDS

IN MINIATURE

[*Continued from page 4*]

year old son, is a fine place for a home. There are wide fields which are hidden under cotton in midsummer. There are cedars and magnolia trees, and beyond, the river winds and bends. Separated by a strip of woods are the negro quarters. Sounds carry. Everything is still and powerful with life. She can hear them, at night, singing, quarreling, praying.

"Aren't you afraid of it?" I asked her.

"Afraid?" she repeated. "What is there to feel afraid of? I am a part of the rhythm and movement of life; the land in the South feeds us while we live, and when we die we return to it. I'd be afraid in the city. You can't be a part of a brick wall or a stone pavement. Things are defeated in the city. The wind cries to me like a defeated thing when I am in New York. In my home, it tears down trees. The city sun is defeated; everything is competition, noise and noise. On our plantation there is no public opinion. We can be what we like, think what we choose. We must make our own standards, our own codes. The black people do not read, but they think. They have amazing wisdom. That I am a novelist means nothing to them—they think of me merely as 'Captain's wife' or 'young Captain's mother'. Where I live it is quiet and deep and elemental."

She turned suddenly to me. She has a way of saying things so easily and so aptly that they might be mistaken for ordinary scraps of conversation. But they are true and profound; they defy refutation or pat wisecracks. What can one say to such things as this: "All fundamental things are quiet—love, birth, real hate . . . And death doesn't make a noise."

WORDS AND MUSIC

[*Continued from page 26*]

to Yolanda for help. The devoted foster-daughter takes the queen's place, is discovered, denounced by the king, repudiated by her betrothed, and forced to marry her supposed seducer. The queen dies, but by an operatic miracle returns to life long enough to confess her sin and announce Yolanda's innocence. The final curtain finds Yolanda, conveniently widowed, back in the arms of her first love.

To call a work "promising" always sounds fearfully patronizing. Please understand, therefore, that to apply that term to Mr. Loomis' score is by no means to underrate its very considerable virtues. It is well adapted for the stage; it follows the action, enhances it without hindering it, and its vocal parts are, in general, so written that the singers can use their voices without sacrificing the intelligibility of the text. What I missed in it was any very searching expressiveness, and the long lyric sweep that characterizes operatic music at its best. But Mr. Loomis undoubtedly possesses the one gift without which no operatic composer can hope to survive: an instinctive grasp of the qualities that make music effective in the theater. The average first opera makes one hope never to see the second. Mr. Loomis has assured himself of at least one auditor for his next.

The production was one to be proud of. Its salient feature was a triumphant exposition of a fact that Mr. Rosing has so thoroughly grasped: that opera is a branch of the theater. Under Rosing's expert direction his young singers moved about the stage like actors in a play. When they walked, it was with the gait of human beings, not the elephantine one-foot-up-and-one-foot-down of opera singers. Their gestures were those of life, rather than the bosom-thumpings and boy-scout wigwagging of operatic tradition. And, wonder of wonders, they actually looked at the persons whom they were supposed to be addressing, instead of dividing their attention equally between the orchestra and the gallery. Deserving of mention were the acting and singing of Charles Kullman and John Moncrief as Amaury and the King, respectively; the excellent diction of Harriet Eells as a lady villain; and a well-sung, plastically beautiful, and touchingly-acted performance in the title rôle by Natalie Hall.

The orchestra might have been larger—it could not cope with the full company. For its size, however, it was good, and thanks to some ingenious scoring by Mr. Loomis and Isaac Van Grove's conducting, gave an admirable account of itself. The scenery was by Robert Edmund Jones; which is another way of saying that the seven scene sets demanded by the action were distinguished by poetic and imaginative atmosphere, fine design, and exquisite color and lighting.

In one way *Yolanda of Cyprus* is particularly significant. The qualities of its production prove that at last the American opera composer has a native market for his wares. In the American Opera Company he will find an organization that can cast an opera with excellent native singers, play its music adequately, mount it beautifully, and stage it with complete dramatic effectiveness. What more does he want?

APRIL SHOWERS

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The Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

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It is ever so much better to miss a few parties than risk being a fagged-out bride

THE WEDDING DAY

By EMILY POST

The engaged girl who is soon to be married should already be planning the details of her wedding besides the announcements, invitations and the like. On page 124 the Service Editor has listed a set of reminders for the wise bride-to-be. Next month Mrs. Post will discuss the arrangement of church and home weddings.
—The Editors.

THE only engraved invitations most of us will ever use are wedding invitations. Whether the wedding is to be small or the biggest and most elaborate possible, the correct wedding invitation is precisely the same. Engraved in whichever lettering the bride prefers it reads as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Mary Maude
to
Mr. Henry Blake Jones
on Tuesday the fifth of April
at four o'clock
Trinity Church

It is not necessary to answer an engraved church invitation unless you are also invited to a reception or breakfast after the ceremony. You are obligated in no way to send a present. Of course, if you would like to acknowledge the invitation you may do so, or you may go to see the bride later or send her a present, according to your own inclination. All the guests invited to the house, whether friends of the bridegroom or of the bride, are supposed to send presents to the bride. The invitation to the reception (if it is to be of any size at all) is engraved on a card which is half the size of the once-folded wedding invitation and reads:

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith
request the pleasure of your company
on Tuesday the fifth of April
at half after four o'clock
100 Elm Avenue

Of course, the invitation to the reception is enclosed with the general invitation to the ceremony.

The wedding announcement merely informs the recipient that a marriage has taken place to which the recipient was not invited. Its wording is explicit:

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith
have the honor to announce
the marriage of their daughter
Mary Maude
to
Mr. Henry Blake Jones
on Tuesday the fifth of April
one thousand nine hundred and thirty
Cleveland, Ohio

But there is absolutely no compliment in receiving an announcement. It means that your name is included in the list of acquaintances of the bride's or the groom's family. It is a notice of convenience so that you will know that Mary Smith is now Mrs. Henry Jones.

One detail of invitations and announcements is important to notice. The bridegroom has Mr. prefixed to his name. But the bride is never Miss when invitations or announcements are sent out by her family. Miss is prefixed to the bride's name in only two cases: first, if the bride has no relatives and the wedding is given by friends. Then the invitation reads:

Mr. and Mrs. John Jones
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of
Miss Betty James
to
Mr. John Kane Otter
on Saturday the tenth of April
at twelve o'clock
at St. George's Church

Or, in the second case, where the bride has no relatives she sends out announcements with the bridegroom:

Miss Betty James
and
Mr. John Kane Otter
have the honor to announce their marriage on Saturday the tenth of April
One thousand nine hundred and thirty
Omaha

We can understand that in every case except the two exceptions given,

[*Continued on page 124*]

ELINOR GLYN *Says*

"*Wives..Keep the Trousseau Habit*"

By ELINOR GLYN
Famous Writer on Romance and Marriage

SOME WIVES KEEP ROMANCE IN MARRIAGE FOREVER—ISN'T ONE SECRET THE TROUSSEAU HABIT?

HOW to hold a husband's love—keep romance in marriage—that is the problem put up to me constantly by innumerable wives.

Can it be done? Fortunately the answer is yes. How? By being always feminine — charmingly, colorfully, daintily feminine.

But first of all you yourself must feel your own daintiness, womanliness, before you can impress others.

One of the surest ways for a wife to gain perfect confidence in her dainty, lovely femininity is to wear charming lingerie and negligees.

Wonderful colors, soft, shimmering materials, lace-edged underthings! They just make a woman believe in herself—feel her inherent charm as a woman.

If a woman but keeps all this loveliness at its very best—as beautiful as when it came, new, from its tissued box, she is captain of her fate—irresistible.

Because she believes in herself, she makes others believe in her. Confidence is contagious.

Keep Colors Charming

But, women tell me, it is so difficult to wear lovely underthings always and keep them looking as wonderful, as colorful, as when they were new. Frequent washing (and we must be dainty) takes some of the lovely color and charm out of the garment.

To this I reply, that is too often the case, but it need never be so if women faithfully use that invaluable product, Lux—which is made especially to cleanse without disturbing the vibrant loveliness of the colors. If a garment is safe in clear water alone, it is just as safe in Lux.

Let Your Surroundings Reflect You

And not only should you express your femininity through the effect which dainty underthings have on you — as well as directly through the magnetism of color in your frocks and accessories, such as gloves, scarfs, handkerchiefs — but by your very surroundings. Even the curtains and draperies, the slip covers and pillows in your living room, form part of the magic spell that reflects YOU. And here, too, Lux is invaluable.

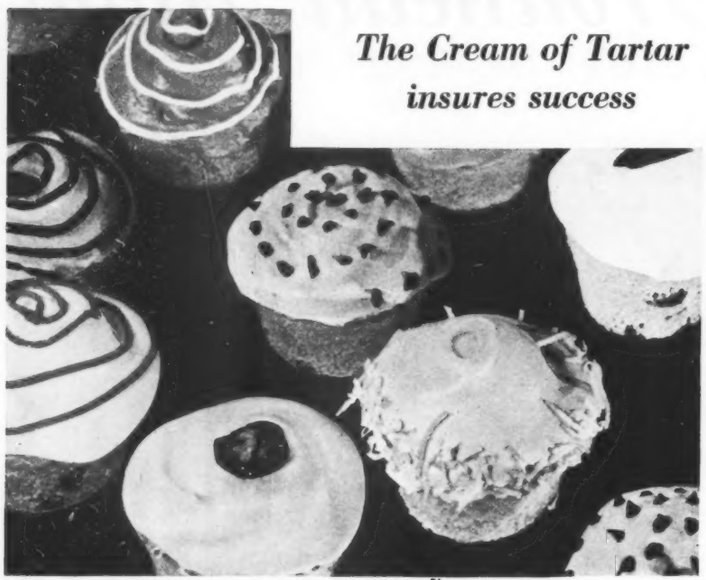
After 12 Lux washings — every thread in place—silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. The garment retains all of the charm it had when new.

After 12 washings with an ordinary good soap — silk fibres a little out of place — lace damaged. Lustre slightly impaired, color lifeless, dulled.

if it's safe in water . . it's safe in **LUX**

Anyone can bake these light, tender cup cakes . . . with ROYAL

The Cream of Tartar insures success



Nothing "plain Jane" about these delicious cup cakes! Pertly topped with their fluffy frostings, they're quite at home even at the most formal parties.

And they're so easy to make . . . with Royal. Even if you're new at the baking business. The reason is—Cream of Tartar.

This precious ingredient insures perfect results every time. Makes all your cakes unusually light and tender . . . with an extra fineness of flavor and texture that lifts them far above the ordinary.

Cream of Tartar is a pure fruit product. Made from the luscious grapes grown in southern France. Remember—when you buy—that Royal is the only nationally distributed baking powder that is made with Cream of Tartar.

For your next bridge tea or Sunday supper, make Royal cup cakes. Serve them frosted . . . or warm from the oven, lightly sprinkled with powdered sugar. Either way, they'll put the stamp of success on your party!

MASTER RECIPE FOR CUP CAKES: Cream thoroughly ⅓ cup butter; add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating well. Add yolks of 2 eggs and ½ teaspoon vanilla extract, and beat well. Sift 2 cups flour with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder* and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add to first mixture 1 cup milk, a little at a time, alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Bake in greased cup cake tins, or in paper baking cups, in moderate oven at 375° F. about 25 minutes. You'll find many delicious frosting recipes in the Royal Cook Book.

***Be sure to use Royal, for which this recipe was planned.**

Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Absolutely pure.

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THE WEDDING DAY

[*Continued from page 122*]

the invitation comes from the relatives of the bride and she is *their* daughter Betty or *their* niece Betty Brown. The bride's last name is included if it is not the same as that of her relatives who issue the invitation.

The greatest compliment possible is to be invited to a wedding so small that the invitations are written or given verbally by the bride herself. Many people seem to think that an invitation to the most elaborate wedding and reception is the highest compliment. But the truth is that the bigger the wedding the less in proportion is the compliment of an invitation. Obviously, it is far more desirable to be singled out as one of twenty friends than to be merely one of two hundred acquaintances.

The most treasured wedding invitation is written by the bride:

Dear Alice:
John and I are to be married here at home on Tuesday the fifth at four o'clock. And of course we want you and Dick and the children, too, to come.
Affectionately,
Mary.

Or she can *say* the same thing to her friends; but a note is better, not only because more courteous, but because her friends cannot mistake the hour and day when it is put in writing.

MORE HELPS FOR THE BRIDE

By THE SERVICE EDITOR

AFTER she has made sure that her invitations and announcements are under way, the bride-to-be should get a small notebook, a loose-leaf one is good, in which she can write, on one side of the page, a description of her wedding gifts and, on the opposite page, the names and addresses of the donors. It is never safe to plan on saving the cards which come with gifts. Sometimes they are so small that they are easily mislaid and frequently they lack an identification mark of any kind. A bride may find, if she does not see to it that the wrappings and addresses of the senders are carefully put down, that she has cards from two "Dorothys." There is nothing more embarrassing than discovering, after the excitement of the wedding day, that you cannot remember which "Dorothy" gave you the cold meat fork and which gave you the set of brass candlesticks.

IF THE bride plans to take her honeymoon immediately after the wedding, she should ask some member of the family to look after the presents that come during that time. If she is to be away longer than a fortnight, this member of the family should write short notes of acknowledgment to the donors saying, of course, that the bride will thank them herself later.

There are bound to be duplicates among the wedding presents. It is perfectly permissible for the bride to exchange a duplicate for something else. If, for any reason, the donor of the present should discover that it has been exchanged, the bride must be perfectly frank about it and explain the situation tactfully and pleasantly. Duplicates in wedding presents usually come from people who live far from the bride's home town—relatives or friends who have had no opportunity to consult the bride's family as to her preferences. It is silly for anyone to be offended if the bride exchanges her duplicate presents.

The wise bride who looks ahead should not be in too much of a hurry to exchange useful household equipment. There is always the chance that she will have a summer home and may be very glad to have extra kitchen utensils or electrical devices for it.

In giving such things as silver and linens the bride's family and friends usually consult her wishes as to pattern and style. Even if the main set of silver is of one pattern, it does not matter much if a few of the accessories do not match.

If the bride has decided on the color scheme of her house, then linens and bathroom equipment given her at showers should fit into this scheme. If she has not yet made any plans about interior decoration, the safe plan is to give a rainbow shower, that is, to give towels and the like in a variety of pastel shades. The wise bride will not hesitate to tell her family as much of her plans as she sees fit. It will help them in the selection of gifts and in telling friends who inquire about what she wants most.

It is easy in the excitement of preparing for a wedding to forget many of the small details that pile up so alarmingly as the day approaches. The bride-to-be who has made a real effort to think of all these everyday details beforehand will be much happier as she faces life with her husband.

Though it may be difficult, it's best to refuse invitations when they come too close together. If the bride's family shows no sense of responsibility for the bride's happiness, then the girl herself must be firm and make up her mind that she will do as much as her energies will allow and no more.

An excellent plan is for her to tell her friends that she cannot accept any invitations after a certain date, allowing herself some days in which to regain her lost energies before the wedding. It is ever so much better to miss a few parties than to risk being a fagged out bride.

AS IN the case of prenuptial festivities, so the bride-to-be must not undertake too much in fitting out her house or apartment. It is foolish to imagine that one must have every chair and table in place and all the household equipment in apple-pie order before the bridal couple moves in. If there is plenty of time and money to do this, it is, of course, all to the good. But it is much more fun to add to a house piece by piece.

The leaflets, "Bridal Showers" and "Parties for the Bride" are available for those who wish to entertain the bride-to-be. For these booklets send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter, and address the Service Editor, McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

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The NEW ESSEX *Challenger*

is engineered to women's taste in smoothness, comfort and beauty

Women on the engineering staff have contributed a major engineering development in the creation of the new Essex Challenger. It is what women want in a motor car—as women themselves see it. There is challenging interest in the car thus fashioned for you.

Here are women specialists in color and design. They ride and drive cars as you do. They have similar social, business and style requirements.

Because of these women specialists the New Essex Challenger is smarter in appearance, longer, wider. You will enjoy greater roominess, natural seating posture.

"Frocks and hats must not be crushed," was the first commandment. Hence there is plenty of head room. You don't have to squeeze in behind the wheel. Three in the rear seat won't crowd. Operation is simplified. Starter button on the dash saves scuffing dainty footwear. Only details, but the sum of many such details is the difference between mere transportation and a thorough joy and pride in the ownership of your car.

Essex performance supremacy challenges again in greater degree than ever. Speed is greater. There is more power. Getaway is even faster. For women want performance and the assurance of power for any situation.

When you drive the New Essex Challenger you will observe a smoothness and comfort altogether new in this field. It contributes a great deal to enjoyment to drive with relaxation. To shift gears easily, smoothly, quietly. To operate pedals with a light touch. To steer effortlessly. To park so easily. And whether shopping, calling or cross-country driving to arrive fresh and refreshed, with no marks of the traffic battle on nerves or temper.

You will be delighted with Essex beauty. Interiors are luxuriously finished. There are eight models, and a wide choice of colors, at no extra cost, to meet your own good taste.

It challenges the attention of all as a brilliantly different car. It challenges the smoothness and comfort of any car. And, in value, it challenges all that motordom offers. It remains at a price all can afford.

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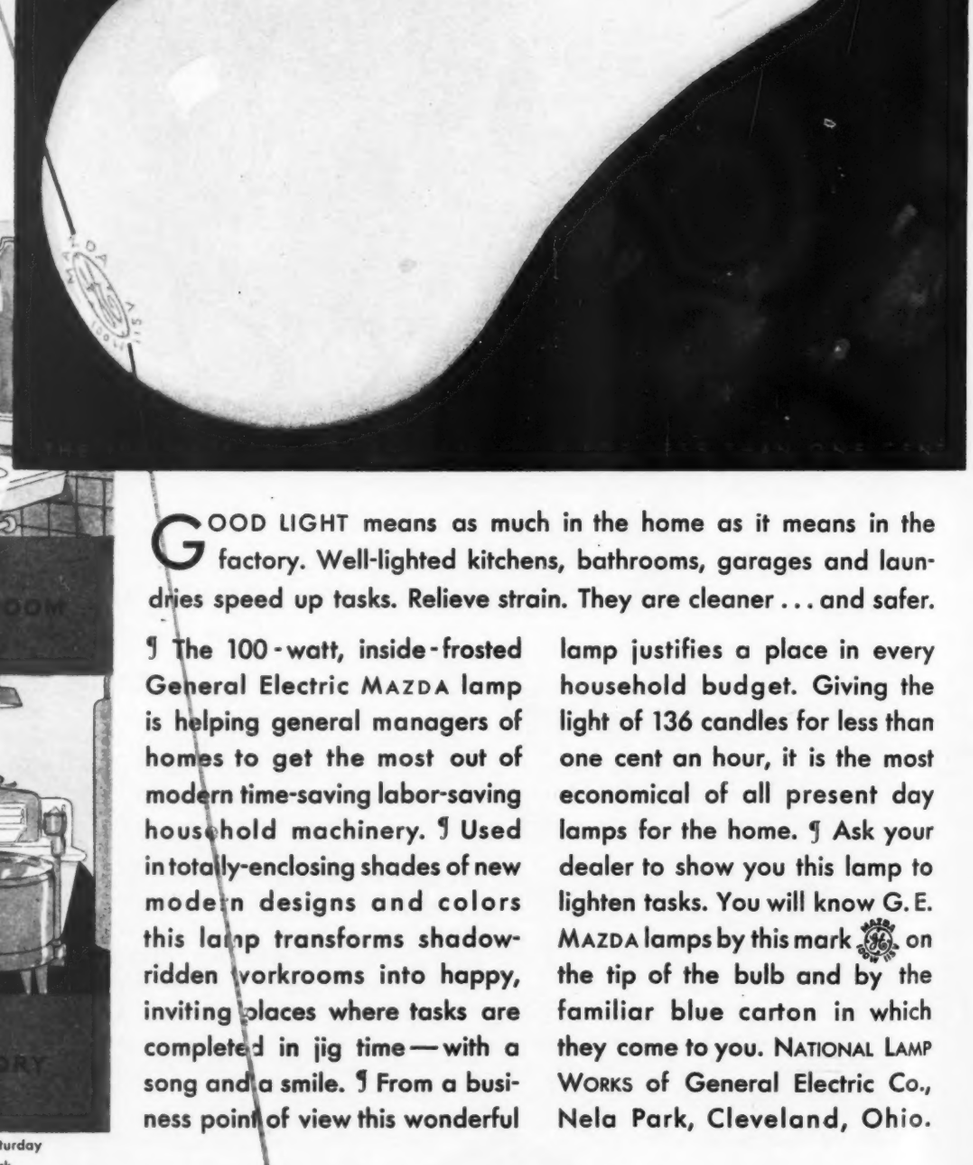

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MAZDA LAMPS

If storm clouds are gathering an effort should be made to turn the child's interests in another direction

THE WHYS AND HOWS OF DISCIPLINE

Punishment has become the last resort of wise parents

By LILA KLINE and ELIZABETH DEXTER

He may tumble down stairs if he does not learn that the warning "stop" should be obeyed at once

IN THE days of our grandparents, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was taken as a literal maxim. The reaction now seems to be in the opposite direction. For we have not been entirely satisfied with the old-fashioned idea of rearing children. Children brought up in fear and trembling in their turn usually become tyrants or spineless people, daring nothing and accomplishing nothing, or over-indulgent parents who make up for the injustices of their own childhood by spoiling their own children.

In many cases the pendulum may seem to have swung too far toward laxity and indulgence. As a matter of fact this is true only of parents whose discipline is so inconsistent that the child loses respect for his mother and father or feels that he is cannier and stronger than they are.

In a study made recently in a child guidance clinic in a large eastern city it was found that the complaint of disobedience far outdistanced all other complaints from both parents and teachers. How, then, can children be taught to obey? We know that a continual conflict does exist between parents and children. How can a parent hold the respect of his children, keep them obedient, and, at the same time, not interfere with the most satisfactory development of the child's personality?

Perhaps it is not entirely possible. Perhaps a slight indication of rebellion is a healthy sign. Certainly not many of us can recall children who never disobeyed or who did not at times resent being forced to surrender to the will of someone else. Most of us have smouldering recollections that sometimes our parents were in the wrong. If he is forced to give in too often, injury is done to a child's pride and self-respect.

THE child should be led to choose voluntarily to do the thing which the parent has decided he should do. When such a situation arises most parents feel only that the child must not get beyond their control. They do not realize that once the child's pride is involved in securing his own way, a battle of wills must ensue. The outcome of such a conflict cannot be entirely satisfactory. The humiliation to the child if he gives in is likely to lower his healthy self-respect and make him feel the necessity of compensating in other unsatisfactory ways. Whenever possible, a child should be offered a choice when rebellion seems unavoidable, except in the routine for the young child. If he refuses to take his nap, he should be offered the choice of taking it or going to bed earlier that night. If he sees an outlet which will save his pride, he will give in more readily than we expect.

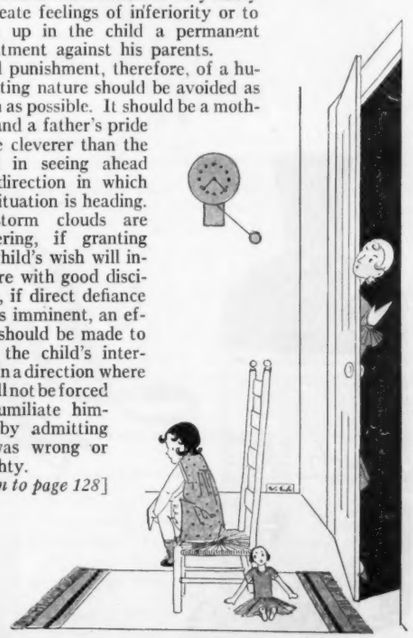
The matter of choice should be wisely handled so that the child is not confused as to the issues involved. One mother complained to a children's behavior clinic that her little boy of nine was stealing money from her purse. He helped himself whenever he wanted it though he never took anything from other people.

She explained that when Jack took the last five dollar bill from her purse and spent it on candy and movies, she had said to him, "Well, Jack, now that you have chosen to spend your money this way, you cannot take the automobile trip you were planning to take with your father this weekend." She allowed him to believe that under those circumstances he had had the right of choice. Is it surprising that the child was not respecting his mother's purse when she confused him with such a statement as this, which amounted to saying, "You have chosen to spend *your* money this way."

We all seek a better understanding of child psychology so that we may find out how children can be trained to become happy and efficient members of society with the least injury and the greatest benefit to themselves and others. Punishment is very likely to create feelings of inferiority or to store up in the child a permanent resentment against his parents.

All punishment, therefore, of a humiliating nature should be avoided as much as possible. It should be a mother's and a father's pride to be cleverer than the child in seeing ahead the direction in which the situation is heading. If storm clouds are gathering, if granting the child's wish will interfere with good discipline, if direct defiance seems imminent, an effort should be made to turn the child's interests in a direction where he will not be forced to humiliate himself by admitting he was wrong or naughty.

[*Turn to page 128*]



If a child is made to sit on a chair it should never be for more than a few minutes at a time

The world now uses over 7,000,000 gallons of "Lysol" a year

to prevent the spread of infection

SEVEN MILLION GALLONS! That's nearly six *billion* teaspoonfuls of "Lysol" Disinfectant—the usual unit of measure in making up "Lysol" solutions for the killing of germs.

St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, one of the oldest in the country. In such famous institutions "Lysol" Disinfectant has been used to prevent infection for 40 years.

These figures will give you an idea of the part "Lysol" plays—all over the world—in the regular disinfection of hospitals and homes and in the practice of feminine hygiene.

The weight of medical opinion is that nothing has yet been found to take the place of "Lysol," the standard for 40 years.

Its strength is stable. It does not lose its potency on contact with organic matter. And so powerful is "Lysol" that one little drop will kill 200,000,000 of the dreaded typhoid germs in a quarter of a minute—or 125,000,000 of the B. staphylococcus p. aureus, the pus in boils, abscesses, etc., in the same time.

But, despite this high germ-killing power, "Lysol" is non-poisonous to humans when diluted according to directions.

"Lysol" reaches you in highly concentrated form. It *must* be diluted with water. Therefore, you get many times more for your money.

The coupon below will bring you two booklets of value to every woman—"Keeping Sickness Out," and "The facts about Feminine Hygiene." They are free.

A Suggestion: Many women now keep two bottles of "Lysol"—one for general cleaning, one for personal cleansing. It's convenient and it saves steps.

Sole distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

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Please send me, free, your booklets, "Keeping Sickness Out," and "The Facts about Feminine Hygiene."

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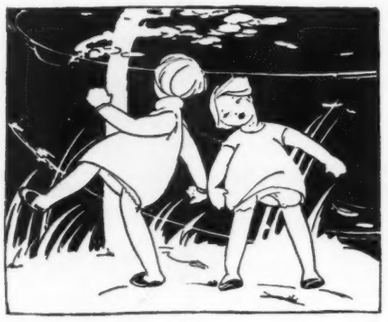
THE WHYS AND HOWS OF DISCIPLINE

[*Continued from page 127*]



But for his own safety it is essential that the young child be taught to obey first and to question afterward. He may tumble down the stairs or in front of a passing automobile if he does not learn that the warning "stop" should be obeyed at once.

Remember that a child always acts with a purpose. It is his way of trying to secure his own satisfactions and to serve his own needs. We should always try to discover what he is trying to seek through his behavior. A child reared in satisfactory surroundings should find enough satisfaction and happiness so that he *wants* to behave.

THE aim of a wise parent should be to make his children feel as free to express themselves in his presence as they do in his absence. Rules of discipline should be few and simple. Here are some memorable ones:

1. Arouse in the child a sense of team play, and arouse in him a pride in being helpful and a desire to grow up and accept more responsibilities.

2. Always treat a child with respect. Never laugh at or make fun of his questions and mistakes. A child never forgets such humiliations. To treat a child's ideas or mishaps lightly is to teach him to be secretive or to take his confidences elsewhere.

3. Be sure that your child respects you. Dr. Van Waters of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court maintains that: "It is natural for the child to follow one whose personality has grown beyond and to resist one who is arrested at some childish level similar to his own."

4. Once a command is given, see that it is carried out. Always mean what you say to a child. A child is quick to detect from the tone of voice whether or not his parent means what he says or if he is to be given another chance. If the parent relents and says, "Well, just once more then," the foundation has been laid for many such future scenes. The child will not forget the one time when a half hour of pleading wore down his parent's defenses; he will gladly spend hours to win his own way again.

5. Discipline should never be left in the hands of one parent. It should be divided equally. Too many children look upon their father as the one who pays the bills and spanks them, and upon their mother as the one who will always love them and take their part. a person they can take advantage of so long as father is away.

6. Never tell a child that he is naughty or bad. Instead, let him know that his behavior is childish or babyish. When he is told that he is a bad child, he is bound to develop feelings of guilt and shame which are unhealthy and will hamper his development.

7. Rewards for good behavior or for special achievements should be avoided except in rare instances. The children should learn gradually that real satisfaction lies in the spiritual value of accomplishment itself.

8. Never give vent to your own impatience and bad temper by punishing your child. Never punish while angry. When parent and child are angry, the punishment becomes a conflict of wills. Always there should be a talk with the child to be sure that he understands why he was punished. Many child training experts believe that this talk should be made before the punishment is given. This is particularly true of young children who, after punishment, are likely to forget what they have been punished for and show no interest in the explanation. An effort should be made to get at any resentment which the child may still bear. If the child's explanation justifies his conduct, the parent should be willing to admit his own mistake to the child.

9. The conversation about the punishment should be impersonal and as free of emotion as possible. At such a time, if the parent pets a child, the parent puts a premium on misconduct.

Experience teaches us that no one escapes punishment for his misdeeds. If parents are too lax in their discipline it often means that punishment is delayed. But such a child grows up into a spoiled, nervous, egocentric per- who gets his punishment later on from the hard knocks of life. As much as possible we should prevent our childr from being forced to pay the price of our own shortcomings.

THE type of punishment a parent chooses must depend, of course, upon the individual case. Physical punishment should be used very rarely and, when used, should warn the parents that somewhere along the route his methods of training have been weak and unwise.

Any punishment, either physical or psychological, should be brief. If a child is sent to bed or made to sit on a chair, it should never be for more than a few minutes at a time. Punishment which lasts over hours or days undermines the child's security and self-confidence. Since the aim of parents should be to give the child security, not to deprive him of it, it is easy to see why punishment should be brief and to the point.

There are very few children of normal intelligence who will not respond well to understanding and wise training and if parents will remember that both the excessively timid children and excessively bold, defiant children are displaying reactions to feelings of inferiority, and that the difference lies only in their *manner* of expressing this same feeling of insecurity and unhappiness, they will, in their deeper understanding, deal more wisely with their children.

Cultivating Beautiful Hands on just 3 minutes a day

Busy women are finding Many Advantages in the new Cutex Liquid Polish

Hazel Rawson Cades
Good Looks Editor
Woman's Home Companion *says*

"WELL-GROOMED hands are an absolute necessity if a woman is to look well-groomed and attractive. The whole appearance of the hands may be altered by skillful manicuring.

"Make-up for finger nails depends not only on what you like, but also on how you look. Color gradations in polish are adapted to practical and conservative fingers as well as to the exotic and decorative.

"I use liquid polish because it stays on longer and keeps my nails looking better than any perfunctory buffing. Liquid polish should be applied smoothly with a tiny brush in three strokes, making the last stroke in the center heaviest to give the deepest tone. Leave the half-moon and white tip of the nail free of polish.

"After filing, scrub the fingers in warm soapy water. Cuticle should never be cut if you can avoid it. A method largely in vogue with a great many women is the use of cuticle remover. This is applied with a cotton-wrapped orange stick, the cuticle is gently pushed back, the dead, loosened particles wiped away and the fingers rinsed. In cleaning the nails always work from the center out to each side, never straight across."

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.

Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser, around the base of each nail to remove dead cuticle. Then use fresh cotton—freshly saturated—to cleanse under each *nail tip*. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. The new Cutex Liquid Polish that protects and flatters the nails.

Remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish evenly from the half-moon toward the finger tip.

As a finishing touch, use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tip to enhance the radiance of the polish.

At the Beauty Salon in the fashionable SHERRY-NETHERLAND HOTEL, New York City, where smart women entrust the care of their loveliness, they say:

"Our patrons are all exquisitely groomed women who insist on the newest and best manicure preparations! These fashionable women prefer Cutex Liquid Polish because it keeps their hands exquisitely groomed from one manicure to the next. They enjoy the natural flattering accent of its radiance and the assurance that it does not peel or discolor. And they like the gentle way Cutex Cuticle Remover moulds the cuticle and brings out the half-moons!"

•

You will find Cutex preparations at toilet-goods counters everywhere! A generous size bottle of the new Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover costs only 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, whose lovely hands are famous among artists, says:

"The new Cutex Liquid Polish is so flattering. I am delighted with the brilliance it gives my nails. I am very careful of my hands—so I am faithful to my Cutex. Before I use the new Cutex Liquid Polish I always soften and shape the cuticle and whiten the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Then the Liquid Polish which lasts days and days. After that, a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to feed the cuticle and my hands can meet even my husband's critical artist's eye."

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)
NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. OF-4
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

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SAVE WITH FOCUSED HEAT

In Ming Green, Old Ivory and Black enamel

How *to stop big* Fuel Bills!

EVEN though kerosene is one of the cheapest of all fuels, the Florence Range uses it most sparingly. What burns is the *vapor* from kerosene (coal oil) mixed with heated air.

The Florence has no wicks and the burner is so short that the flame is centered right on the bottom of the cooking vessel. This famous Florence principle of *focused heat* means not only quick, intense heat but conservation of fuel. And, of course, you burn a Florence only when actually cooking.

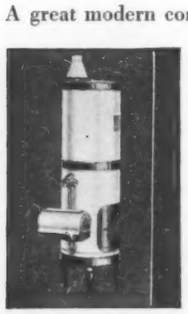
You will cut fuel bills sharply with a Florence and at the same time save drudgery and valuable time. There is no smoke, no smell, no danger.

The newest Florence model, shown above, is modern in style as well as in efficiency—a gleaming beauty in Ming Green, Old Ivory and Black enamel. The burners are so ingeniously "staggered" that five take less space than the ordinary four-burner range. The roomy oven, built in as part of the range, has an accurate side-wall thermometer and two burners that will give a temperature of over 650 degrees.

Florence Stoves come in variety of models and sizes to accommodate all needs and pocket-books. They are sold by hardware, furniture and department stores. In looking for the model shown above, ask for the F-R-51—you will be happily surprised at the reasonable price.

The Joy of Hot Water

A great modern convenience is the Florence *Automatic* Water Heater. It works under thermostatic control, with a pilot light, requires no attention other than occasionally filling the kerosene tank and costs but a few cents a day to operate. Any plumber can install it.



Automatic Storage Water Heater

"Shorter Kitchen Hours"

Just send us your name so we can mail you our booklet, "Shorter Kitchen Hours." It is full of recipes and "inside" household information by a domestic science expert. It will be mailed to you without charge.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY
Dept. B-1, Park Square Bldg., Boston, Massachusetts

If you have gas, ask your dealer about the new Florence Gas Range

FLORENCE

BROOMTAILS

[*Continued from page 19*]

"I was born in this country," she insisted. "I grew up in it. I cried on this rock for two days when my mother died. Dad let me alone then because he knew I could take care of myself. Please ride along, Payne, and leave me alone!"

"You want to rub it in," declared Carter peevishly. "You want to grind me into the dust because I love you—love you enough to want you all to myself. All right, I'll grovel. Only if you insist on staying, I'll stay too." He sat down stubbornly on another point of rock, lighting a cigarette, sacrificing four of five precious matches in the endeavor. "If I take back everything I've said about this fellow Norris, will you be sensible and come along home?" he asked presently.

She retied the lacing of her boot elaborately. Her legs were slender and lovely, her body lithe and slim and strong. There was a kissable curve at the back of her neck.

"It isn't just Barrett, Payne. It's everything! Your whole viewpoint! And I love you too much to fight with you all our lives, learn to hate you perhaps—" Her voice broke a little.

Carter slid closer, his eyes growing tender. He was not actually a callous young man. He was only a bit too sure of himself, a little too much impressed by the rightness of his views. Responsibility had done that, being a friend of old men, working too hard.

"My dear, I've said I was sorry!"

"Yes," she was a bit heavy, "you'd always say you were sorry. But after awhile, Payne, the bruise goes deeper and deeper and decay sets in. Something dies then, something that apologies can't bring back."

Carter smoked furiously. His face had darkened a little. "I don't think I'm unreasonable, Shannon. I don't like this fellow Norris. I don't like his sort, his manner, the way he looks at you, the way he looks at me—anything about him. No man who loved you would like it."

"I've known Barrett Norris a long time, Payne."

"That doesn't make it any easier for me, realizing all I've missed in not finding you sooner!"

PLEASE don't feel that you have to make pretty speeches, Payne. I want to be fair. It isn't just Barrett—I've told you that. It's your ideas about women, about the people you love. I've been too free all my life—Dad wants me to be free. He turned me out into storms the way you harden a good cow pony. He taught me to take the wind in my face, not to whimper, not to ask for favors. He trusted me, and you don't trust me, Payne."

"I do trust you, Shannon. You're the truest woman I know."

"No, you don't, Payne. You try to. But down in your heart there's an ugly bubbling well of suspicion. You aren't sure of me—because you aren't sure of yourself!"

Carter muttered something, surprised into anger, ripping a match along his boot. In the flare of it his face was flinty. "Oh, I know my psychology, Payne," she went on. "You forget that my father's a modern novelist, even if he does run a dude ranch. Because there was a Bannister woman in your life, you think you have to rope and tie me, build walls around me, put blinders on my eyes. You think all women are like that!"

"I told you about Leila Bannister because I thought it was the decent thing to do," he said sullenly, "because you were going to be my wife."

"And because she was another man's wife! Can't you see the parallel, Payne—Leila Bannister and me? She afraid of her husband; me tied and bound as you'd like to bind me? You can't hold the people you love like that, Payne. You can only hold them by setting them free."

THE darkness fell thicker. Snow was hissing into the river now, flakes lay in the cold creases of Carter's leather coat, Shannon's hat was dotted with crystals where it lay on her lap.

"Great Scott," Carter exclaimed, "the storm's here!" He jumped up. "Shannon, dear, please be reasonable! Your father is trusting me to bring you home. There isn't anything more for me to say than this—I love you, and I never loved any other woman. I was fascinated by Leila Bannister, but it was propinquity—foolishness, if you like, the interminable, darned loneliness down there—"

She stood up slowly, jerking her hat on with a boyish twitch of the wrist. With one movement she was in the saddle. The wind lashed the horses' tails, the snow fell faster.

"Dad won't worry about me, but he might worry about you," she said. "We've had people lost in northers before."

"Then," Carter said drily, "an efficient dude-wrangler like you ought to ride on and lead me home!"

"I was just deciding that it might be a kindness to abandon you," she said, not looking at him, "and save some woman a lot of heartbreak!"

"Shannon," he argued, "you do love me!"

"Yes," she said slowly, "yes—that's the trouble!" She gave the calico horse a nudge and rode off. At a turn she stopped and waited for him. "It will probably be pretty rough when we get over the rim," she said. "Give Tark his head, and if we should be separated, let him take you home. Don't try to hunt for me—I'll be all right."

"We won't be separated," Carter insisted.

"It's happened once or twice. Barrett and I were hunting wolves once—oh, I'm sorry, I forgot that you didn't like to hear about Barrett."

"And did he ride home and let you find your way alone?" Payne asked.

"Neither of us got home. I stayed all night with old Deke Roberts. He sat up and stoked the stove and let me sleep in his pole bed. Barrett burrowed into a haystack and froze both feet. He thought he was in love with me then."

"He's in love with you still," Payne said glumly.

"I've known Barrett a long time," she repeated.

They seemed to move now in a lessening circle of dancing white. Only the ground directly beneath their feet was visible. Carter leaned forward, gave his horse his head as with stiffened flanks and scrambling forefeet they began the clawing climb out of the canyon. Shannon's scarlet jacket was only dimly visible through the whirling snow ahead.

The last climb was steepest. Tark's ribs heaved as he struggled up. Carter was thankful when they rounded the rocky edge and rode into a scrubby

[*Continued on page 134*]

The wholesomeness of fried foods depends upon the temperature of your frying fat . .

If fried foods are to be as good and wholesome as they can be, it is quite necessary that you select a fat that can be heated to the proper temperature for frying without scorching or burning.

Actually very few fats will heat to correct frying temperatures without scorching and so tainting the foods—even smoking out your kitchen. And if you fry in these fats at temperatures at which they will not smoke—that is, temperatures lower than are correct—your foods will absorb too much fat and become soggy, unpalatable and indigestible. Snowdrift however (and Wesson Oil too) will not smoke or scorch at proper frying temperatures. These temperatures range from 360° to 400° Fahrenheit, depending upon the kind of food to be fried. Of course, Snowdrift will burn if it gets too hot; anything will burn if it gets too hot including your frying kettle. But if you will watch the temperature you can get Snowdrift hot enough to fry perfectly before it smokes or scorches a bit.

Too much importance cannot be attached to correct frying temperatures. Every housewife should test the fat with a thermometer or cube of bread according to the table given above—foods should *never* be introduced into the fat until it is at exactly the right temperature. Far more fried foods are spoiled through cooking in a fat that is not hot enough than in a fat that is too hot.

	Bread Test 1 in. cube (Seconds)	*Temperature (Fahrenheit)*
Oysters, small fish, fish cakes, croquettes, cooked foods generally	40	390
Doughnuts, fritters, uncooked mixtures . . .	60	360 to 370
Chops, cutlets	30 to 60	360 to 400
French fried potatoes . .	40	395

Snowdrift is altered so little by heating that if you are careful not to burn it and will strain out all the crumbs of fried food, you can use it over and over again for frying different things. It does not absorb flavor or odor.

That's all there is to frying—correct frying temperatures and a correct fat—Snowdrift. Try this combination, and you'll find that your fried foods are more wholesome and delicious than they've ever been before . . .

May we send you the Snowdrift recipe book? Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

a 2 EGG CAKE with a 4 EGG TASTE

BUT, don't try to make it with ordinary flour!

NO ORDINARY FLOUR can promise you this:

With fewer eggs than usual, you can get a better cake!

Proof? Look at this recipe. You know that such a recipe, made with ordinary flour, would mean just one thing . . . *the plainest of plain-Jane cakes!*

Yet . . . try it, using Swans Down Cake Flour! *We are willing to risk your first impression of what Swans Down can do on this simple two-egg cake.* For . . . out of your oven will come . . . try it and see! . . . a marvel of a cake! Fluffy and velvet smooth and delicious . . . perfect . . . in every way! Cake you'll be proud of!

In order to get anywhere near as good a cake, using ordinary flour, you'd have to forget economy—change the recipe—two eggs wouldn't be near enough!

Naturally, there's a reason for such a difference as that. Read these simple facts about flour:

Why SWANS DOWN . . *with fewer eggs . . can give you* BETTER CAKE

All flours contain gluten. In ordinary flours which are milled primarily for yeast bread, the gluten is tough, elastic. Though excellent for the slow action of yeast, this gluten is altogether too resistant to the "quick" leavens—egg whites, baking powder, such things — used in cake.

Swans Down is a *cake* flour. It is made of soft winter wheat because only in this wheat can you get the most delicate of glutens—*gluten which is quickly, perfectly responsive to the leavens used in cake.* And the difference in Swans Down doesn't stop there. Swans Down is sifted through silk, till it is 27 *times as fine as ordinary flour!*

Now you can see why the simplest economy cake, made with Swans Down, is lighter and finer than a more expensive cake, made with ordinary flour! Now you can see why Swans Down wonderfully improves not only your butter cakes, but sponge cakes, angel foods, *all* cakes! Now you can see why Swans Down permits you to save on eggs and shortening, and still get a better cake. Though Swans Down costs a trifle more per cake, it more than "pays its way," in what you save on other ingredients. And gives you . . . finer cake!

Send for this wonderful recipe booklet
(*Free sample included!*)

Send 10c for "Cake Secrets" . . . the most complete booklet on cakes you ever saw! It contains 127 perfect recipes. With the booklet we'll send you a *free* sample of Swans Down Cake Flour—*enough for a cake.* Send today.

SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR

LIGHTNING LAYER CAKE . . . (2 eggs)

3⅓ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, unbeaten
Soft shortening as needed
1 cup milk
2 cups sugar
½ teaspoon lemon extract
½ teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Break eggs in cup and add enough shortening to fill cup. Put all ingredients into mixing bowl and beat vigorously 2 minutes. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Spread a white frosting between layers and on top of cake. Sprinkle each layer and top thickly with Baker's Coconut, Southern Style. (All measurements are level.)

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Make These Tests **when you make your first Swans Down cake**

LOOK AT THE CRUST! *Touch it! It is ever so crisp and tender . . . daintily thin . . . springy under your fingers! Swans Down makes an amazing difference, in crust alone!*

NOW CUT YOUR CAKE! *Look at its grain. Did you ever see anything so fine and even? Swans Down cakes are so light and fluffy, that* feathery *is the only word to describe them!*

NEXT, BREAK OFF A MORSEL! *Press it gently, to feel its texture, so tender . . . so delicate! Never tough or "bready" . . . Here is one of the most striking characteristics of Swans Down cake.* It feels like velvet!

AND NOW TASTE IT! *Light . . . fine . . . delicious . . . here is cake worth the making! Here is . . .* CAKE AT ITS BEST!

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The texture of marlows is smooth and velvety, and the flavors are varied enough to suit every taste. Even an amateur can make them

THE MARLOWS MAKE THEIR BOW

By ABBIE THROOP BUTLER

THE woman who owns a mechanical refrigerator should have no difficulty in satisfying her family's longing for frozen desserts. With no more effort than she uses in mixing and baking a pudding she can freeze a mousse that will have a flavor and consistency worthy of the "grandest" party.

And now along come the marlows—first cousins to the mousses, really, for they both use gelatine as their stiffening "agent." Only, in the case of marlows, gelatine is introduced by means of marshmallows, while in mousses it is added in dissolved granulated form.

Like a mousse, a marlow can be prepared not only hours ahead of a meal but even the day before, if desired: and when once it is in the freezing compartment it can be dismissed from mind. Smooth and velvety in texture, flavor can be varied to suit any taste.

In the preparation of marlows a few general rules should be observed:

First: Always melt the marshmallows *thoroughly*. If steamed long enough they become liquified and in some instances quite clear.

Second: This foundation must be allowed to stiffen slightly before the cream is added.

Third: If vegetable coloring is used it should be added to the foundation while hot or certainly before combining with the cream. It is impossible to give directions as to the exact amount of coloring to use: the addition of the cream lightens the color; so make your foundation a deeper shade than you wish the finished product to be.

Marlows may be served plain, with any desired sauce or garnish, or used in any way you would use ice cream of similar flavor.

Two or three flavors can be arranged in layers in the freezing trays and sliced when ready; or each kind can be frozen separately and put into deep glasses in alternating spoonfuls.

Peach Marlow

20 marshmallows
1 cup crushed fresh peaches
¼ cup water
½ pint whipping cream
3 tablespoons sugar

Sprinkle the crushed peaches with sugar and let stand while the marshmallows and water are steaming. When the liquid stage is reach, add the sweetened peaches and allow to cool. When quite cold and slightly stiffened, carefully combine with the cream which has been whipped stiff. Pour into trays and freeze.

If it is desired to use canned peaches instead of the fresh fruit, use ½ cup juice from the can instead of the water, only 18 marshmallows, omit the sugar, and add ½ teaspoon vanilla. Follow the same method as given.

Pineapple Marlow

1 cup crushed canned pineapple
½ pint whipping cream
15 marshmallows

Steam the marshmallows and pineapple until the marshmallows are melted. When cold and slightly stiffened, carefully combine with the stiffly beaten cream. Pour into trays and freeze without stirring.

Vanilla Marlow

20 marshmallows
1 cup milk
½ pint whipping cream
1 tablespoon vanilla

Put the marshmallows and milk over hot water and steam until melted. Add the vanilla and cool. When quite cold and beginning to stiffen, combine with the stiffly beaten cream. Pour into trays and freeze without stirring. Serve plain or with any desired sauce or garnish.

Lemon Marlow

27 marshmallows
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2/3 cup water
½ pint whipping cream

When the marshmallows and water have steamed to the liquid stage, add the lemon juice; cool. When quite cold and slightly stiffened, carefully combine with the stiffly beaten cream. Pour into trays and freeze.

Banana Marlow

15 marshmallows
2 teaspoons lemon juice
½ cup water
¾ cup well mashed banana
½ pint whipping cream

Steam the marshmallows with the water until they are melted. Add the banana pulp and lemon juice; cool. When quite cold and slightly stiffened, carefully combine with the cream which has been whipped stiff. Pour into trays and freeze without stirring.

Strawberry Marlow

20 marshmallows
¼ cup water
1 cup crushed berries
1 tablespoon orange juice
½ pint whipping cream
1 tablespoon sugar

Wash, stem, and crush enough berries to make a cupful. Mix with them the sugar and orange juice and let stand 30 minutes. Steam the marshmallows and water together over hot water until the liquid stage is reached. Remove from heat, add the prepared berries and set aside to cool. When quite cold and slightly stiffened, carefully combine with the cream which has been whipped stiff. Pour into trays and freeze without stirring.

Grape Marlow

20 marshmallows
1 cup grape juice
1 tablespoon orange juice
½ pint whipping cream

Melt the marshmallows in grape juice over hot water and add orange juice; cool. When quite cold and slightly stiffened, carefully combine with the cream which has been whipped stiff. Pour into trays and freeze without stirring.

Coffee Marlow

20 marshmallows
1 cup strong coffee infusion
½ pint whipping cream
Pinch of salt

Melt the marshmallows in coffee over hot water, stirring from time to time to produce a smooth mixture. Add salt; cool. When quite cold and slightly stiffened, carefully combine with the cream which has been whipped stiff. Pour into trays and freeze without stirring.

Chocolate Marlow

17 marshallows
1 cup milk
¼ cup cocoa or
1 square chocolate
1½ tablespoons vanilla
½ pint whipping cream
Few grains of salt

Put cocoa in a saucepan and add milk gradually to form a smooth paste. Then add marshmallows and steam over hot water until they are thoroughly melted, stirring from time to time to produce a smooth mixture. Add vanilla and salt and cool. When quite cold and slightly stiffened, carefully combine with the stiffly beaten cream. Pour into trays and freeze.

If chocolate is used, put marshmallows in pan first, pour over milk, then add chocolate shaved fine. Steam until both chocolate and marshmallows are melted and proceed as above.

More recipes for the Marlow family, including Apricot, Pear, Apple, Cherry-Mint, Cherry-Orange, Festival, Ginger, and Maple-Pecan Marlow will be sent you on receipt of a two-cent stamp for postage. Address Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Those Youngsters of Yours Away at School

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* * *

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Baby Parlor Grands

BROOMTAILS

[*Continued from page 130*]

clump of small timber where the wind was less and the snow fell quietly.

"Get down," Shannon directed, "and let Tark get his wind. We'll have hard going with the wind in our faces all the way home."

A branch lashed Carter's horse and he danced wildly for a minute.

"Don't pull his mouth," the girl warned. "Tark's like me—he doesn't like curbing. Steady, Tark! Steady, boy." "He obeys the people who love him, I observe," Carter said drily.

"Suggesting that he isn't so much like me? He's halter-broken, remember. Also he's convinced that I know best."

"Great idea naming horses after novelists. I should have ridden Irvin Cobb."

"It's Dad's idea. Cobb hasn't the speed Tark has, though. And you'll need speed and wind to fight through this blow. Wait—did you hear anything?"

"Only the wind."

"Down wind—listen!"

Carter heard it then. A curious hollow drumming. Patch heard it, too, and nickered wildly. Tark stood stiffly, neck arched, breath whistling through wide nostrils. Swift as a flash Shannon sprang into the saddle.

"Down here—quick!" she shouted.

Without question Carter followed her back down the canyon trail, Tark's feet slipping under him. Then above them, along the canyon's rim, a roaring mass of shadows thundered by.

"What is it—stampede?" Carter shouted, as Shannon halted at a bend.

"Broomtails," she said. "Wild horses—mustangs. An outlaw herd. Hold Tark—don't let him bolt under you!".

Carter could discern the herd then, tossing forefeet, windblown tails, whirling through the snow.

"THAT'S freedom." Carter looked at her drily across her horse's mane. "There can be such a thing as too much freedom."

"Not the right kind of freedom," she insisted.

"Can't we ride back to that cabin?" he suggested. "I've got a match left—we could make a fire maybe."

"There won't be anything to burn but it will be shelter at least. And it won't be safe to start home till those broomtails drift over into a draw somewhere."

The little cabin in the Hole was lost now in darkness and the whirling storm. Then suddenly, as they skittered down the last reach of rough trail, it was revealed to them by a briefly flaring light.

"Wait!" Carter called to the girl ahead. But the wind lifted his voice, tore it to rags scornfully, scattered it into futile air.

Shannon rode doggedly ahead. He heard her calling, and from the black huddle of the house came answering shouts. He knew the voice. Barrett Norris!

Norris lit another match as they rode up. "I thought I saw you down by the river a while ago," he said to Shannon, as he kindled a wisp of coarse grass and used it for a torch, "but when I rode down here you were gone. How are you?" This last to Carter, who nodded stiffly.

"We started home," Shannon explained, "but there's a mustang mob milling round up there. We came down to wait till they drifted away."

"I see." Barrett Norris lit a cigarette with his torch. "Carter wouldn't know how to handle a broomtail herd, naturally."

"I infer that the only way to handle them is to keep out of their way," Carter returned bruskly. "At least those are my guide's instructions."

OH, SHE'D tell you that, of course." There was a faint edge of a sneer in Norris' tone. But Carter kept his temper, though he could feel his jaw stiffening. It was Shannon who bridled.

"What should I tell him, Barrett?" she asked.

"You might have told him about that day we met the broomtails over toward Split Mountain."

"I was afraid then," Shannon argued.

"You were never afraid in your life," stated Norris, coolly. "Well, I'm riding back to the ranch. Will you go now with me, or will you wait awhile?"

"We'll wait," said Shannon, sliding out of the saddle.

"No, we won't wait," Carter announced, stung and furious. "We'll ride now!"

She would wait, sheltered, prudent, because of him. She would wait while Barrett Norris rode ahead to tell the tale, probably, with a lift of the lip, with a shrug of the shoulder.

"You're doing a foolish thing, Payne," Shannon argued, as she climbed slowly back into the saddle.

"I have done several foolish things," was all the answer he had for that.

Then they were in the saddle again, fighting out of the canyon through the whitening storm. Norris rode ahead with Shannon close behind him. Tark kept the pair in sight, bucking the wind with staunch shoulders. Hill horses—hill women! There was something gallant and fine in them, something that could not be bought, that could only be won.

That girl ahead, the girl with the strong sweet mouth and level fearless eyes—God, what a presumptuous ass he had been to believe that he could deserve a girl like that! He thought with a sickened shudder of Leila Bannister. Bored, languid, peevish, lounging in an engineer's bungalow in the Atacama, a giver of nothing, a taker of everything. That he could have thought her lovely was past belief. Women like Shannon were lovely—and she had been his? She had loved him and he had thrown that love away in his pride and arrogance. A fool—a reckless fool!

Norris was clever; Norris was a modern. He knew that the old tradition of the woman cared for, fended for, protected, was ended. He flung challenge like a banner into the wind and Shannon followed, flinging away love because it came wearing the aspect of a bond. Danger—together! That was the lure. Carter meditated upon it, as they zigzagged through the snow.

Then suddenly, he missed the clink of Patch's shod feet, as they angled down a rocky trail blown bare. And

[*Continued on page 136*]

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Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a daily habit, morning and night. If you travel, carry Mum with you. Many women keep it in the purse, just to be ready for any emergency. Be sure to investigate the important special use explained in the directions:

Spread a little Mum on the sanitary napkin and you will be serenely sure of yourself; confident of perfect daintiness at all times.

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BROOMTAILS

[*Continued from page 134*]

though he urged Tark forward at a faster pace, there was no glimpse of a scarlet jacket, no sight of Norris riding, a hunched shadow ahead. And then the roar of the wind seemed to have merged into a more rhythmic thundering, a pounding as of iron drums. Tark stiffened and bugled. Then Carter saw them—off to the right! The broomtails.

A scudding, bulking herd, running low against the storm. A pounding, insolent, outlaw mob, free and reckless and defiant and untamed. And in their midst, silhouetted against the mist of powdery snow they flung up, a fleeing horse—with a rider!

In that instant Carter and his horse seemed to be one. He spoke to Tark and like a shot Tark leaped. Swift as lightning, gallant legs fighting back the snow-tangled grass, gallant ribs fighting for breath against the tearing wind, Tark ran—down a slope and through a little draw where a shadow thudded toward them, nickering—Norris! Norris' mare almost fell prone as he pulled her up.

"They've got her—God, they've got her!" he shouted.

"Come on, we'll get her," Carter shouted back.

The herd were running near now, the pelting of their heels flung snow over him. And in the milling mass was Shannon, hidden by those crowding flanks, snatched along helplessly. Her sweetness, her soft slimness, all that an hour before had belonged to him, trustingly—Carter groaned.

HOW far they had come he had no way of knowing. It seemed to him that they had been running behind that pounding tumult for hours. It was when Tark stumbled that Carter remembered his gun and reached for it.

He had carried it in the face of laughter, in the face of Norris' half-jeering comment that evidently Carter wanted to keep the wild West wild. But now, with the cold weight of it sliding down on his wrist suddenly, he thanked God for it, and leaning far out on Tark's neck he fairly lifted the little horse along till they were abreast of the leader. Then, praying for sight through the gloom, he fired.

He missed the stallion, but a mare, high headed and proudly keeping the van, screamed and whirled and fell. Instantly there was a confusion. The stallion faltered, stopped, spun about, hoofs upraised. Carter fired again into the air. Instantly the herd whirled back, milling off to the right. But Patch had hesitated. Carter, holding Tark in grimly, saw Shannon slide from the saddle, saw Norris leap down and hold her up as her knees crumpled under her. Saw all this as he turned Tark's head about, jabbed him with a heel and rode away. His horse brought him at midnight into the drifted corral of the Wright ranch. Two riders were saddling up, by lantern, to go in search of him. Norris had brought Shannon home, they told him. She was not hurt, only scared and shaken up some, they said.

Carter sent word to his host that he was safe, went to his room without seeing anyone. He would leave tomorrow. Go back to the desert, back to the desolation of nitrate mining, back where rotoes scuttled when he spoke and young British engineers obeyed without back talk, though there were occasional mutterings around corners.

He packed his bags in the morning and went down to say goodbye. He wouldn't whine. He had lost by his own fault, he would bear it gamely.

He went first to the stable. He would say goodbye to Tark, stout little Tark, who had brought him through. Tark was licking up a special bait of bran and regarded him absently. He had, said his indifferent manner, only done what any decent horse would do. Carter rubbed his neck, gave him an apple, turned away. Then, in the shadowy, cobwebbed gloom of the barn, he saw her.

She had on a little blue coat and the glow of her hair was like a halo round her head. But her eyes were shadowed with weariness.

"Payne," she said softly, "I haven't seen you—are you all right? Tark brought you home all right?"

"Yes," he answered, holding his voice to a studied level, "I'm all right. I was just coming in—to say goodbye."

"To say goodbye? You mean—you're going, Payne?"

"Yes, I'm going. It's—best—the best way. And—I hope you'll be happy, Shannon!"

A queer, hurt look wrung her mouth, her eyes were incredulous, black with pain. "How can I—be happy, Payne?" she demanded.

"Shannon!" Somehow she was in his arms, blue and gold and shaken and sweet. "Shannon, I've been such a damned fool!"

"Oh, Payne!" She clutched at him, burying her forehead in his sleeve. "When they ran so far—and Patch began to stumble—and I thought maybe I'd never see you again—"

"Shannon!" He held her close. "Open your eyes, dear. You're free—you'll always be free! I'm a hard-headed, stubborn ass, but if you'll love me—just a little—"

She looked up at him, through the soft nimbus of her hair. "But I don't want to be free, Payne! Ever. I want to belong to you! I thought last night about the broomtails. They're free. Nobody holds them. But nobody cares, either, what they do. Nobody brings them in out of the storm or feeds them. I never want to be like that. You can't be free in this world, Payne, and belong. You can't be free and love somebody!"

NO," he said quite soberly, "you can't be free and love—anyone. Never free. It isn't happiness to be free. But you can't hold the people you love in chains, either. You have to let them find the trail for themselves sometimes, you have to believe. That's love, Shannon. I know it now."

She cuddled close to him, small and precious, shadows under her eyes, but a brave strength in the glow of them.

"I want to be loved, Payne," she said.

"I love you, Shannon." He said it like a psalm, as though the hay-draped rafters above them were a vaulted ceiling, as though the stamping of the feeding beasts was a solemn organ. "I love you—and God gave you back to me. I'll try to be worthy."

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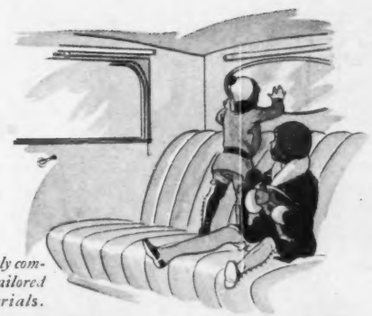

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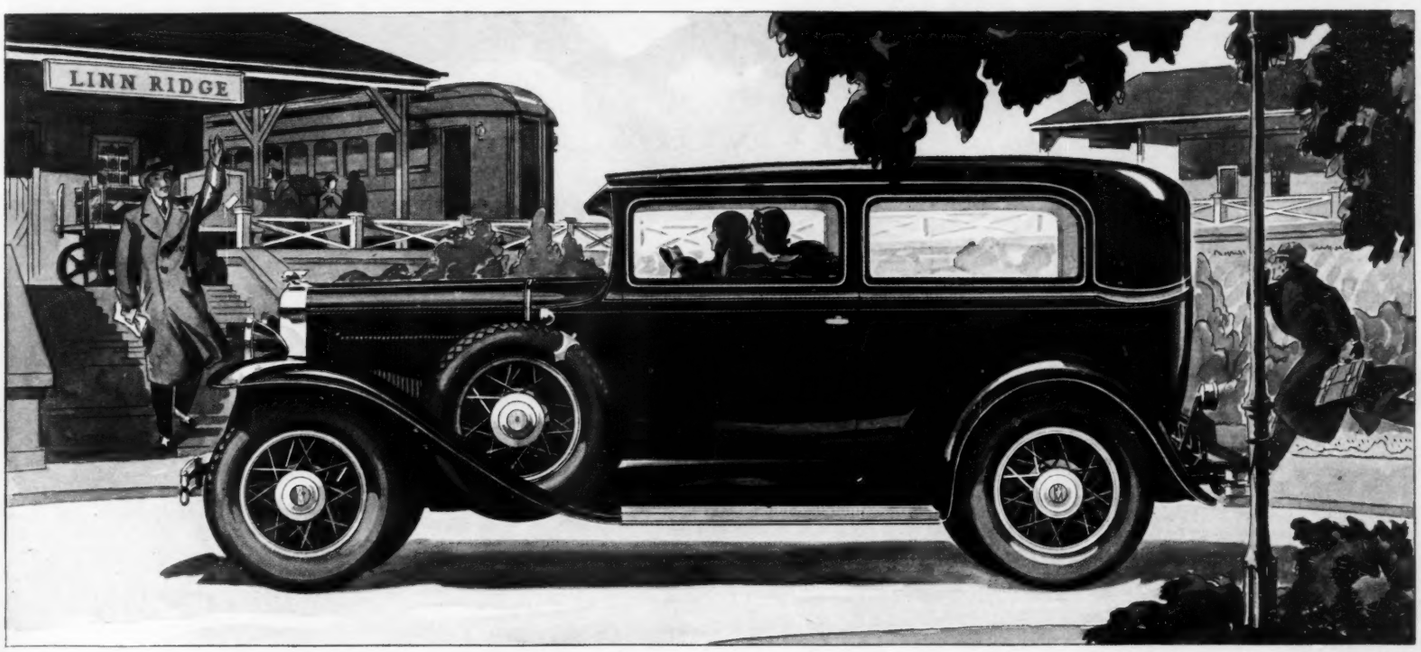

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We hope you will visit your nearest Oakland-Pontiac showroom very soon. There you will learn why the New Series Pontiac Big Six—with its new beauty, its new smoothness, comfort and handling ease—is a finer car with a famous name. Invite your husband to come with you. He will be most agreeably surprised to discover how easy and convenient it is to own and enjoy the New Series Pontiac Big Six.

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2 tablespoons shortening, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, *1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sour milk.*

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt. To creamed mixture add ALL-BRAN, *then milk alternately, with dry ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven (370°) for 10 minutes. Yield: 12 medium-size or 8 large muffins.*

MUFFINS MADE WITH KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN ARE DELICIOUS AND WONDERFUL FOR YOU

Allowing ALL-BRAN *to soak a few moments in the cream brings out its rich, nutty flavor.*

MUFFINS made with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN are delicious. So light and fluffy! So tender in texture! Above all, so rich in nut-sweet flavor that only ALL-BRAN can give.

Have Kellogg's ALL-BRAN muffins often. With honey, jam or jelly they can even take the place of dessert. And as you eat them remember that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies your system with roughage that prevents constipation. Most foods we like to eat lack all-important roughage.

ALL-BRAN waffles are wonderfully delicious and healthful also. For variety try ALL-BRAN in home-made bread, meat loaf, scrambled eggs, sprinkled into soups.

And don't forget that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a delightful ready-to-eat cereal. Serve it with milk or cream and add fruits or honey. Mix it with other cereals. Eat it in some form every day, for health! Kellogg's ALL-BRAN contains abundant iron, the blood builder and health essential. Yet adds the glow of health to cheeks, makes lips red and eyes sparkle. Because of these things, ALL-BRAN is important in all reducing diets. How much better than pills!

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Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

Specimen trees of cherry are lovely decorative touches to a small house when placed in a conspicuous corner of the lot

FRUIT TREES FOR SMALL GROUNDS

By M. G. KAINS

IN THE spirit of discoverers many owners of small grounds are now adopting the long established practice of large estate owners and planting fruit-bearing trees and bushes. These not only decorate their property with delicate blossoms but also later on provide their tables with delicious fruit. No matter how small your grounds may be, there is surely room for one small tree, if only of a dwarf variety. When space is limited and where the ground perhaps is not especially favorable, there is an added element of excitement in experimenting with nature — in seeing what kind of new fruits you can induce to grow and bear.

Often people complain to me that they cannot grow fruit on their soil; it is too sandy or too heavy. And they worry about the amount of water their trees may be able to get. I always answer: "Unless you intend to grow fruit on a business basis, make the most of what you have and within reason you will find little difficulty in making things grow. Naturally, you would not try to plant pears in your yard if the soil is light and sandy but would instead try peaches, perhaps, as they are better adapted to the ground. But reasonably good well-drained soil will give pleasing results. Wherever the soil is suitable for building a house some kind of fruit will grow."

When you have decided what trees or bushes you wish, order your stock from a reliable nurseryman without delay. This is most important as stock which makes the best start is that which is the earliest planted—as soon as the ground is open. If the plants you have bought appear dry and a bit withered, soak them—roots and tops—for a day or even longer before planting them in the moist Spring earth.

Some persons have misguidedly thought that if they bought trees older than two years they would get fruit sooner than from younger plants. This is not true. Other things being equal, the younger the trees are the sooner they will bear fruit. A peach tree, for instance, should never be older than one year and other fruit trees not more than two years old, preferably one year also.

Cut back the tops of the trees from fifty to seventy-five per cent to balance the unavoidable loss of roots. However, unbranched one year old "whips" should not be cut. But after this first cutting spare the pruning stick; allow the tree to live as freely as possible without interference, except to cut out branches that would cross or interfere with one another.

When young trees are planted too near older ones they are robbed of their share of soil nutriment and shaded from the sun. Such trees cannot thrive.

We have become accustomed to consider many fruit trees as restricted to special localities, forgetting that many may be grown throughout large sections of the country. Apple, crabapple, cherry, peach, pear, and plum, we know will grow in practically every state and Canadian province. To these we may add apricots, nectarines and hardy persimmons in many of the states north of the Mason and Dixon line and less hardy ones in warmer sections; for instance, figs, loquats, oranges, lemons, grapefruits, guavas, and pomegranates. These latter require a climate similar to that of Florida, California, the gulf states and the lower Atlantic states; although figs will grow as far north as Maryland and Southern New Jersey. Wherever your climate will permit it, try a few fruits less commonly grown in your locality. The pleasure of having them at your very hand will certainly repay you for your efforts.

Pear blossoms are as exquisitely delicate in design as snowflakes

In choosing varieties from the nurserymen's catalogues, avoid those described as commercial. Fruit of such varieties is staple in the markets and the space needed to grow it can be more advantageously devoted to rarer kinds. For similar reasons, unless ample space is available, avoid planting winter apples. They are always to be had in their season. Also, pass by the very early and very late pears as the early ones almost always are of poor quality and prone to internal decay almost before they become edible; and late pears in localities where the growing season is short, or otherwise unfavorable, may not mature sufficiently to attain high quality.

What to choose among the plums is largely a regional matter, for in the prairie states the European varieties are not very successful; whereas the American kinds do far better. In the East these latter kinds often rot on the trees. The Japanese varieties do well in California and the South but most of them fail in the North and East. In making selections not only of plums but of other fruits to suit your region, consult the local state experiment station or the free publications of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington.

Sweet cherries fail in the Middle West, succeed only fairly well in the East, but reach perfection on the Pacific Coast. Sour varieties are more widely adapted though even they are not as reliable in the prairie states and the South as in the Northeast.

Generally speaking, when we mention fruit trees we do not include nut trees although these are just as truly fruit bearers. The stately walnuts, butternuts, pecans, and hickory trees are marvelous to plant before the house. if the frontage is not too restricted. They serve as shade trees as well as bearers of nuts. If lower-growing trees for front or side yards are desired, there are almonds. Of these, the beautiful flowering hard-shelled almond, alone, can be grown in the colder parts of the country. Filberts, which are large beeches, may also be grown in restricted quarters —wherever the peach succeeds.

The black walnut, the wood of

[*Continued on page 152*]

Fabrics that touch Your Skin need Borax

IT'S a matter of pride with modern women to do their household tasks in the most efficient possible way. That is why you find those who know BORAX putting it in their washing water.

For Borax-softened water permits your soap to do its work 3 to 5 times better—and exerts a purifying and deodorizing effect as well. A Borax *rinse* removes all lingering, irritating particles of the soap itself. Everything is thoroughly clean and sweet and comfortable to touch when you let 20 Mule Team Borax help you wash!

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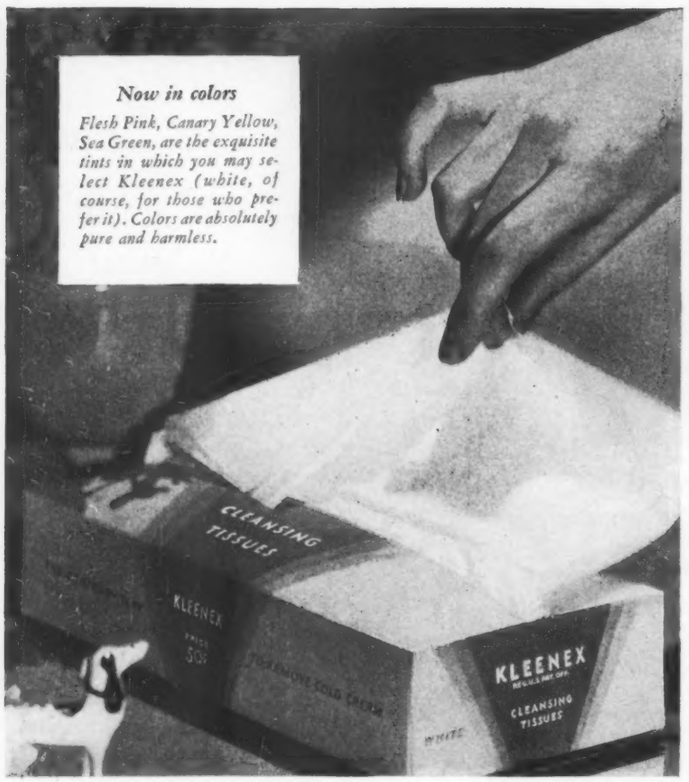
Now in colors
Flesh Pink, Canary Yellow, Sea Green, are the exquisite tints in which you may select Kleenex (white, of course, for those who prefer it). Colors are absolutely pure and harmless.
CLEANSING TISSUES
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This new, smart *safer* way to remove cold cream

blots up unabsorbed cold cream without stretching or irritating skin

AVOID pulling and stretching the skin during your beauty treatments, great beauty experts are saying today. Hard rubbing and stretching *pulls* the skin, relaxes it . . . and ultimately may produce large pores and wrinkles.

GENTLY BLOT cold cream from the skin with soft, absorbent Kleenex—dirt and cosmetics are blotted up, too.

Famous beauties know the importance of this rule. That's why you find Kleenex on the dressing tables of stage and screen stars, and in up-to-date beauty salons.

Kleenex removes cold cream without rubbing. It is so very soft and absorbent that it simply *blots up* all the surplus cream and, with it, embedded dirt and cosmetics. How much safer it is than harsh towels, which simply *have* to be rubbed severely over the face, because they are so unabsorbent. How much more hygienic than germ-laden "cold cream cloths" which drive germs and dirt back into the pores, instead of removing them.

Each Kleenex tissue comes fresh and dainty from its dust-proof package. You use it just once, then discard it. So much less expensive than soiling and ruining towels!

For handkerchiefs, too

Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, too. It saves unpleasant laundering, and is far pleasanter to use than handkerchiefs. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Thus, cold germs are discarded, instead of being carried around in pocket or purse, to reinfect the user and infect others.

Kleenex comes in lovely colors, at drug and department stores.

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Kleenex
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 23*]

Terry's blue eyes fixed her with an unwavering glance. "You are a darling, Phil, but I mean that I'm not going to ask you to marry me, or even to be engaged to me. If, when I come back from this year abroad, I get a job which justifies my doing so, I shall come and ask you to be my wife. And if, in the meantime, some other fellow comes along whom you find you care for more than you do for me, you'll be perfectly free to marry him."

Phil's eyes suddenly blazed.

"I don't believe you care at all, Terry!" she flung at him impetuously. "If you did, you couldn't possibly hand me over so composedly to some other fellow."

He caught her to him, kissing her stormily on eyes and lips and throat.

"You're right . . . I couldn't—if he were anywhere around in the flesh," he said in a choky voice. "Phil, would you be content to wait like that—no one but our two selves knowing that we cared—"

"Of course I'll wait! You know I will!" she broke in.

He regarded her quietly a moment. Then, lifting her hands, he kissed first one and then the other.

"And now," she went on in a more sober voice, "now that we've settled everything sensibly about ourselves, what are we going to do about getting back? They'll all be terribly anxious about us at home."

Terry threw his arm comfortingly round her shoulders.

"I know, dearest. But we can't possibly help it. And I expect the relief of finding us quite safe and sound tomorrow morning will almost make up to them for it."

"You're quite right. We can't help matters by thinking what the others are going through. What about some supper? It's all ready."

She pointed to the wooden bench, in the middle of which she had spread out the remains of the hamper's contents; and in a little while they were munching their supper; and laughing and talking in the happy fashion of two people who are gloriously in love.

OLD Saint Hubert little thought this was going to serve a twentieth century young woman as both bed and board," remarked Terry, presently, slapping the bench on which they sat. "I shall go off and curl up for the night in the chapel as soon as I've settled you here. But I'm afraid you'll find it a confoundedly hard sleeping-berth, even with my coat as a pillow."

"I'm not having your coat rolled up as a pillow," she asserted. "You'd be simply frozen without it."

They squabbled amiably over the matter while they were repacking the remains of the food, and eventually Terry won. So that presently, when the twilight faded, he helped her up onto the saint's narrow bed and covered her feet with sheets of newspaper.

And then she knew that he was bending over her. The consciousness of his nearness penetrated her whole being. Instinctively she lifted her arms and clasped them round his neck as his lips met her own, and all his love and hers seemed merged together in one long, straining kiss.

Then he drew himself away and stood upright and very still beside the narrow, plank-like bed.

"Goodnight, my blessed," he said unsteadily.

She heard his steps cross the uneven floor, followed by the sound of the hut door closing.

For a long time after he had left her she lay there in the darkness, wide awake, listening to the roar of the breaking waves on the shore below. She was not in the least lonely or afraid—aware only of a deep, enfolding happiness. And presently she fell asleep.

IT WAS thirty-six hours later. The night spent on the island and the day which had succeeded it had both slipped into the past; and Phil woke with a start the following morning to a consciousness of something unpleasant impending. For a moment, still a trifle sleep-bemused, she lay wondering confusedly what it could be. Then recollection, piercingly clear and vivid, returned to her. This was the day fixed for Terry's departure.

"We had a harrowing night while you were on the island," declared Jemima, the day after the rescue. "And we owe a big debt of gratitude to Terry Maclean. If he hadn't kept cool he'd never have got you safely back onto the island."

"No. He—he was rather wonderful."

Something in the tone of Phil's voice arrested the older woman's attention.

"Phil," she said gently. "Is there anything between you and Terry?"

For an instant the girl hesitated. Then she responded quite truthfully:

"No. Nothing." And it gave her a sick, inward shock to realize that her answer held neither more nor less than the naked truth. There *was* nothing between them—no promise, no link of any kind, by Terry's own imperious decision.

Terry was not due at the Grange until the afternoon, as he had arranged to finish his packing first. To Phil the few hours which intervened seemed positively to crawl by; and when at length he arrived, she was unutterably thankful that for the moment the rest of the family was out of the way.

"Terry, oh, Terry!" she cried unsteadily, as the playroom door opened to admit him.

He took her in his arms with quick concern.

"Why, dearest heart, what is the matter?"

She drew a long breath. The exquisite reality of his love once more enfolded her, as it had done when they had been alone on the island together. She was unbelievably happy.

"Nothing's the matter, now that you're here," she said. "I—I—oh, somehow it seemed as if you were never coming!"

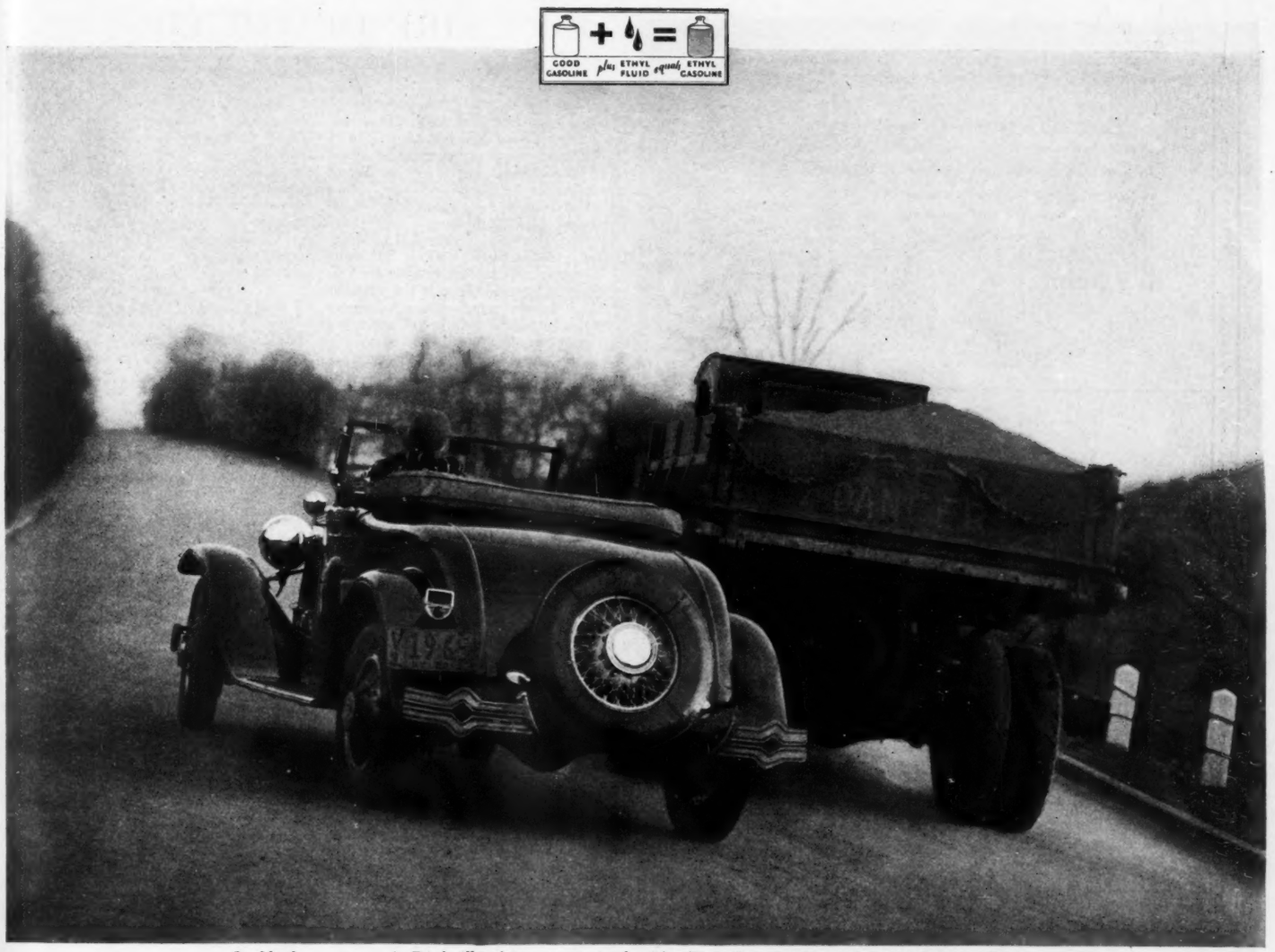
"I know." He nodded comprehendingly. "Packing appeared the most ridiculous waste of time!"

Then Terry took possession of a big armchair and pulled Phil down onto his knee; and for a space they forgot everything except each other.

It was only the sound of the playroom clock striking five reverberating strokes that brought them back to the realization that their last moments together were rushing to an end.

"I'll have to go, soon," said Terry, reluctantly. "I must say goodbye to Aunt Jem and the others."

[*Continued on page 142*]



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FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 140*]

"Yes, you must say goodbye to them," repeated Phil dully. Then, suddenly: "Terry, I don't know how I shall bear it—your being so far away, and nobody knowing—about us. Won't you let me tell them?"

His face altered, seemed to set itself in inflexible lines.

"No," he said. "There will be nothing to tell anyone, until I can come openly and ask you to be my wife. You don't understand, Phil. It's a point of honor to my mind. A man with no prospects has no right to ask any woman to marry him—to tie her up by any promise or understanding whatever."

In spite of herself, Phil was conscious of a secret thrill of pride in him—in his stubborn resolution.

"After all—" His face had relaxed into a smile. "After all, if it hadn't been for the storm that day we went to the island, I should have gone away without ever telling you I cared."

"Then I'm very glad there was a storm," said Phil with firmness.

He laughed and caught her back into his arms again.

"And so am I, belovedest — eternally, overwhelmingly glad."

She clung to him.

"Oh, Terry, must you go? *Must* you?"

"Darling, you know I must." He was kissing her now with passionate, desperate kisses. "But I'll come back. Don't forget me, Phil . . . promise you won't forget me!"

And Phil, looking at him with eyes that had grown dark with pain, answered almost voicelessly: "I promise."

NOW it was mid-December; and a thin powdering of snow lay on the ground. Four long months since Terry had gone away. And never once during those months had he written Phil a line that all the world might not have read.

At the outset she had been puzzled and dismayed; but later on she had begun to realize that it was intentional—a proof of Terry's definite resolve that there should be no link, no material tie of any kind between them.

Was Terry ever going to return to her? Or were those sweet, breath-taking hours they had spent together—something that for him had signified merely the garnering of a transient happiness, a sudden flaming up of youth's desire, while for her it had meant everything that would ever count in life—a love that would never die.

With a determined effort Phil pushed the thought away from her, and the memory of Terry's glorious young lovemaking came back to reassure her. So she squared her shoulders, inwardly defying the doubts that had assailed her, and made her way slowly downstairs to the breakfast room. The rest of the family were already seated at the table.

"Late as usual," Piers observed, mimicking his father's satirical tones when annoyed.

"I know. I was thinking about something and forgot the time."

"In that case, there is conceivably some excuse to be made," said Piers. "No doubt the unwonted effort of thought fatigued you."

Venetia, her mouth full of toast and marmalade, giggled suddenly and almost choked; and at that moment a servant came quietly into the room and handed a telegram to Jemima.

Aunt Jem slit open the flap and withdrew the flimsy sheet of paper beneath it. Then a queer little noise escaped her—half cry, half gasp; and, with the sheet held tightly between her fingers, she stared at it as though she could not believe what was written there.

"It's Guy . . . your father. He's dead," said Jemima in a stiff, expressionless voice.

DEATH had come to Guy Wetherby at Nice and as Luke Brodie, held fast by the usual winter crop of ailments amongst his patients, could not leave Torrenby, Dick Matheson had volunteered to accompany Aunt Jem and Piers to the south of France where Guy's funeral would be held. And there they left him, in a quiet little churchyard perched high above the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

Almost immediately the difficulties of the future were to absorb the thoughts of all whom Guy Wetherby had left behind. When his affairs came to be looked into it was discovered that of the wealth which had once been his nothing remained excepting Wetherby Grange itself and the land immediately surrounding it.

To say that this discovery came as a shock to the family was to put it mildly. The future seemed fairly to bristle with difficulties.

"What about selling the Grange outright?" suggested Dick Matheson reluctantly one afternoon when the whole family together with Luke Brodie and the Mathesons had gathered together to discuss the position of things. "It's a rotten-sounding proposal for you all, I know; but you can't really afford to keep it on, can you?"

"I don't think we can really afford to sell it, either," replied Jemima. "We should have to let it go for so little that there wouldn't be enough left for us to live upon."

"Don't you think you might get a fair price for the Grange if you sold it for a hotel or guest house of some sort?" Nell Matheson hazarded.

The suggestion had a certain sound common-sense about it which appealed both to her husband and to Luke. They thought it over.

"It's not big enough for a hotel," said Luke thoughtfully. "But a guest house, now, that's a good notion."

"It's a vile notion!"

Piers flung out his contradiction with a violence so sudden and so unexpected that it startled everyone. "We don't want to sell the Grange. It's our home—and has been ours for centuries. And now you talk of turning it into a hotel as if it meant nothing at all to us."

"Oh, Piers!" Nell addressed him apologetically. "I only suggested it as a possible way out of the family difficulties. No one would be sorrier to see the Grange go into other hands than I."

"I'm sorry, Nell," he said repentantly. "Only I felt I just couldn't bear the Grange to go into other people's possession."

"It needn't go!"

It was Phil who had spoken, with a vibrant thrill in her voice that arrested everyone's attention. "The Grange needn't go. We'll stay on in it, and run it as a guest house ourselves!"

[*Continued on page 145*]

Oysters en brochette . . with Heinz Tomato Ketchup

"Down in Louisiana," says Josephine Gibson, Director, Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, "old Monsieur Picot serves a delightful dish. He calls it Oysters en brochette . . . and accompanies it invariably with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. For no other ketchup, he says, would be in accord with the excellence of the dish itself.

"It's a brave sight to see old Monsieur bring in the long skewers—each containing a dozen oysters, separated one from the other by pieces of crisp bacon. And so fresh are the oysters from the flame that their edges still curl visibly, and small beads of fat contract and expand on their glistening sides. And, I assure you, when you plunge one of these oysters into the rich, red, piquant ketchup that only Heinz makes, and convey the whole delightful morsel to your mouth, you are in danger of being ecstatically shaken to the depths of your gastronomic soul.

"Let me tell you a little about Heinz Tomato Ketchup—which, by the way, is the largest-selling ketchup in the world. It is the simmered-down essence of garden-fresh tomatoes—sweetened with the finest sugar, spiced to perfection. It's so *flavorful*—and it brings out so much flavor from meats and fish . . . Now I'll give you the recipe for Oysters en brochette.

57

"You may be sure, I watched Monsieur as he prepared this happy dish. And I found it surprisingly easy. I take three dozen oysters and drain the liquor from them. I have already prepared three dozen pieces of sliced breakfast bacon each the size of an oyster. I place an oyster on a skewer (of wood or silver) then a piece of bacon, then another oyster, and so on until the skewer is filled. I broil them before a clear flame until the edges of the oysters begin to ruffle. It's time then to place them on a hot dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Garnish with Heinz Stuffed Olives—and serve invariably with Heinz Tomato Ketchup . . . because no other ketchup can *add* flavor to this delicious dish."

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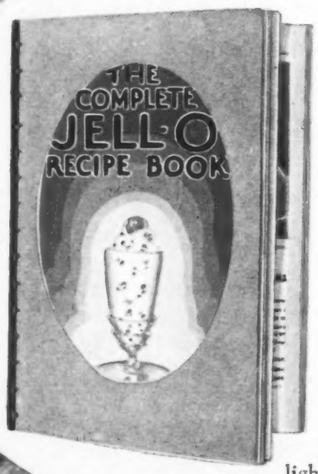

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FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 142*]

An astonished pause followed this pronouncement, and Phil continued with increasing fervor:

"Don't you see? It would be simply splendid. We don't lose the Grange, and we do make money out of it. If other people could make it pay as a guest house, so can we. What do you think, Aunt Jem? Couldn't you and I make a success of it?"

Her enthusiasm was infectious, and that there were possibilities in the proposal was speedily recognized by most of the group. Ultimately, out of that day and many other days' discussion, Phil's impulsive suggestion was rounded out into a definitely decided plan.

That it meant work, real hard work, Phil fully recognized. But in a way she was glad of this. It would serve to distract her thoughts from the past and from that dull ache which Terry had managed to implant in her heart.

Soon afterward, as the result of much cogitation between herself and Budge, a discreetly worded advertisement found its way from time to time into the daily newspapers.

There are those to whom the personal advertisement is a provocative thing. And of this group was Timothy Wing.

Probably the fact that he was a brilliant novelist and playwright accounted for it. And when, one January morning, Timothy was following his usual custom of glancing down the personal columns of the "Times" his attention was suddenly caught and held by the following announcement:

"An old English Manor House, standing in large park extending to the sea, is run by its owners as a Guest House and combines the advantages of a hotel with those of a country house party. Excellent tennis, bathing and boating facilities. Good golf course close by. Private suites if desired."

RUN by its owners." Those were the words that struck Timothy Wing. A picture rose in his mind of some gracious, old-world manor, standing amid exquisitely tended lawns and gardens, with the sea skirting its boundaries on one side and on the other the soft curving hills of an English countryside. And now— "*Run by its owners as a Guest House.*" How they must hate it! Sacrificing the sanctity of their home to anyone who had the money to pay for the privilege!

Timothy was just struggling back to health after an illness brought on principally by overwork, and his doctor, and an old friend in addition, had not minced matters with him.

"Look here, Wing," he had told him. "You've got to call a halt. If you don't take a rest, you'll never do any more good work at all. Get away to some small country place—by the sea, if possible—and do nothing but eat and drink and laze in the sun."

The advertisement of the old English manor which had been converted into a guest house appealed to him, and accordingly he wrote and asked for further particulars. The reply which his letter brought forth intrigued him.

"We have only one suite available now," (it ran) "as our 'Queen Elizabeth' rooms have been booked for the whole summer. But the 'Bloody Mary' suite is vacant—and is really ever so much nicer than it sounds, as it has a private sitting room and overlooks the sea."

Timothy chuckled and wrote back promptly engaging the Bloody Mary suite for the whole summer. And he had just completed the letter when his manservant, Carey, who knew just whom to admit, opened the door of his study and announced: "Mrs. Gilbert Darnley."

"Elspeth!" Timothy sprang up from his desk to welcome her. "You've come just at the right moment to give me your blessing," he said. "I'm actually proposing to carry out the doctor's orders at last."

She raised her eyes to his face—somber Spanish eyes, their darkness emphasized by her pale gold hair.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Are you going away?"

"Yes. I think I've found just the right spot—a place called Wetherby Grange." As he spoke he handed her the advertisement to which he had replied, together with Phil's letter. "Picture me, then, for the next six months, lodged in Bloody Mary's suite. I wonder if I shall absorb the lady's atmosphere and become the author of ferocious thrillers."

But she was not listening. Her thoughts had stopped with a jolt at those words "the next six months."

"I shall miss you horribly, Timothy," she said, blankly.

A faint smile, half cynical, half indulgent, passed over Wing's lean face. His thoughts flashed back over the years they had known each other, recalling that first wild love which had blazed up in their youth and burnt itself out in bitterness because they had both been too poor to marry. Followed the deadening years of her marriage with Gilbert Darnley, a rich man twice her age; and then, when his death had at last released her, she had been reluctant to surrender her new-found liberty—even for Timothy.

"I don't know that I want to be married again. Anyway, not now—not yet."

That was the sum of what she told him when, after Darnley's death, he had asked her to marry him. And to his own surprise, he had found that her answer came as a relief. He supposed they would marry some day, because they had been so terribly in love with each other fourteen years before. But the fire and the flame had died during those fourteen years.

YES, I shall miss you horribly," she repeated with conviction. "If it's very nice there, I might come down myself for a little while."

He nodded approval.

"That's a bully idea. Save me from committing suicide out of sheer boredom, probably."

"Do you really want me to come?"

Wing stooped and kissed her upturned face affectionately.

"Of course I do. You know I should," he said.

She leaned against him, gripping the lapels of his coat with thin, nervous fingers. Timothy thought how small and thin and fragile she looked in her big coat.

"You'd better make up your mind to come down to Torrenby," he said,

[*Continued on page 146*]

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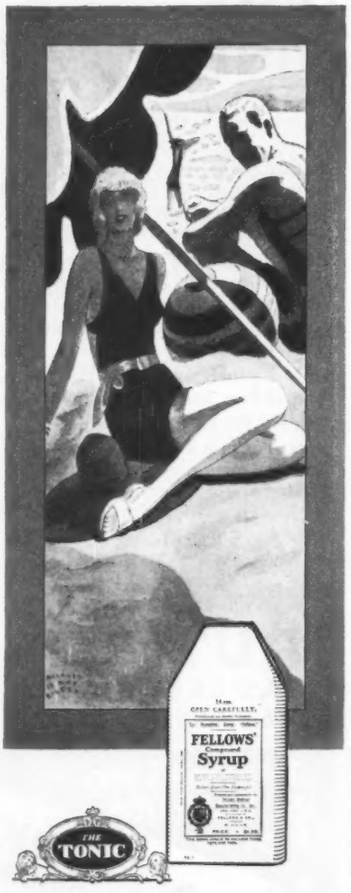

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 145*]

with sudden gentleness. "You don't look terribly well. The change would do you good."

"I shall be all right when the summer comes," she replied hastily. "I like the sun." She smiled at him. "Perhaps I'll come and look for it in Torrenby. I hate hotels, and this manor house of yours sounds jolly."

IT had been an unusually busy morning; and, lunch over, Phil realized thankfully that she could now reckon upon a couple of hours freedom from the many duties which the running of the Grange as a guest house entailed upon her. It was three months now since the first "guest" had presented herself on the doorstep of Wetherby Grange; and now, Phil reflected with satisfaction, all the rooms were booked for the coming summer, even including the Bloody Mary suite. The man who had taken the latter was due to arrive this afternoon.

Venetia's immediate needs had been satisfied to the extent of singing lessons with Carlo Donaro, a good-looking Italian who visited Torrenby twice weekly to give lessons.

Of her own future Phil thought very little. It seemed to have been blotted out one afternoon about a month ago when Nell Matheson had given her the latest news of Terry. She recalled it now. Lunch at Hedgecroft; strolling through the hot-houses and round the garden in brilliant spring sunshine; Nell extracting a letter from the pocket of her jumper.

"It's from Terry. His uncle's dead—the one that was standing him the architectural trip. 'So I'm coming back to England,' he writes. 'I've been offered a job in London with a big firm of architects, and I'm taking it.' "

Phil remembered the exultant thrill the news had first brought her. Terry had got a job! The initial step toward being able to keep a wife. There would be a letter for her, too, without doubt. She had raced back to the Grange; but there had been no letter waiting for her. There was no letter the next morning. There had never come a letter at all.

Somehow that silence of Terry's had seemed to her a definite sign that all that had once been between them was ended. Now that he had got a job, achieved the first step toward earning a living, and *still* maintained silence, the explanation with which she had buoyed herself up all these weary months scattered suddenly into pieces.

Something a little bitter lurked nowadays in the usually serene depths of Phil's eyes. She would never love anyone else except Terry—Terry who no longer wanted her. So there seemed nothing left. She supposed she would just go on and on, running the Grange as a guest house. Always. Till she grew old.

"What a ghastly idea!" she said, out loud. And discovered that her voice was shaking.

Then the door opened and Tomkins, the recently appointed doorman, came importantly into the room.

"I've been looking everywhere for you, miss," he announced. "It's Mr. Wing—just come."

Phil found the new arrival standing in the empty hall. She saw a tall, lean man, somewhere near the forties, who was regarding her with a pair of quiet, very steady gray eyes.

"Can you tell me where I can find the—the proprietress?" he asked. "I'm afraid the doorman didn't like my looks, because he bolted at first sight and hasn't reappeared."

Phil burst out laughing.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "This is his first job in life and he hasn't quite got the hang of it yet. You're Mr. Wing, aren't you?" she went on. "If you'll come with me, I'll show you your rooms. I'm Miss Wetherby."

"You?" Frank astonishment colored his voice. She looked so absurdly young that he hadn't suspected it. "I apologize. But you're a very—little—proprietress, aren't you? You don't look the part."

"You see, it's my first job in life, too," she returned.

"I gathered that," he replied with peculiar gentleness, "from your advertisement."

By this time they were ascending the flight of shallow stairs that led up to the Bloody Mary suite, and Phil vouchsafed no answer. A moment later she threw open the door of the small lobby onto which it opened and led the way into the sitting room.

"I hope you'll like the rooms," she said. "We shall do our utmost to make you comfortable."

His sensitive face altered.

"Did I trespass just now?" he asked.

She hesitated a second. Then, because he wasn't in the least like a paying guest, she answered frankly: "No, of course you didn't. You may as well know the truth. My father lost all his money and we were obliged to do this in order to keep going."

"I'm so sorry," he said simply.

"We're only amateurs at the game," Phil said. "But we're learning a bit more about it every day. And you will be comfortable here, I promise you."

"I'm quite sure of it," he answered gravely. Then, his sudden whimsical smile leaping through his gravity: "I'm only an amateur, too. I think we ought to get on well together, don't you?"

IT DID not take Timothy more than a few days to perceive how everybody and everything appeared to depend upon Phil, and Timothy was often roused to a quite upsetting glow of admiration for the plucky way in which she stood up to it all.

It was inevitable that he should be driven into unconsciously contrasting her with Elspeth Darnley, and the recollection of the latter's inherent egotism served to emphasize Phil's sturdy efforts to pull against the stream. But it was some time before he made the discovery that his all-embracing interest in the Wetherby family was actually based on a particular and deepening interest in one member of it.

This fact revealed itself to Timothy in an illuminating instant of danger. Standing at the foot of the main stairway, glancing down the columns of his morning paper, Timothy heard Phil's quick young footsteps descending from the floor above. As she turned the corner of the stairway he saw her figure silhouetted for the fraction of a minute against the tall window which lit the bend. Straight and slim like a hazel-rod

[*Continued on page 148*]

TAKE THIS PRECAUTION, MOTHER

School Toilet Tissue

is not always safe . .

CHILDREN are especially susceptible, doctors and hospitals say, to serious rectal ailments caused by harsh, chemically impure toilet tissue.

Millions of careful mothers are heeding this medical warning by equipping their bathrooms with health-protecting Scott Tissues.

And many go still farther in safeguarding their children.

They see that each child, starting off to school, carries a few sheets of these softer, more absorbent tissues.

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are made from specially processed fibres—"thirsty fibres." Crumpled in the hand, they feel actually cloth-like in texture.

Each sheet is extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong. Without this absorbent quality, thorough cleansing is impossible.

Scott Tissues are chemically pure—neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

They are made from the finest materials—and are always clean, sanitary, safe.

Not only your children but the grown people in your family need protection from the more serious maladies that come from inferior toilet tissue.

Be sure of safety! Always ask for either ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. They cost no more than the ordinary tissues. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

TO BE SAFE, toilet tissue must be soft, absorbent, chemically pure. Scott Tissues are specially processed to meet these health requirements.

3 *for* 20¢
Prices for U. S. only

2 *for* 25¢

All three Scott Tissues are closely wrapped to fit the modern built-in fixtures.

Scott Tissues

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NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

"In this one bottle— MILK of MAGNESIA and MINERAL OIL combined!"

YOU know the high standing of mineral oil. You know that milk of magnesia has been prescribed by the foremost doctors for years. One helps to relieve stubborn constipation. The other corrects the results of constipation—sourness, excess acidity, fermentation in the intestinal tract.

Now you can have these two famous treatments which *belong together*—in a new and wonderfully effective emulsion, gently, quickly, safely effective and so nearly tasteless that children take it in milk without knowing it.

This new preparation is known as Haley's M-O (Milk of Magnesia plus Mineral Oil). Its advantages are widely known to the medical profession, and doctors daily prescribe it to thousands of patients. It is used with equal success for children, for expectant mothers, for patients of advanced age.

It is easy to understand why Haley's M-O meets such a definite need. The oil and the magnesia work together. One softens and lubricates clogged-up waste; the other neutralizes acids formed by fermentation. This combination helps to persuade—not force—the vitally important process of regular and thorough elimination, without disturbing digestion or irritating the stomach. Soon the whole intestinal tract is cleansed, freshened, restored to healthy function. Instead of forming habits, Haley's M-O ends bad habits—and because it is an emulsion, normal doses cause no leakage.

You can take Haley's M-O with perfect confidence. The U. S. Government has recognized the remarkable process by which it is made, by granting a patent. At druggists', full pint bottle $1. A generous sample sent upon receipt of 10¢ in postage stamps. The Haley M-O Company, Inc., Geneva, N. Y.

HALEY'S
M-O
AN EMULSION OF MILK *of* MAGNESIA *and Pure* MINERAL OIL

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 146*]

she looked, the sunlight pouring in through the window behind her making a bright aureole of her hair.

Then, for no apparent reason that he could see, all at once she stumbled, and pitched headlong forward. Afterward, a loosened stair rod explained the matter. But in that instant all Timothy realized was that the girl's slight body was hurtling helplessly toward him. In the next, he had caught her in his arms, and a hoarse ejaculation of relief tore its way from his throat.

Half stupefied by the shock of falling, she lay weakly against him. The pressure of the young supple body he was holding, the beloved small sun-browned face just beneath his lips, woke into surging life all the lover that had been lying dormant within him. He gathered her closer.

"Have you hurt yourself?" he demanded in a fierce, unsteady voice.

"I'm all right," she said, drawing herself out of his arms. "Not hurt in the least, thanks to you. It was a loose stair rod threw me down. I'll just run up and fix it," she added prosaically.

He made no attempt to detain her, but walked slowly away across the hall and out into the sunshine. A feeling of blank amazement had taken possession of him. That he, whose interest in life had for years lain solely in his work, whose one experience of flaming love had come and gone a dozen or more years ago, should now suddenly be swept anew by that strange, overmastering emotion!

Then, hard on the heels of this realization came the ugly recognition of the difference in their ages. She, not yet twenty, and he with forty years to his account. Double her age! Timothy, driven by his thoughts, strode on unconsciously in the direction of the meadowlands encircling the Grange. Twenty years! And then to the pendulum beat of that "twenty," like a clapper swinging backward and forward in his brain, was added another rhythmic pulse—the even thudding of a horse's hoofs on the springy turf.

Rousing himself abruptly from his thoughts, Timothy looked up to see Budge tearing by on a chestnut polo pony, stick swinging, ball skimming far to the right. It was a fine display of horsemanship; and Timothy, who had never before chanced to see Budge at work with a pony, watched the performance with interest.

AT LAST Budge pulled the pony up to a halt and, turning, trotted leisurely across to where Timothy was standing.

"Hullo!" he said, patting the chestnut's neck. "Good little chap, isn't he?"

Wing nodded. "You trained him?"

"Yes." Budge grinned. "Alone I did it. Of course"—hastily— "he's never been played yet. But he'll play a fine game when he is."

"Whose ponies are they?"

"Belong to a gentleman farmer who lives the other side of Torrenby. He's been lame for years and can't break 'em to stick and ball himself. So that's where I come in."

"Pity you haven't got some ponies of your own to train," observed Timothy, noting how the restless, fidgeting chestnut calmed down in a moment at Budge's word or touch.

"I'd like that better than anything on earth. But it needs more capital than we can rake together. So that settles it." With a cheery wave of his hand he rode off, leaving Timothy with the germ of a new idea implanted in his mind.

IT WAS on an evening in mid-June Timothy, encountering Phil in the hall, had said: "Come out for a breath of air. You look dead to the world."

"It's not as bad as that," she told him, with a faint smile. "But I'd like to come out, all the same."

So a quarter of an hour later found them strolling together along the edge of the headland.

Timothy was inwardly intent on something he wanted to say. Presently he paused abruptly by the fence which sentineled the cliff's edge, staring out with thoughtful eyes over the water.

"Budge is rather marvelous with horses, isn't he?" Timothy spoke in a mildly reflective way, as though he had been pondering the matter.

"Budge has always been able to handle horses," Phil answered. "His ambition is to have a polo pony stud of his own."

"Pity it can't be gratified," commented Wing.

"Oh, well, perhaps it may be some day. Unluckily, we've such expensive kind of ambitions in our family—Piers' wanting to be an artist and Venetia an opera singer, and Budge running a polo pony stud."

"What would constitute happiness for you?" Timothy asked curiously. "I suppose, being an altruist, you'd be happy if all the others gained their ambitions?"

She reflected a moment. "Yes," she replied quietly. "I suppose I would."

"I want you to let me give those three talented young people of yours the chance to prove themselves." He paused. Then very gently he asked: "Will you let me? Will you let me count myself friend enough to do this?"

It was a long time before she answered. When she spoke it was with a quiet decision there was no gainsaying.

"Timothy, I don't thank you. No one could, for just even thinking of such a thing. But I can't let you do it. You can't go about shouldering people's burdens—the burdens of people who have no claim on you."

"I *want* to shoulder all your burdens. Give me the right to, Phil." He caught her hands in his, holding them tightly. "I love you—I've loved you for weeks. All my life I must have loved you, I think—loved the woman that you are."

"Oh, Timothy . . . oh, my dear! . . . I'm so sorry," she cried helplessly.

"You mean—it's 'no', then?" he said abruptly, the clipped harshness of pain sharpening his tones.

"I'm afraid it is, Timothy. I'm so sorry. Because you've been such a pal, and you know I love you in every other way . . . except—except that."

"Tell me one thing, Phil. Is there—someone else who cares for you?"

"No," she replied in a flat, expressionless voice. "There's no one else."

"Then I'm not going to take your 'no' as final," he said quietly. "I want, more than anything in life, to make you happy. And some day I believe that I shall do it."

[*Continued in* MAY McCALL'S]

Why Doctors Advise
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NURSING BOTTLES

A little baby's feedings are so important that doctors urge the use of Pyrex Nursing Bottles as a real step toward higher infant health standards.

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Give your baby this safer, boil-proof nursing bottle that doctors recommend:

Six-sided—they will not slip from your hand or baby's. Free from sharp angles on the inside—they are very easy to clean.

Flat-bottomed—they stand firmly.

Ounces and half ounces are plainly marked.

The two shapes that baby specialists approve—narrow neck and wide mouth—both in 8-ounce size.

Get enough Pyrex Nursing Bottles for a full day's feeding from your druggist. Made by the makers of Pyrex ovenware. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

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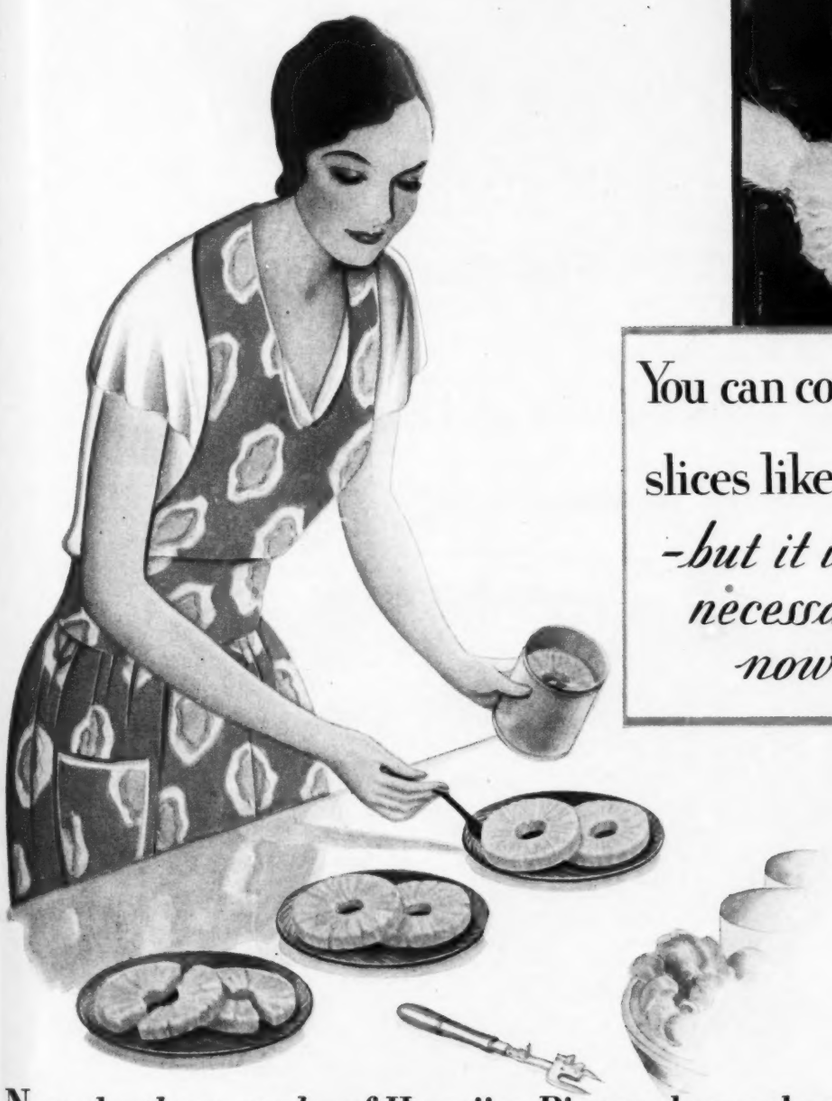
Look for DOLE stamped in the top

A color photograph



You can compare slices like this —but it isn't necessary now

Buying Hawaiian Pineapple by the new grade numbers is so easy and certain

DOLE 1 . . DOLE 2 . . DOLE 3

Read below the full meaning of the new grade numbers. They are your never failing guide to just the pineapple you want.

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken Slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

Now the *three grades* of Hawaiian Pineapple are clearly marked—by numbers *stamped in the top of the can*

IF you had some magic power—if your sight could pierce right through and see the fruit inside the can—even then, buying just the grade of pineapple you want would be no simpler [illegible] today—if you [illegible] pineapple.

Like w[illegible]ows in the [illegible]n-top[illegible]e new DOLE grade nu[illegible]ers tell you [illegible]erything about the pineapple [illegible]side.

Each s[illegible] of pinea[illegible]le (Sl[illegible]d, Crushed and Tid[illegible]) comes [illegible] differ[illegible] grades—sliced in [illegible], crushed in two: tid-bits, two. [illegible] around the ca[illegible] the *style* of pineapple—and the brand. DOLE 1, DOLE 2, or DOLE 3 *stamped in the top of the can* is your exact guide to the *grade* of fruit you buy.

Are you of a thorough twist of mind? Then open a can of each. Compare for color, for richness of syrup, for [illegible]. Decide for yourself which grade best, and most economical, for each dish you wish to prepare.

You can do this, of course—but it isn't necessary now. The [illegible] grade marks have banished the need. They are easy, accurate, reliable. Read and remember the full description printed on this page.

You can [illegible] "[illegible] for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

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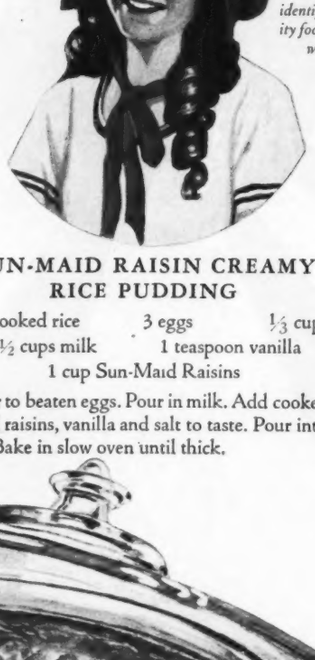
The proof is in the pudding

~~ *these are the finest raisins you can buy*



The Sun-Maid girl identifies high quality food products the world over.

YOU can so easily make rice pudding—not just an ordinary dessert—but a real delicacy, creamy and delicious. And watch the children's eyes sparkle as they find these plump, tasty Sun-Maid raisins that make the pudding so much better!

So it is with many simple dishes—salads, cookies, muffins, pies and cakes, too. The finer quality of Sun-Maid raisins is like an extra touch of cooking skill, insuring better results in all your raisin recipes.

There are two favorite kinds of Sun-Maid raisins—both prepared by exclusive processes that set them apart from ordinary raisins

Sun-Maid NECTARS are tender, juicy, seedless raisins, famous for their fresh grape-like flavor. Note how plump they are, not withered, and how attractive and glossy of skin. Cooks everywhere know Sun-Maid NECTARS as the finest of all seedless raisins.

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Only the best grapes can make Sun-Maid raisins. They are graded severely for quality, processed and packed in the finest dried fruit packing plant in the world, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard.

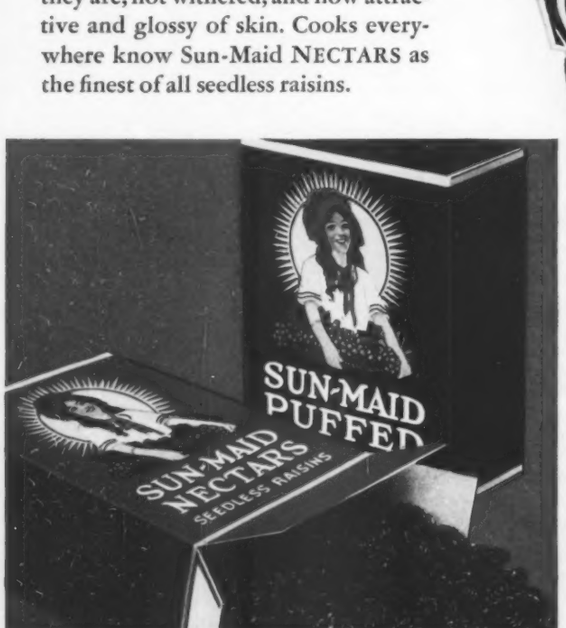
SUN-MAID RAISIN CREAMY RICE PUDDING

1½ cups cooked rice 3 eggs ⅓ cup sugar
2½ cups milk 1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup Sun-Maid Raisins

Add sugar to beaten eggs. Pour in milk. Add cooked rice, Sun-Maid raisins, vanilla and salt to taste. Pour into baking dish. Bake in slow oven until thick.

FREE BOOKLET

Send for a new book of delightful recipes, entitled "New Interest in Simple Menus." It is free, and you will find it full of fascinating suggestions. Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Fresno, California.



The Sun-Maid label also assures you of highest quality in these products.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

The architectural difficulties imposed by a narrow lot are here solved with dignity

A HOUSE IN THE ENGLISH STYLE

With a special suite designed for the owners

By WILLIAM DEWEY FOSTER

THE modern house should be planned around the father and mother just as much as it is planned around the children. To give the younger generation all the advantages which are its right, and yet to provide the elders with the best possible conditions for comfort and rest raises interesting questions for the architect.

The master's bedroom should be spacious and convenient with a private bath, roomy closets and furniture designed for comfort. But where should it be placed? And where can you have the playroom convenient for Mother's supervision but still sufficiently shut off from the rest of the house to maintain an atmosphere of peace? And what will be the permanent function of this room when it is no longer needed for a playroom? Will it become a library, a study, a sitting room, a sewing room, or what?

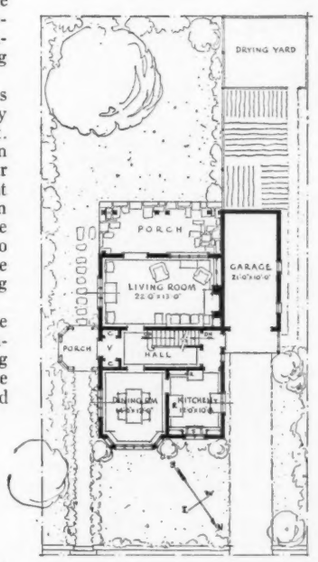
Besides these special requirements there are definite lot limitations to which you must conform in building a house. For the sake of being specific I have selected an English type house with a lot 50 by 100 feet, such as will be found in any suburban development. It faces a little east of north making the most desirable outlooks on front, left and rear.

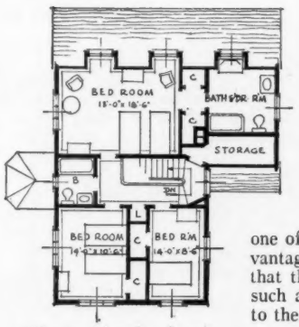
WHEN houses are as close as they are obliged to be within 50 foot limits the sides are not particularly pleasant outlooks, because of their lack of privacy.

With the front of many houses becoming less desirable for living rooms because of fast moving traffic and noises from the street, the importance of the garden as a part of the house is at last being realized. The porch with its stone floor merging into the lawn makes the living room and garden one. A lattice fence will cut off the vegetable rows and the drying yard from view, and provide an attractive background for hollyhocks and roses and all the fanciful borders the garden books have to offer.

Low shrubbery can be planted to enclose the lawn and perhaps an attractive tea table can be set at the far side in the shade of a large tree. This simple landscaping plan allows as extensive gardening as you may desire. It may be planted only with shrubs requiring a minimum of care, or with an endless variety of flowers.

In the first floor arrangement of this house Mr. Foster, the architect, has been clever in making use of all available space. A hall extending entirely through the house is often wasteful of space but he has placed the main entrance at one end and the service entrance at the other end, which is unusual. A part of the hall in the second story is taken up by the general bathroom so no space is wasted.





The architect's plans show clearly some of the desirable features of this house — the porch with its stone floor merging into the lawn which makes the living room and garden one, the unusual hall, and the master's spacious suite

Usual needs demand a kitchen, dining room and living room on the first floor, three bedrooms and two baths on the second floor. The master's room in this house, is particularly spacious, attractive, and comfortable—even more so than usual as it probably will often be used as an upstairs sitting room where the entire family will assemble.

He has assigned to the kitchen the least desirable corner toward the north, because probably not much time will be spent there except when it will be cheered up by the early morning sun.

The question of placing the laundry should be settled before building. Is the "wash" to be sent out or done at home and where? A basement laundry is not a cheerful or convenient place to work. Often in these days, the flat laundry is sent out and only the silks and delicate fabrics done at home with a small electric machine. In order to keep the house within the cubage desired we have assumed that such would be the situation in this house. However, if the entire family wash is to be done in the house a small laundry room should be planned for on the first floor.

The garage, of course, he placed toward the north, as no one is to live in it. Even though you may not have a car at present it is well to figure on including a garage as you may soon have a car, or if you should wish to sell the house, a garage will probably be mandatory.

The garage should not be a separate building at the back of the lot, like a stable or a chicken house, but should be considered as one of the rooms of the house. One of the greatest advantages of a built-in garage is to have it heated so that the car is always in good running condition. It is such a comfort also to be able to go from the house to the garage under cover.

THE master's suite overlooking the garden is all that we hoped for it at the start. A 13 foot by 18½ foot room in so small a house as this is rare. It has ample space for easy chairs besides the usual bedroom furniture. Other attractive features are the two closets and the large bathroom which is big enough to serve also as a dressing room. The other bedrooms are of good size, the smaller one which is shown as a single room, being large enough to be used as a double room if necessary. The larger bedroom, separated from the master's suite by the hall, is still readily accessible and is an excellent room for the children. If the smaller room is not needed as a nursery, it will make a very attractive sewing room, sitting room, study, or library.

Off the stair landing "under the eaves" is provided a small storage place for trunks and boxes which will prove of great convenience. In addition to this, a disappearing stair may be installed making the attic space also available for storage.

One of the most difficult of an architect's problems is to design an attractive house for the narrow lot. It is apt to appear too tall and too thin. This design of Mr. Foster's is unusually successful in this regard. The English cottage style has been well chosen. The bay and deep overhang and horizontal treatment of the gable with the entrance and service porches at the side, produce the low, homey effect which has rendered the English cottage so popular. The shrubbery and flowers at the front are most attractive touches. This house has no Queen Anne front and Mary Ann back; it is good to look at from any point of view and has the repose which suggests permanence and seclusion. [*Turn to page 152*]

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A HOUSE IN THE ENGLISH STYLE

[*Continued from page 151*]

Climbing flowers and shrubs decorate the house at the rear

The artist who made these pictures for us is evidently familiar with the Lake Country of England, where the flora is luxuriant, making all the countryside a noble garden, and he has transported us there. With time, care, and attention such a garden can be realized by anyone.

It is possible to purchase trees of considerable size or transplant them from nearby surroundings. One fine tree in the yard as suggested in the plan, will, alone, almost make the garden. If a planting plan is made, an attractive grouping of foliage and flowers can be gradually acquired as the seasons pass. A hundred years from now, with loving care, this simple house and garden may still be a real home, for beautiful things never go out of fashion.

We can tell you only approximately how much this house will cost, for costs depend upon many things: quality of material, local markets and prices, personal requirements, and the taste of the owner. To ascertain accurate costs get local estimates from three or four reliable local builders, and decide between the high man, the low man, or the middle man. Even then it is well to add a margin of 15 to 25 per cent for items unforeseen.

A rough idea of cost can be arrived at by multiplying the contents of the house, about 30,000 cubic feet, by fifty cents (an average cost) which makes a total of $15,000.

FRUIT TREES FOR SMALL GROUNDS

[*Continued from page 139*]

which is so popular for furniture, grows wild; but grafted stock is better for nut culture. It will grow in both the North and the South. The Japanese walnut is of quick growth and will grow as far north as New England. The English, or more correctly, the Persian walnut, thrives in the Mediterranean region and during the last fifty years has become a commercial proposition on the Pacific Coast. Some of the varieties may also be grown as far north as New York State and New England. Hickory trees, of course, are indigenous to the eastern half of the United States and Southern Canada and will grow in all sections.

One of the bushes which brings a delightful touch of color to the yard in the Spring is the quince, so well known for its fragrant jelly. Its pinkish blossoms in May and its large lemon-yellow fruits in the Fall make the bush highly ornamental.

If your garden space is extremely limited there are many smaller bushes which do not require a great deal of room. Currants of the red or white varieties are an excellent fruit for desserts in summer. They will grow in almost any soil although they do require good drainage and ample moisture. Mulching the plants during the summer is beneficial.

When preserved, the gooseberry makes a much enjoyed jam but few people in the United States know it as a dessert fruit. For this the fruit must be fully ripe. Then it is delicious. Like the currant, this plant needs a fairly rich soil to produce best results and does not object to a slightly acid soil. These plants do best in cold climates.

The wild blueberry was wild until the present century when it was proved that its cultivation demanded acid soil. So far authentic stock of cultivated varieties is not offered by nurseries. The originators still control it. Besides the delectable pies and cakes for which these berries are famous, the bush has a decided offering from a decorative standpoint. It makes a charming shrubbery border with its brilliant red leaves in the Fall and its red branches in the Winter.

Raspberries, blackberries and dewberries will grow almost anywhere. In some sections, however, their stems are more or less killed to the ground in severe winters. Feeding, mulching and watering during the previous summer will largely prevent this as it insures the full development of the canes and the storing of nourishment to withstand the cold. Loganberries, which also belong in this group, seldom can survive the severity of New England winters.

Because of its large, beautiful leaves and fragrant clusters of fruit, the grape is one of the loveliest of fruit bearers. To enumerate the varieties would be futile. Those which belong to the Scuppernong group require too long a season to ripen their fruit in the north, and the European varieties which do wonderfully well in California, are almost sure to be destroyed by the root louse (phylloxera) east of the Rocky Mountains unless grafted on American roots.

However, there are enough varieties suited to all sections of the country to make grapes of some kind adaptable to any garden.

For a booklet containing valuable suggestions and help with garden problems, see page 74.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

David Graham Farley, Brooklyn, New York — Zena Modene White, Teague, Texas

Mellin's Food
A Milk Modifier

? *Why does Mellin's Food hold such a prominent place in infant feeding* ?

Because it is used with fresh milk—a scientifically correct basis for bottle feeding.

Because it acts upon the casein of milk, making the curd flaky, soft and easily digested.

Because it favorably influences the digestibility of the cream of milk.

Because it adds carbohydrates in the highly assimilable form of maltose and dextrins.

Because it adds mineral matter in a form readily utilized for the development of bones and teeth.

Because by its use infants thrive and mothers find contentment as they record the satisfactory progress of their babies.

Mellin's Food Biscuits

Especially suitable when it becomes time to wean the baby from the bottle.

A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

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SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

makes left-overs as tasty as the choice cuts. Hash, meat balls, hamburgers, fish cakes, stews and soups, are delightfully appetizing with this fine seasoning. Use a tablespoon for 4 portions of

BEEF HASH

Write for our free recipe booklet
LEA & PERRINS, 224 West Street, New York

Children's Style Book FREE

PICTURES everything to outfit babies and children up to 12 years of age. Complete layettes, dresses as low as 49 cents; coats from $1.98 to $9.98; rompers, shoes, sweaters, everything a baby or boy or girl wears in the newest styles. All at low prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Style Book Free. *Write today.*

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Write for Samples
100 Hand-Engraved $10.00
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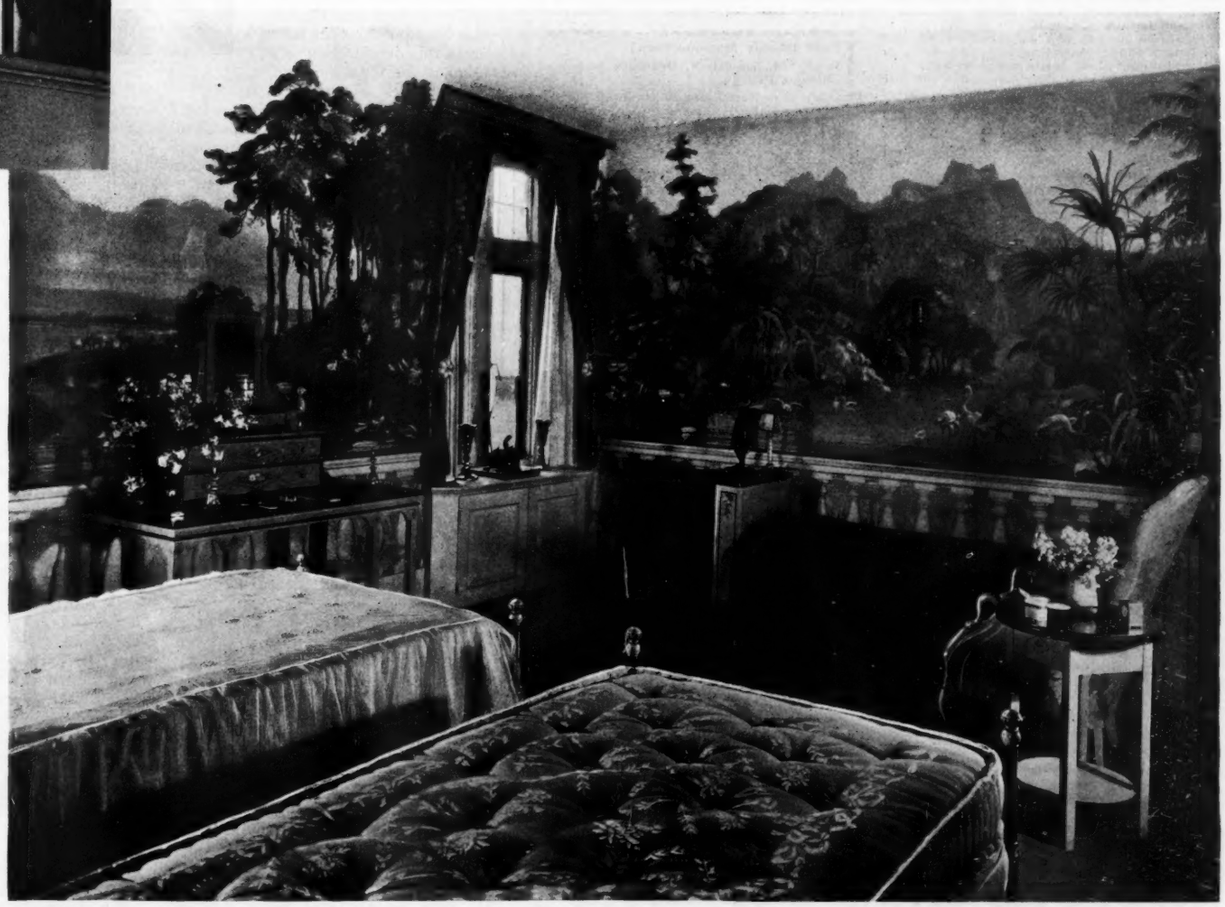
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1044 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

mrs john hays hammond, jr

in the magnificent hammond castle at gloucester, massachusetts, art treasures of the ages are combined with all the comforts of modern living . . .

● The romance of a fairy tale weaves itself through every room in the amazing residence which John Hays Hammond, Jr. has been three years constructing. Treasures from the ends of the earth are side by side with every modern comfort and every new device which his inventive genius would be expected to produce. In this French bedroom with its rare old murals are Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses—as Mrs. Hammond says, "the most comfortable things I ever slept on." Of the new Simmons Deepsleep Mattress of similar construction, but at a popular price, she said, "I am so glad that so many people now can enjoy the comfort of this modern type of mattress."

● Mattresses and springs in two price ranges: the Beautyrest Mattress, with hundreds of tiny, resilient coils, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. The new Deepsleep Mattress, also with inner coils, $19.95; Beds, $10.00 to $60.00. Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



beautyrests, the "most comfortable" of modern mattresses, were chosen for this french bedroom with its old murals and precious furnishings . .

Simmons

beds · springs · mattresses
and BERKEY & GAY furniture

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How I MADE UP *for* JOHN'S *Shrunken* PAY CHECK

How a Little Home Business Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again," John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now—"

It had been hard enough before, but now—with John's pay check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered through the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making $15.00 to $50.00 a week supplying Brown Bobby greaseless doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done. Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true, because it showed how I, without neglecting my housework or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

Well, to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample Brown Bobbys to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple grocery stores. In my first week I sold 238 dozen Brown Bobbys at an average of 15 cents a dozen.

When John brought home his next pay check, he threw it down on the table and said gloomily, "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

Inside of three weeks John quit his job at the factory to devote all his time to Brown Bobbys. Now we are dissatisfied at less than $150.00 a week.

Women interested in making $15.00 to $50.00 in their spare time are invited to write for details of the Brown Bobby plan to Food Display Machine Corp., Dept. 394, Chicago, Ill.

Food Display Machine Corp.,
Dept. 394, 500-510 N. Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

Without cost send me details of your Brown Bobby Plan.

Name.....

Address.....

A skin pearl-white
—let this bleach cream make it yours

Never let tiny color blemishes distress you. Remember — beneath them lies the natural beauty of your skin, the fair white skin you'd love to wear with the new, revealing frocks.

Your skin can be made naturally white, soft, and flawless. Face, neck, back, arms, and hands may be harmonized into an ensemble of fairest beauty. But not through the use of ordinary creams, powerless to whiten. Golden Peacock, a bleach cream only, is the secret.

A scented film of Golden Peacock is applied at night. As you sleep, the stains and discolorations, tan and freckles, are safely absorbed, leaving the skin smooth and white... Many thousands of women use this delightful bleach. At toiletry counters, in $1 jars.

GOLDEN PEACOCK BLEACH CREME

Never let a pin prick you without applying Unguentine at once . . . . . .

FOR Unguentine not only stops the pain quickly but guards against the dangerous infection so often caused by a pin prick. Keep Unguentine in the house always. Your druggist has it. Only 50c for a tube that will heal every cut, bruise, and burn for months to come.

(See page 158)

"WHAT'LL I DO NOW?"

[*Continued from page 15*]

Johnny, instead of going to college, to be tempted by high wages to leave school early. He might start out well; but when later he found himself in a blind alley and sought change or advancement, he might find himself handicapped by his lack of education and compelled to go lower in the wage scale instead of higher. Dean Lord of Boston University recently made an investigation that shows that although Johnny may be getting no more salary at twenty-five even though he graduated from college, than the boy next door who graduated only from high school, at forty-five he will be getting twice as much, and will still be climbing, and at sixty-five his total earnings will have been almost double those of his neighbor.

So, although he may be discouraged, considering the time and money he has devoted to education, by the low wages offered him at the beginning, he may be reasonably hopeful that ultimately his choice will justify itself financially as well as in the less tangible things. For while in the beginning he may be—and probably is—less valuable to the firm that employs him than is his neighbor who has been with this organization or a similar one for some time, his chances of advancement would seem to be increasingly greater. As the head of personnel of one of the big corporations which employs a large number of college men and women, said to me:

"We want college boys and girls and we make every effort to get them, not because we think they are going to be immediately valuable to us because they have been to college, but because experience, backed by figures, teaches us that in the long run they will be. We know well that it will cost us a great deal of time and money before they are of much use to us; like the boys and girls who have not gone to college, we have to educate them within our own organization. Under these circumstances we cannot immediately pay them the same wages as the boys and girls who, while they may have less book-learning, have been with us long enough to know their jobs and our business. Nor must they expect to revolutionize our business on their college-acquired theories."

A GREAT many graduates do not get their first choice even of the type of firm they enter, despite the competition for the services of the best of them. All of the firms who seek men at the college gates want the top 15% or 20%, judged not only by marks, but by all-round standards, of which marks are a part along with background, personality, college activities, looks and so forth. But fortunately rating scales vary; and some businesses put more emphasis on one quality, others on another, so that this usually means nearer 60% than 20% of a class.

Even among these, many will not get their first choice; and for those who do, there will be a great deal of shifting around, for first choices are often based on superficial information, opportunism, or false ideas acquired frequently from statements made by overzealous representatives of business organizations. Then many of them, having dropped from the high intellectual level of the previous four years to a dreary routine that could be followed by any schoolboy, try several jobs in the hope of finding one that interests them.

He writes letters to heads of firms with which he would like to work, or he goes to see them. And despite the genuine eagerness of many of our large businesses to get college men, the chances are that in many cases he will be asked what experience he has had. Then, unless he is one of those far-seeing youths who have worked at the vocation of their choice in the summers, he will have to admit that he has had none. Then he will have the most difficult problem of his college career to solve—that of getting a job which gives him the experience he requires in order to get the job.

One of the solutions for this problem, and one the value of which can not be overemphasized, is the summer job. This not only gives business experience, but it also permits a student to judge whether his choice is a right one. It is interesting to see what these student choices are. Many of them are a matter of current vogue.

IN GENERAL there are certain things against which there is always a following. As a rule, according to the vocational head of a large eastern university, college men don't like the type of selling which involves personal canvassing, such as insurance or real estate. Tremendous numbers of them have a prejudice, too, against stenography. Yet, as an opening wedge, it is the most valuable accomplishment possible. This is so generally recognized and stated by business executives and personnel directors that one wonders why it is not a compulsory part of any training which is to lead to a business career.

The business manager of one of the largest newspapers in the world gets his heads of departments by the secretarial route. Not only do these men, as his secretaries, familiarize themselves with various angles of the manager's job; but the manager gets to know them and their capabilities so well that he can place them suitably when the opportunity comes.

Another executive told me recently that he knew a man occupying a subordinate position who would be more capable than he of running his business. Since he was planning to lighten his own burden, he would have been happy to give him the opportunity. But the only way in which the man could learn the details and the personalities necessary for him to know, would be by occupying the same office for a time, hearing the discussions, learning the problems at first hand. This he could do only as a secretary. But since he could not type or take dictation, it was not possible to make the offer.

This executive is typical of a number of executives who have gradually assumed or had thrust upon them more responsibilities than they care to shoulder. They would be glad to find men who would relieve them, possibly gradually taking on the whole job. But men capable of doing this are not picked from chance applicants. They are most frequently found in capable secretaries who have learned all angles of the job by living with it.

Every graduating class has its men who want to go into the publishing

[*Continued on page 157*]

The finest dinners of the OLD SOUTH *reached a fragrant climax in this* COFFEE

MOBILE BAY OYSTERS—Salmi of Prairie Grouse with Port Wine—Buffalo Tongues decorated bridge fashion—Blue Wing and Wood Ducks smothered with Sherry Wine—such were the prized dishes of the old Maxwell House, the most famous hotel in the Old South.

One fragrant specialty followed another, each course more delicious than the preceding, until at last came a coffee so rare and mellow that plantation owners, jurists, steamboat captains, beautiful Southern women, and visitors from the North, lingered appreciatively over each palate-delighting cupful.

This same blended coffee, formerly available only to the distinguished patrons of the old Maxwell House, now stands in a friendly blue tin upon your grocer's shelf. Try it for breakfast tomorrow. Your family and your friends—whether they be traveled sophisticates who have supped upon *fettucini* at Alfredo's in Rome or fireside folk who prefer plainer fare—are likely to enjoy this fragrant blend more than any other coffee you might serve.

No other coffee in the world has the same wonderfully rich flavor as Maxwell House. No other coffee has achieved such well deserved and wide-spread fame.

We are sure Maxwell House Coffee will delight you—and your grocer will cheerfully return your money if you are not fully satisfied.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

Don't miss the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening, at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time. Broadcast from WJZ in N. Y. C. over National Broadcasting coast to coast hook-up.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

GOOD *to the* LAST DROP

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

25TH ANNIVERSARY

Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th birthday celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency

Healthful Cleanliness

1905
1930

Twenty-five years ago Old Dutch Cleanser was originated to simplify and make household cleaning easier, more convenient and economical and to bring to the home the protection of wholesome, hygienic cleanliness

This important event was based on the scientific discovery of the extraordinary cleaning and detergent qualities of the natural material which forms the basis of Old Dutch Cleanser.

Through progress and development the uses for Old Dutch Cleanser have steadily increased with the ever-growing demand for a higher standard of cleanliness and safety in cleaning. Today Old Dutch is recognized as the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency and the sprightly Dutch matron chasing dirt is everywhere accepted as the symbol of Healthful Cleanliness.

Modern household equipment is beautiful. To retain its beauty it must be cleaned safely. Use Old Dutch, the safe, modern way. There is nothing else like it for gayly colored and snowy white porcelain and enamel, tile, kitchen utensils, pantries, floors, refrigerators, marble, woodenware, crockery, metal fixtures, glassware, windows, painted walls, woodwork, etc. It is your big help in housecleaning.

Old Dutch makes cleaning surprisingly easy. Its flaky, flat-shaped particles carry away tenacious dirt, grease and stains with a quick clean sweep. Old Dutch contains no sand or harsh grit. No caustic. No acid. It doesn't scratch and is kind to the hands. Old Dutch is economical . . . a little goes a long way.

Old Dutch safeguards the home with Healthful Cleanliness by removing the health-endangering invisible impurities as well as the unsightly visible dirt.

Old Dutch Cleanser Homes are Healthful Homes

© 1930 The C. P. Co.

"WHAT'LL I DO NOW?"

[*Continued from page 154*]

business. Most of these base their desire on a taste for reading or writing that would be sufficient for a highly desirable avocation, but hardly for a successful vocation. A taste for writing is probably the most likely of all talents to be exaggerated.

He thinks that, because he was on his college paper, he is another Scott Fitzgerald, or even a William Shakespeare; while it is probably that at best he is a good copy writer, or a publicity or advertising man. But since openings in publishing houses are limited, most of them do not have the opportunity to make a mistake.

THERE are always those who think the path of the bond salesman is the flowery road to riches. And for some boys, it is. But it requires more than just a likable personality. In addition, a boy should have the ability and the definite knowledge of his subject that inspires confidence. There are a number of bond houses that take college boys and train them while they are actually on the job. They send them out to make calls, and straighten out the difficulties they meet, either individually or in groups, so that they get valuable training and knowledge for the future, as well as immediate help.

Many young people want to go into banking. Banking not only has openings for college boys and girls, but it is good training for them whether they continue in it or not. The head of a large New York bank told me that he believes that if a boy or girl comes into their organization or a similar one and works hard, he will get the best kind of training for any sort of business. For in a bank he will have to learn absolute accuracy, the following up of each transaction to the end, and the necessity for finishing up each day's work before that day is over. Moreover, since the only thing a bank has to sell is service, the employees of a bank must develop themselves—make or keep their personalities attractive and agreeable.

Women even more than men who want to go into business, must offer something more concrete than a college degree. Business organizations are willing to take men as an investment for the future; but the average shorter business life of women makes them feel that the girls must give a more immediate return; with the best of intentions, they *cannot* use girls who have nothing to offer more definite than the fact that they have graduated from college. As with men, typing and shorthand, with the possible addition of filing, has the most value as this definite something.

One example of this among many is that of the young woman who was secretary to the personnel head of a large western corporation. She showed herself so intelligent and capable that her employer got more and more into the habit of talking things over with her, and even of sending her on short trips in his place. Gradually, without either of them realizing what was happening, she had become his assistant. On his resignation, a year or so ago, she became head of personnel in his place, a job which would hardly have come to her in any other way.

The large department store is exceptional in that it has numerous openings of various kinds for women in most of the departments, particularly in merchandising. Here a girl of taste or executive ability or both has an unusual opportunity to demonstrate her abilities, and to rise with reasonable speed to a position of responsibility and corresponding salary. From salesgirl to arrangement of stock, reordering of merchandise from reserves, assistant buyer, even head buyer, is not too long a jump to be achieved in a few years by the girl of exceptional taste and ability.

As the personnel director of one of the corporations whose representatives lie in wait each June to capture the best of the graduates, said to me:

"The fact is that the reason we want college men is that those men were probably the pick in the beginning as far as native ability and ambition were concerned; and they have added to that the definite tools that come with a college education properly understood and assimilated. But if a college graduate is one of those who went through hunting for cinch courses, and bluffing his way as far as possible, he will probably try the same tactics in business. And it won't work.

"Moreover, business is not in the least interested in whether or not he can conjugate Latin verbs or even in whether he has been class poet.

BUSINESS is the most democratic competition in the world, a survival of the fittest without regard to anything but the ability to do something better than the other person. If college has made a man more fit by developing and training his native abilities, he has a better chance than the other competitors in the race.

"A lot of the complaints about college men come from business men who have only themselves to blame for their lack of success with them. A case in point is that of a neighbor of mine who is head of a business that doesn't interest college men, and for which they are not fitted. But because he knew that we used chiefly college men and were successful, he attributed our entire success to that one factor and set out to engage only college men—*any* college men. He did not know that it is almost as easy to pick lemons in academic groves as outside the walls. Nor did he know, as we do from long

[*Continued on page 158*]

HA! HA!

It's good to laugh—and there is so much fun and merriment in our new party leaflet! Send ten cents in stamps for *A Dumbbell Party* and have a jolly time on April Fool's Day—the one day in the year dedicated to foolishness.

THE SERVICE DEPT.
McCALL STREET
DAYTON, OHIO

Doctors know that perspiration odor actually precedes noticeable moisture.

"I never stain my dresses"—

yet perspiration odor is there!

When the underarm is kept always dry and sweet with ODORONO you are absolutely safe from offending

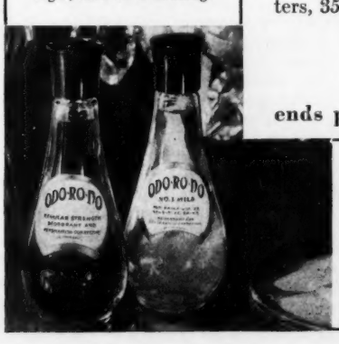
By Ruth Miller

Just 3 simple gestures—and Odorono keeps you safe from worry . . .

1. PAT ON . . . After wiping the underarm with a damp cloth and drying, pat on Odorono with your fingers or a bit of cotton. Pat—don't rub. Omit use for 24 hours after shaving or a depilatory.

2. LET DRY . . . Let the Odorono dry thoroughly before clothing touches the underarm. Any slight tingling will soon pass—dust with talcum or smooth over with cold cream. Let the Mild stay on at least fifteen minutes. Let the Regular Strength stay on overnight if possible.

3. RINSE OFF . . . When the Odorono is quite dry, wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. If used last thing at night, rinse off in morning.



It's really a pity that perspiration doesn't *always* give warning signals—damp half-moons under the arms! Then women would never be betrayed into thinking because their gowns show no traces, there is no odor.

Women don't realize that everyone perspires from a pint to two quarts a day! Fortunately, there is a sure safeguard against odor. Odorono diverts perspiration from the closed-in underarm and keeps you safe from offending.

A Physician's Formula . . . Odorono was originally made by a physician for his own use. The familiar ruby colored Odorono, Regular Strength, is for twice-a-week use on normal skins. The new white Odorono, Mild, is made especially for sensitive skins and for frequent use—or in an emergency. At toilet-goods counters, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

ODORONO

ends perspiration annoyance and odor

Send 10¢ for samples of Odorono ruby colored, Regular Strength, and new white Odorono Mild. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.) Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. 4MO, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

_____

_____

DIAMOND Dyes *contain the highest quality anilines that money can buy.* That's why they give such clear, bright, new looking colors to dresses, drapes, lingerie.

It's so easy to use Diamond Dyes because they are so rich in pure anilines. And that's the reason they go on so smoothly and evenly, without spotting or streaking. That's why they keep their depth and brilliance through months of wear and scores of washings.

When perfect dyeing is so easy—and costs no more—why experiment with makeshift methods? Just remember this: The *blue package* is a special dye—like professionals use. It dyes pure silk or wool only. The white package dyes, *or tints,* any material, including pure silk and wool. Either package at any drug store—15c.

Diamond Dyes

Highest Quality Anilines

Free Beautiful 64 page book, full of dollar-saving ideas for dress and home decoration. The supply is limited, so mail the coupon, now!

Diamond Dyes
Burlington, Vermont
Please send "Color Craft" FREE.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... *State*.....
(A.A.-109)

"WHAT'LL I DO NOW?"

[*Continued from page 157*]

experience, how to train and handle these men after he had picked them. Most of the organizations which take untrained college men, know their shortcomings, expect a fallow period while they are learning, and frequently have special courses of training for them during this period. Nor do they expect every man to be an outstanding success because he is a college man.

"Those of us who have been at it for years know that, despite our experience in picking and training men, we rarely get an outstanding one, even from the colleges. But because of this one man, and because we know that the others have great possibilities of development, we are engaging an ever-increasing proportion of college graduates. But we want graduates. Competition is so keen that, in technical fields especially, a partial college course, as much as two or even three years, is discounted because of the tremendous numbers who have had full college courses, and even graduate work."

This is borne out by the head of one of the large oil companies, who says:

"I am genuinely sorry for those who get discouraged, or for any other reason quit their college course, particularly if it involves professional or technical training, before it is finished. For, while a graduate in those fields can always find a place, as far as our type of organization is concerned, non-graduates might as well have had no college work at all. We, for instance, employ only graduate engineers and chemists, even in our sales departments; and chemistry is now beginning to mean nearer seven years than four. Business is becoming more and more complex; and the few months or even years that formerly served to teach a bright boy all he needed to know about it, are no longer of any avail, even in a small organization."

This last point is one of the principle reasons for the increasing popularity of the college man in business. Exceptional personalities are as desirable as they ever were; but that is no longer sufficient. The world moves very fast, and nowadays a boy must be able not only to do today's job well, but he must have the training that will enable him to adjust himself to tomorrow's. He must have the ability to think clearly that comes from training in *how* to think; the knack of dealing with men that comes from experience in getting on with all kinds of people; the ability to grasp business principles that comes from a knowledge of the past. He must have not only exact knowledge, but he must be able to apply it to a particular problem; he must know how to dig out the answer to a problem for which there has been no precedent. Moreover, he must have the work habit, and a willingness to accept criticism—to "be told."

If Johnny Smith, B. A., has acquired all these qualities, or even the majority of them, he should achieve what he set out to achieve, what his parents had hoped for him.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

[*Continued from page 27*]

of a noble ancient house. The book is written in a bold and stunning style, though one could wish it shorter—it is two books long. One could wish it, too, more frequently relieved with laughter which must, after all, have gushed or trickled even through the most violent and tragic times.

The Prince's Darling, by George Preedy, (who wrote *General Crack*), is a much less pretentious and more easily readable tale. A strange mixture of romance and realism, it tells the story of a beautiful Saxon maiden of the Seventeenth Century, Madelon de Neitschütz. It sets out in the orthodox manner, with Madelon about to be forced by the plight of her father and brothers into a marriage with the prince who loves her passionately, although her own heart belongs elsewhere. But though the trappings of the old-fashioned novel abound, including not only the scutcheon but the blot upon it, made before your very eyes, yet, midway, the book becomes a tale of true love which never does run smooth, even on the final page. The marriage is prevented, but not by the lover; and worse ensues; for Madelon is forced to become the prince's mistress, instead of his bride. Thereafter the story becomes one of intrigue and disaster, torture and sorrow, with the wages of sin paid in full not only by the sinners but by their victims. The character drawing is good enough to make you feel you are reading about real persons.

Hugo Wast, an Argentine who has won fabulous prizes for previous books, writes *The Strength of Lovers,* with Sebastian Cabot at the helm; and with a South American luxuriance of episode, intrigue, and romantic love.

You can't have a deskful of romance without a Queen. John Garber Palache's biography of *Marie Antoinette* is crowded with scenes in the life of this gay and tragic figure, from the day she goes at fourteen to marry the dauphin, "looking very tiny" in her wedding dress, through kaleidoscopic years, to the pitiable days of her imprisonment and her execution.

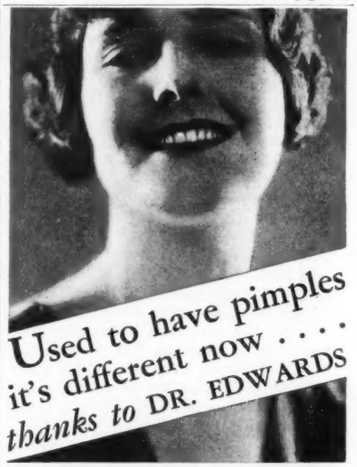
In a land whose earliest history has to do with Indians, it is inevitable that books written from an Indian point of view should appear. Two such are Florence E. McClinchey's *Joe Pete,* and Oliver La Farge's *Laughing Boy.* It seems safe to guess that these are forerunners of many others, for surely "Lo, the Poor Indian" in his Twentieth Century settings, offers many tempting themes to writers of a realistic as well as of a romantic turn.

You may sometimes gasp, you may often squirm, in the pages of *Three Came Unarmed* by E. Arnot Robertson, but you will read many a book before you find another written with such infinite beauty and humor and terror. It can be called romantic only in the sense that anything wildly unusual is romantic. Although the bulk of its story is set in the England of today—and a very realistic today—the author's theme, her characters, and their original background are all extraordinary. Nonie, Herel, and Alan Druce, children of a one-time missionary, have brought themselves up in Borneo, "a lovely land of endless variety and menace," among savages and the dangers of the jungle. At their father's death, they go back to England. Utterly unarmed with the prejudices, the standards, the manners, the sentimentalities of those among whom their lot is now cast; untrained to take anything for granted except the life and perils of jungle and sea, they are at the mercy of their new environment, even as this is at the mercy of their fresh and startling judgments, their bewilderments, and their particular mirth. This is a rare book, a book in ten thousand.

Never let a scald from boiling water go without applying Unguentine

FOR Unguentine not only stops the pain quickly, but guards against the dangerous infection which every scald invites. Keep Unguentine in the house always. Your druggist has it. Only 50c for a tube that will heal every burn, cut, and bruise for months to come.

(*See page 154*)



IF you want that perfect, sea-shell complexion, so irresistibly lovely, you should try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. An efficient substitute for calomel, mild in action, yet effective, these tablets have quickly and safely helped thousands to banish unsightly blemishes and pimples. The flush of health is restored to cheeks.

So mild yet so effective

Only a physician knows how the entire system depends upon the proper action and elimination of the intestinal tract. By the elimination of the poisonous bacteria from the intestines we keep them from going into the liver, kidneys, skin and other organs. By keeping the secretions going and eliminating the poisons from the system, we keep a clear mind, a clear skin and a bright eye.

If you are bothered with dread constipation, pimples, colorless skin; if you feel old and terribly low, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets for a few nights. All druggists, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Buy the large size to have them handy, always. Know them by their olive color.

NOW REFRESHING SLEEP *for* MILLIONS

New—an Inner Coil Mattress for only

$23.00

HAVE you heard about it? Have you seen it? The new mattress Simmons have made for people who do a hard day's work?

It's called the new Deepsleep. A big, soft, luxurious mattress now filled with 299 springy coils . . . and with the price tag sewn right on it . . . only $23.00.

That means the deep comfort of an inner coil mattress isn't a luxury anymore. Men who work hard every day, and all their families, now can sleep in as much comfort as the millionaire in his mansion.

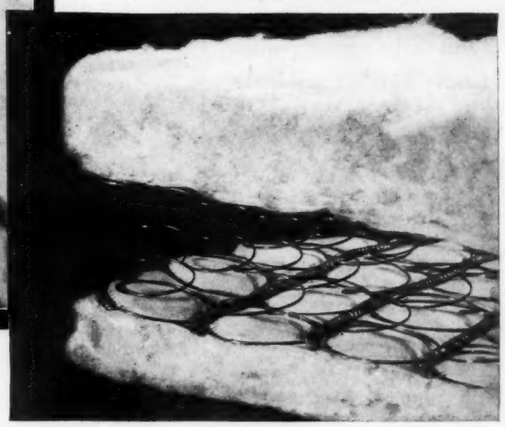
Go look at this Deepsleep . . . right now. Feel it. Press your hands down in it. It's *all* comfort . . . *built-in* comfort! And best of all . . . comfort at a price that everybody can afford.

Use it with the Simmons Deepsleep Box Spring or the Slumber King Spring. All stores that sell genuine Simmons merchandise have the new Deepsleep. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50 · Deepsleep Mattress, $23.00 · Deepsleep Box Spring, $27.50 · Slumber King Spring, $12.00 · Beds, $10.00 to $60.00.

Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher.

Years and years of restful sleep for less than twenty-five dollars! You haven't any idea what a refreshing night's sleep is until you try the Deepsleep. No hollows. No bumps. No hard-to-find "comfortable spots." No matter what part of the mattress you rest on . . . the same solid comfort!



Springy, buoyant coils buried in soft upholstery! This new kind of mattress made by Simmons never can pack down like hair or cotton.

The New SIMMONS *"DEEPSLEEP"* MATTRESS

. . . made by the makers of the Famous Beautyrest Mattress

Copyright 1930, The Simmons Company

If he'd rather *play* than *eat*

here is "eating" that is play

A REAL Chocolate "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk that he can make all by himself.

A child may be "too busy" for milk or other foods—but he is never too busy for this.

Not only does Thompson's make milk-drinking fun. It doubles the nourishment as well. It puts weight on little bodies. It supplies vitamins and minerals to strengthen teeth and bones, and builds resistance against disease. All children love it. You can *see* the difference in weight and health in only a few weeks.

Quickly and Easily Made

It comes all prepared. Simply add enough milk to suit your taste and shake a few seconds.

Thompson's is whole cream milk "DOUBLE MALTED."

Your grocer or druggist sells it—sixty cents a pound—twenty to thirty servings in every pound.

Special Shaker Offer

Large Size (75c value) Aluminum Shaker Free. Send coupon for this special offer.

THOMPSON'S MALTED MILK CO., Inc.
Dept. 94-15, Waukesha, Wisconsin

Please send me the large size (75c value) aluminum shaker and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 15c to cover mailing and packing costs.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

The patient should go to a well-equipped hospital and be trained by a nurse who will work under direct orders from a physician

DIET RELIEVES ONE MORE DISEASE

Epilepsy is now treated by the amazing "ketogenic" method

By E. V. McCOLLUM, Ph.D., Sc.D.
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

TO WHAT extent diet can be employed in the treatment of disease is a question that investigators in nutritional research are constantly trying to find out. Within the short space of thirty years they have discovered that at least six diseases are caused by a lack of certain vitamins, and that when these vitamins are restored to the diet the patient's symptoms are relieved or cured. They have also learned that diabetes, nephritis (kidney disease), ulcer of the alimentary tract, anemias and acidosis can be benefited by special diets.

One of the latest additions to this phase of curative medicine is the ketogenic diet, now being used in the treatment of epilepsy. Ketogenic means "acid-producing," and the ketogenic diet is one which brings about a condition of acidosis through reducing the alkali reserve of the body. By maintaining this condition for an indefinite period, sufferers from epilepsy have found relief from the most prominent and distressing symptom—the seizures.

Since some discomfort—especially sleepiness—accompanies this degree of acidosis, a patient needs to be carefully instructed about selecting his food so that he may be able to maintain the mildest form of acidosis which will prevent the attacks. Even after he has become familiar with the management of his own case, he will require a certain amount of supervision from a doctor, for the ketogenic diet is not one to be experimented with by amateurs.

The daily food consumption of the epileptic patient is planned with the aid of food tables. These consist of a list of all the common foods with their values in protein, carbohydrate, and fat. Vitamin content and mineral elements are also given. The patient must learn how much protein he needs daily, and the proportion between fats and carbohydrates which he shall eat. He must be sure, too, that his diet contains adequate amounts of the thirty-five different nutrient principles necessary to health. Besides all this, he must calculate the total number of calories he requires for each day, and apportion them among the different meals.

But before the ketogenic diet is begun it is necessary to find out by actual measurement how much energy, or fuel value, the body requires during twenty-four hours.

It is obvious that for so complex an undertaking the patient should go to a hospital to be trained by a nurse under the direction of a physician, who will be constantly in touch with him and watch the effects of the dietary treatment. In some cases it may be convenient to stay at home and to secure the services of a well-trained dietitian during this education period. The amount to be learned by the epileptic, and the self-denial to be practised, though great, are no more than are required of a diabetic patient. Surely the results are worth the sacrifice.

As the ketogenic diet is so rich in fats, every device must be used to make the food appetizing. Cream, butter, bacon, and olive oil are the most palatable forms of fats, and can supply most of the fat needed. Avocados, Brazil nuts, and almonds, all of which are rich in fats, will be especially valuable in giving variety to the food. Protein requirements may be derived from many kinds of meat, fish, and poultry, all of which will help to relieve monotony.

One difficulty with the ketogenic diet is its lack of bulkiness and of indigestible residue—qualities in foods which help the intestines do their work. To remedy this defect clear bran may be incorporated in the patient's food, or he may eat it separately. Several teaspoons of unground flaxseed, or of psyllium seeds daily, are sometimes recommended.

Lemon juice, lettuce, and cod liver oil should all be taken regularly.

Since a number of conditions can cause or influence epilepsy, and since the severity of the disease varies so greatly in different subjects, it is impossible to predict just how much the ketogenic diet will benefit each sufferer. The treatment is new, and not enough experience is available on which to base final judgment. We must remember that it does not claim to be a *cure*, but only a method of control. Yet enough cases, both adults' and children's, *have* been benefited to give cause for rejoicing.

A College Professor Refused $1,000,000

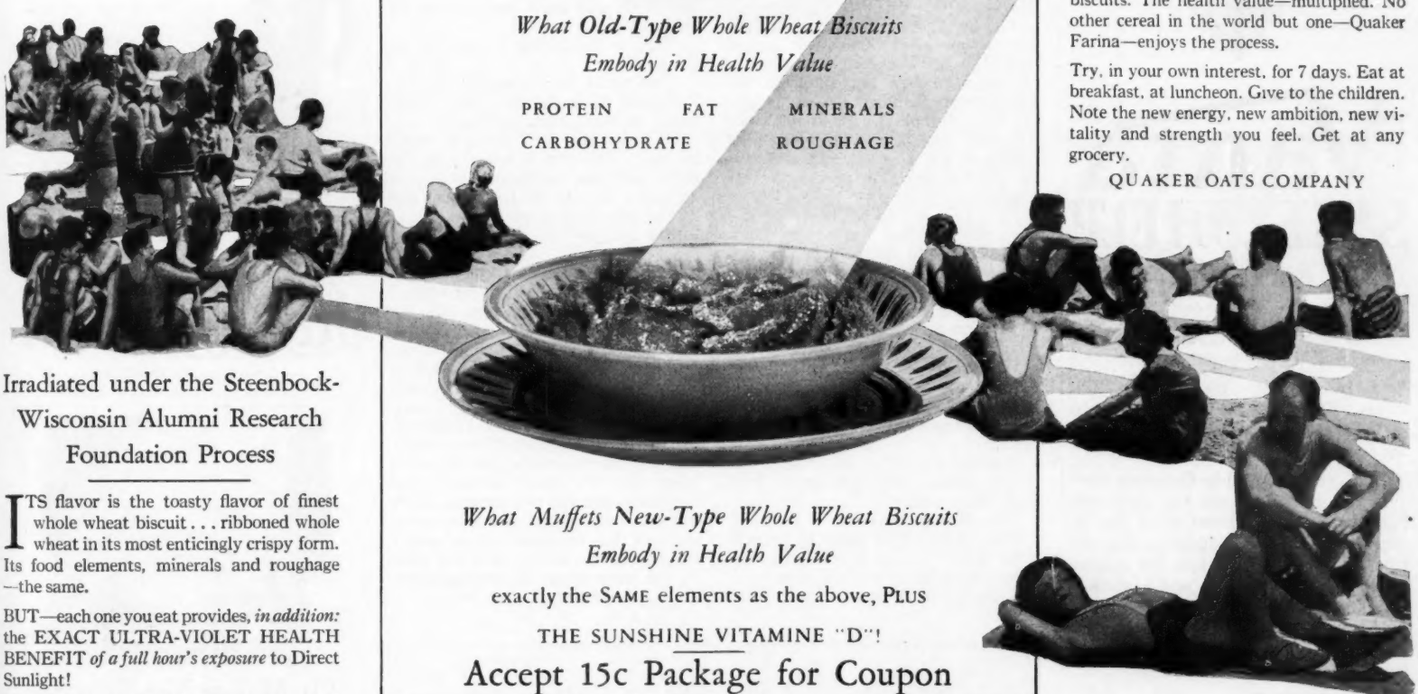
For This New Food Invention; So Its Benefits Would Not Be Limited, But Given To The World

NOW. . . Whole Wheat Biscuits with the Ultra-Violet Health Benefit of a Full Hour in Direct Sunlight in Each One You Eat!

The Health Difference Today in Whole Wheat

What Old-Type Whole Wheat Biscuits Embody in Health Value

PROTEIN FAT MINERALS
CARBOHYDRATE ROUGHAGE



What Muffets New-Type Whole Wheat Biscuits Embody in Health Value

exactly the SAME elements as the above, PLUS

THE SUNSHINE VITAMINE "D"!

Accept 15c Package for Coupon

The one element previously found, in beneficial quantity, ONLY in Cod Liver Oil, and from Direct Exposure to the Sun's Rays.

Now you get it, in an adventurously delightful whole wheat biscuit, as easily as any other needed, health element.

Eat Sunshine 7 Days

BY special license, Quaker Oats Company now announce their whole wheat biscuit—"MUFFETS," as IRRADIATED under the Steenbock process . . . under the direct supervision of Professor Steenbock, the inventor, himself.

The price is the same as ordinary whole wheat biscuits. The health value—multiplied. No other cereal in the world but one—Quaker Farina—enjoys the process.

Try, in your own interest, for 7 days. Eat at breakfast, at luncheon. Give to the children. Note the new energy, new ambition, new vitality and strength you feel. Get at any grocery.

QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Irradiated under the Steenbock-Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation Process

ITS flavor is the toasty flavor of finest whole wheat biscuit . . . ribboned whole wheat in its most enticingly crispy form. Its food elements, minerals and roughage—the same.

BUT—each one you eat provides, *in addition:* the EXACT ULTRA-VIOLET HEALTH BENEFIT *of a full hour's exposure* to Direct Sunlight!

A great scientist, Professor Harry Steenbock of Wisconsin University, invented the sunshine process it embodies.

Then—"in the interest of humanity"—refused $1,000,000 for the commercial rights to use it, so that its benefits would not be restricted, but given to the world.

A great University attests its Sunshine element to you. The makers of Quaker Oats make it for you under special license from Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation.

Accept, please, a 15c package free to try—note coupon.

Millions Changing To It

IF you believe in whole wheat as a food, you will want to try this creation.

If you believe in the Sunshine theory that is bringing all the world to the beaches and outdoors, you will do as millions have already done; change to this new-type whole wheat biscuit.

Consider what it means to children. What it means to indoor workers. Consider that it provides an element heretofore absent from *virtually every food* brought to the average child or adult table, and you will know the reason.

Lacking In Milk, Bread, Meats, Vegetables, Cereals

THE element it embodies is the priceless Sunshine Vitamine "D."

The ONE element that milk—rated the "perfect food!"—is almost totally deficient in!

That butter—bulwark of the diet—is almost totally without.

That bread, meat, cereals, vegetables of all types—all the common articles of diet—are either without entirely or contain in such minute quantity as to offer no accepted benefit.

Yet—the one element children *must have* to build bone. And thus avoid rickets. *Need to gain and hold weight.*

An element adults *must have* to fortify against bad teeth, lowered vitality and ill health.

HOW PROFESSOR STEENBOCK PUTS SUNSHINE INTO FOOD

More publicity, more front page newspaper space has been given the Steenbock process than any food invention known to science.

This method—through a peculiar and *patented process*, controlled by Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation—exposes certain foods to Ultra-Violet Rays.

The result is that those foods *absorb the actual Violet Rays of Sunlight*, so that eating those foods has the precise Ultra-Violet benefit to the body as DIRECT EXPOSURE of the body to actual Sunlight itself.

World experts—food and medical—pronounce it one of science's outstanding contributions to child and adult health.

Good for 15¢ Package Present to Any Grocer

To get full-size package of "MUFFETS", simply sign this coupon and present to your grocer. He will give you a full-size package FREE.

Note to Retail Grocers: The Quaker Oats Co. hereby promises to pay you 15c for each 12 oz. package on presentation of this coupon to the Quaker Oats Co., 80 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. It must be duly signed by the housewife who receives the free package. And only one package to a family. No payment will be made to coupon brokers.

Your Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Your Grocer's Name .....

McC-Apr.

Dressing Trains Your Baby's Mind

Vanta SELF♥HELP GARMENTS

Make Dressing Easy

SCIENTISTS find that teaching babies to dress themselves develops their minds. Dressing also trains your baby in independence and resourcefulness, saving hours and hours of mothers' time.

USE Vanta Self♥Help Garments when your baby is about two years old. Show baby the Red Heart Label that always is in the same position, marking the outside and front. See how few buttons and buttonholes there are and how easily tiny fingers can fasten them. Vanta Self ♥Help Garments are scientifically designed to make dressing simple. Your baby will laugh with joy at his or her success.

UNVARYING Vanta quality comes in every kind and weight of fabric that doctors prescribe. Included are Shirts, Union Suits, Training Panties, French Style Step-ins, Waists, Sleepers—for babies, girls and boys to six years. Fabrics: silk, Irish linen mesh, wool, rayon, sase, cotton.

FROM BIRTH TO TWO YEARS USE VANTA BABY GARMENTS—NO PINS, NO BUTTONS.

If your favorite store does not have Vanta write Earnshaw Knitting Co., Dept. 313, Newton, Mass. In Canada please write to J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

FREE TO YOU

"The Toddler," a Book on Care, Feeding, Dressing, Training of the Child of 2 to 6 years.

EARNSHAW SALES CO., INC.
Dept. 313 Newton, Mass.

Without charge send your book, "The Toddler," and illustrated catalog of Vanta Self Help Garments.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 32*]

"I'll come presently."

She was stirring hot water into Joey's food. Her hand did not shake, and she preserved outwardly an appearance of serenity. She felt that here was a crisis. And then, just as she thought herself in an impregnable tower of independence, Joel battered it down with the only weapon against which she had no defense.

"Oh, look here, Jack, I'm so darned lonesome."

"Oh, Joel . . . " All her defenses were down, and she knew it. She couldn't stand it to see that look on his face . . . Joel, who had lost his leg, and who had, in a sense, lost Mary!

MARY was brought home in a great motor ambulance. She was carried upstairs by Joel and the interne who had come with her. A nurse was with her also, and was to stay until Jacqueline learned the routine of Mary's day.

The nurse braided Mary's hair and put on one of the pale pink jackets and when Joel and Jacqueline came in to see her, they found the invalid looking more than ever like an Arthurian lady, with her golden braids framing her face and measuring their length on the coverlet, and with the rose of the jacket giving color to her cheeks.

"It's so good to be home again," she said, and how was she to know that she was to lie there in that bed until the gold in her braids had turned to gray and until one rose jacket had been succeeded by another and another and another, throughout the weary years? For the surgeon had advised that she should not be told of the hopelessness of her case. "She will adjust herself to it day by day. To tell her now would be unnecessarily cruel."

Yolanda was delighted to have her mother home. "Did you know Aunt Jack has a parrot?"

"My darling—no—"

"Yes. Uncle Kit's going to bring it down. And it's name is Simple Simon."

Joel, standing by the bed, elucidated, "Of course if it worries you, dear, Jack's perfectly willing to get rid of it . . ."

Thus from the beginning was established the fiction that Jacqueline's happiness was founded on doing what Mary wanted. Set herself as she would against it, she found herself being submerged by the personality of this new Mary who was in bed and an invalid. Mary, shorn of physical strength, refused to relinquish her place as mistress of the house. "I'm not an imbecile if I am on my back," she had said on the day the nurse had left. And she at once began to plan menus, check up expenses, give orders to old Hannah. "It keeps my mind off my troubles, Jack."

So it came about that Mary settled everything from pies to puddings, from veal cutlets to vacuum cleaners.

"Hannah had better go over Joel's room this morning, Jack."

"Could it wait until tomorrow, Mary? Hannah has a busy day in the kitchen."

"Why is she having a busy day in the kitchen?"

"Joel asked for a pumpkin pie, and I thought while she was about it she might do some other baking."

"I'll plan all that, Jack, if you'll let me." This was a new Mary, indeed, with her petulances. "She can make the pie and do Joel's room and let the other baking go."

"But Mary—"

AND Mary had stopped her with "Oh, if I were only on my feet—" and how could Jacqueline tell her then, that she wanted to go to Boston to lunch with Kit, and couldn't if old Hannah's day was filled with household duties so that she couldn't take care of Joey.

It wasn't, Jacqueline told herself, that Mary was selfish. It was simply that she did not realize the increased labors that her illness imposed upon her sister and the old servant. There was her own special diet, her morning bath, the freshening up of everything about her, so that when Joel came in, her room would be perfumed and

[*Continued on page 163*]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., Spring & Bakers Streets, Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can., 204 Gt. Portland St. London, England.

No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price
5564	2-8	.35	6047	14-16, 36-42	.35	6063	14-18, 36-42	.45
5567	2-8	.35	6048	14-18, 36-42	.45	6064	14-18, 36-42	.50
5586	1-6	.30	6049	14-18, 36-42	.50	6065	14-18, 36-42	.45
5605	6-14	.45	6050	14-18, 36-42	.50	6066	14-20	.35
5731	4-14	.35	6051	14-18, 36-46	.35	6067	14-18, 36-42	.50
6007	12-20	.35	6052	14-18, 36-42	.65	6068	14-18, 36-46	.35
6037	14-18, 36-46	.65	6053	14-18, 36-42	.45	6069	14-16, 36-42	.50
6038	14-18, 36-42	.50	6054	14-18, 36-42	.45	6070	2-8	.35
6039	14-18, 36-42	.45	6055	14-18, 36-42	.50	6071	2-10	.35
6040	14-18, 36-46	.50	6056	14-18, 36-42	.50	6072	14-16, 36-42	.45
6041	14-18, 36-46	.50	6057	14-18, 36-42	.65	6073	14-18, 36-42	.35
6042	14-18, 36-42	.45	6058	14-18, 36-46	.35	6074	14-18, 36-42	.45
6043	14-18, 36-42	.65	6059	14-18, 36-42	.65	6075	4-14	.35
6044	14-18, 36-42	.65	6060	14-18, 36-46	.45	6076	4-12	.35
6045	14-18, 36-46	.50	6061	14-18, 36-46	.50	6077	2-8	.35
6046	14-16, 36-42	.35	6062	14-18, 36-46	.45	6078	14-18, 36-46	.45

For STOUT WOMEN and MISSES
Slenderizing Fashions for Stout Women and Misses
The New Styles at New Low Prices
Lane Bryant
39th Street at Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

This Style Book is yours FREE

STYLES have changed! And to you this is good news, indeed—for the new mode *favors* the fuller figure and the new lowered hemline is definitely slenderizing.

Your whole new costume may just as well come from Fifth Avenue and yet bring to you a big saving in price.

Lane Bryant garments are not merely larger sizes—they are slenderizing styles, correctly proportioned, for all stout women—with plenty of room at arms, bust and hips.

Our new Style Book brings our stores right to your door—for we pay postage on every purchase made by mail. There are for you new delights in Dresses, Coats, Hats, Shoes, Corsets, Underwear—if you write for this book today.

Lane Bryant

Address Dept. 92, 39th Street at
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"It Makes My Skin So Clear And Velvety"

That's what women say who take the Resinol way of caring for their complexions. The daily use of Resinol Soap with a touch of Resinol Ointment for the occasional pimple keeps the skin as lovely and fresh as nature intended it to be. Try it yourself. You will like the clean tonic odor of the soap—the quick healing of the ointment.

FREE Trial size package on request. Resinol, Dept. 3-D, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

Be a Nurse

Make $30-$35 a Week

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 29 years. One graduate has charge of a ten-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Open to all over 18 and under 60 years. Money-back agreement.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 94 421 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name_____

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Better than soap and water for spring housecleaning

Don't Hide Beauty
by polishing over dirt

THAT'S just what you do when you use ordinary wax and furniture polish on your furniture or woodwork. They do not remove the dirt . . . they merely polish over it.

Restore the original lustre of the finish with the New Liquid Veneer that cleans as it polishes. While it polishes it removes the dirt that hides the original beauty . . . all in one operation, in half the time, with half the effort.

Ideal for dusting, too. Makes frequent polishings unnecessary. Leaves no greasy film. 4 oz. 30c; 12 oz. 60c; 60c size and 30c polishing glove, 75c.

FREE — Sample bottle and helpful booklet, "The Care of Fine Finishes." Address Liquid Veneer Corporation, 111 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

The NEW LIQUID VENEER

Polishes Better *Because it Cleans*

GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME Men or women, earn fine income in business of YOUR OWN operating "Specialty Candy Factory"—begin Home Spare Time, make BIG PROFITS First Week. We furnish Tools and Supplies—show you how to make and sell large line PURE, DELICIOUS Candies. Nothing else like it. Booklet FREE. W. HILLYER RAGSDALE Drawer 120 East Orange, N. J.

No More Aching Arms
Numbed Wrists Bruised Hands

This powerful and tireless Dormeyer Food Mixer will do all your beating, stirring, whipping, mixing—more thoroughly—in less than ½ the time—and without effort on your part. It's an all purpose mixer, regulating speed as desired for liquids, cake batters, mayonnaise, mashed potatoes or other mixes. Makes all foods lighter, and more delicious.

The Dormeyer is as beautiful as a piece of silver; polished aluminum case, chromium plated steel parts. It conveniently stands by itself. Paddles easily detach for washing. Guaranteed electrically and mechanically. Endorsed by Good Housekeeping, Delineator, Modern Priscilla Test Kitchens.

The New Improved Dormeyer Electric Food Mixer

The compact, portable Dormeyer costs only $24.50, yet it mixes foods as speedily and thoroughly as bulky, non-portable mixers sold at three to seven times the price. If your electrical dealer cannot supply, mail coupon for complete descriptive folder.

A. F. DORMEYER MFG. CO., Dept. K-1
2640 Greenview Avenue, Chicago
Please send folder describing the New Improved Dormeyer Mixer.

Name ----------
Address ----------
City ---------- State ----------

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 162*]

rosy. Then there was little Joey who must be crisp and curled and smiling when he was taken in twice a day to see his mother.

"Isn't he adorable, Jack?"

"He's his Auntie Jack's own darling." And Jacqueline meant it. Small Joey was the joy of her days. Her only problems with him were his food and drink. Everybody else bossed her, and she didn't see how she could help it, for there was always Joel's leg to think about, and Mary's back, and Yolanda was Yolanda!

It seemed as if everybody in the world came to see Mary, and among the rest were all those women with whom she had worked in war days. They were, Jacqueline felt, different.

THE God who had been real to them during the war seemed to have receded, so that He again sat up among the clouds. A good many of the women went to church and said their prayers. But none of them seemed to serve at sacred altars, or be dedicated to any cause.

Jacqueline spoke to Sue about it. And Sue said, "You can't expect a thing like that to last."

"I did expect it."

"Oh, you . . . ." Sue was scornful. "You have never lived in a real world, Jack. You see things as you want them to be. And as for the war, we know now that we were emotionally swayed. That all our talk of holding high the torch was simply talk, and that the vision of Christ in Flanders was the hallucination of neurotics."

Jacqueline glowed with sudden fire. "I hate to hear you say things like that, Sue. And it isn't true. Christ was there for those who—died."

Sue shrugged her shoulders. "Illusion."

"No," Jacqueline said; "it was not illusion. The spirit is as real as the body. And the world knew it for a little while, because it faced death . . . . And death is not the end of—life . . . ."

Sue shrugged her shoulders. "Have it your way," she said, "but you're going to be hurt some day—dreadfully."

Sue was having dinner with them that night. There would be four of them, Joel and Kit, Sue and Jacqueline.

Mary had showed much interest in the small dinner party. The menu she presented to Jacqueline was perfect, but beyond Hannah's limitations. "I had thought of something simpler," Jacqueline told her sister. "Hannah finds it hard to cook and serve, too. She thinks we could have just two courses with fruit and cheese and coffee at the end."

"Heavens, Jack, what would Sue Gilman think of us?"

"I don't care what she thinks. She knows we can't attempt to compete with the perfection of their cuisine and service."

"Even if we can't, we're not quite —barbarians . . . ."

Jacqueline was silent. How unlike Mary it all was, this bitterness! She set herself to see what she could do, and the result was a modification of Mary's menu. It was still, however, too elaborate. And the final outcome would, Jacqueline felt, be failure. Hannah was not at home in the dining room. Her domain was the kitchen She was dubious when the details of the dinner were explained to her. But she would have walked over hot plowshares for Jacqueline. "I'll do my best, Miss Jack."

[*Continued on page 164*]

"FEET HURT TERRIBLY"
But in 10 minutes pain had gone
Costs nothing if it fails

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Pains stop in 10 minutes when these amazing bands, Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently advised for severe cases. Pain stops like magic. Soon bands may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge them widely.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

Wear a pair ten days; if not delighted, your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free booklet.

1 Trouble starts with overstrained, weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

Money back if it fails.

Jung Arch Brace Co., 274 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
Send one pair of braces marked below:
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR *SEVERE* CASES —with cushion lift	FOR *MILD* CASES —without cushion lift
☐ BANNER *(medium)* $2	☐ WONDER *(medium)* $1
☐ VICTOR *(long)* $2.50	☐ MIRACLE *(long)* $1.50

☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.
Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....
Send Free Booklet
Name .....
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City..... State.....

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LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes, as well. Latest modes designed to conceal condition and provide expansion. New Style Book, picturing latest fashions in Coats, Dresses, Skirts and Corsets for Maternity wear; also Apparel for Baby. Sent free. *Write for it today.*

Style Book Free

Lane Bryant Address Dept 91 39th St at Fifth Ave. **New York**

No. 6057. Size 36, 5⅛ yards 35-inch or 4⅝ yards 39-inch, underwaist ½ yard 35-inch.

No. 6068. Size 36, 3¼ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 6064. Size 36, jacket, skirt, 4⅛ yards 39-inch, blouse, 2 yards 39-inch. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 6062. Size 36, 4 yards 35-inch or 3⅞ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 6058. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 35-inch or 3½ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 6053. Size 36, 4½ yards 27-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 35-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 6051. Size 36, 3 yards 35-or 39-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 6047. Size 36, 2½ yards 32-inch, 2⅛ yards 35-inch or 2 yards 39-inch.

No. 6048. Size 36, 5¾ yards 27-inch or 4⅛ yards 35-inch. Width, about 3 yards.

No. 6054. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 54-inch, upper-waist, ⅝ yard and lower waist, ¾ yard 39-inch.

No. 6052. Size 36, dress, 4 yards 39-inch, coat, 3⅝ yards 35-inch or 3½ yards 39-inch.

No. 6078. Size 36, 3½ yards 32-inch or 3 yards 35-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 6074. Size 36, 4⅜ yards 35-inch or 3⅞ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 6061. Size 36, 4¼ yards 39-inch or 3 yards 54-inch, lining, 2⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 6059. Size 36, 3 yards 54-inch, waist, 1½ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 6067. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 54-inch, lining, 2¼ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 6049. Size 36, blouse, 1½ yards 39-inch, skirt, 2⅝ yards 39-inch. Width, about 2¾ yards.

No. 6063. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material, binding, 8¾ yards. Width, about 2½ yards.

No. 6049. Size 36, 3¼ yards 54-inch, blouse, 2 yards 35-inch. Width, about 2¾ yards.

No. 6065. Size 36, blouse, 1¾ yards 39-inch, skirt, 2½ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 6073. Size 36, 3¾ yards 35-inch or 3½ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 6066. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 27-inch material or 3⅝ yards 32-inch.

No. 6007. Size 16, blouse, 1½ yards 32-inch, skirt, 2¼ yards 39-inch. Width, about 2½ yards.

No. 6055. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

No. 6056. Size 36, 4½ yards 39-inch, scarf, ½ yard 39-inch. Width, about 3¼ yards.

No. 6060. Size 36, 3¾ yards 39-inch or 2⅝ yards 54-inch, vest, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 6050. Size 36, 6½ yards 35-inch, contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch. Width, about 3⅝ yards.

No. 6076 Size 10, 2⅛ yards 39-inch or 1¾ yards 54-inch, collar, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 5731. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch material or 2⅓ yards 54-inch.

No. 5605. Size 6, dress, 1⅞ yards and contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch, coat, 2 yards 39-inch.

No. 6077. Size 4, 2¾ yards 27-inch or 2½ yards 35-inch, collar, ¼ yard 32-inch.

No. 5586. Size 4, 1½ yards 39-inch or 1¼ yards 54-inch, lining, 1¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 5567. Size 2, 1⅞ yards 39-inch or 1⅜ yards 54-inch, lining, 1 yard 39-inch.

No. 5564. Size 2, 1¾ yards 39-inch or 1¼ yards 54-inch, lining, 1 yard 39-inch.

No. 6070. Size 4, upper dress, ¾ yard 32-inch, yoke, panties, lower dress, 1⅞ yards 32-inch.

No. 6071. Size 10, waist, bands, 1¾ yards 35-inch, contasting, 2⅛ yards 35-inch.

No. 6075. Size 12, 3½ yards 54-inch, dress, 2¼ yards 27-inch, yoke, ⅜ yard 35-inch.

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Water Searches for a Pinhole

WHETHER riding the waves or under the surface the submarine moves serenely on. Tons of water press against every foot of surface . . . even the slightest opening would soon render the ship useless. But there is no danger . . . her skilfully constructed steel hull protects the ship and its contents.

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All seams in the Clark are double welded. They are even stronger than the 12-gauge specially processed Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel itself. Each Clark carries a 50-year guaranty.

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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Vault. It identifies the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 163*]

Whatever the difficulties in the kitchen, however, the table looked lovely, and Jacqueline had a new blue dress—sheer and flowing, with touches of silver. She had spent all of her tiny balance in the bank to get it. These were Kit's last days. After that, what matter what she wore?

Sue, in a gorgeous brocade of white with roses, and whose hair blazed more than ever, got along famously with Joel. It seemed to Jack that she had never seen Joel so gay and gallant. It was, indeed, a very gay party. Sue was in wild spirits; and as the meal progressed flirted openly with Joel. Jacqueline was not sure that she liked it. Of course it meant nothing. People did things like that in these days, whether they were married or not. Yet she had a tug of the heart as she thought of Mary, who had once been the life of the party.

She pushed the thought behind her, however, and was, presently, laughing with the rest of them. Kit was at his best and matched Joel's stories with his own. Sue, unlike most women, was an excellent *raconteur*, and Jacqueline marveled that it was she and not Sue whom Kit had chosen . . .

Yet she had no sense of jealousy. Kit was there beside her, completely her own. Now and then under the table he caught her little hand in his strong clasp, and his smile, as he looked down at her, was one of utter content.

She came out of her haze of happiness, to find that things were going wrong with the dinner. Hannah was slow with the serving and clumsy, and Joel was obviously getting impatient. "I knew it," Jacqueline told herself, desperately; "if only Mary hadn't insisted on five courses."

She tried to console herself with the thought that the cooking was delicious. But the chicken grew cold on their plates before the vegetables were passed, and the climax came when Hannah disappeared and was gone interminably. Jacqueline rang the bell and rang it again, and got no response.

She tried to laugh it off. "Hannah's gone to sleep."

Joel's face darkened. She knew he was thinking that if Mary had been there all this would not have happened. "I should rather think she's dead," he said, with a touch of irritation.

HANNAH came at last with her fluted cap over one eye, and with small Joey in her arms. "I'm sorry, Miss Jack, but he's crying his head off."

Jacqueline rose in her seat. "I'll take him, Hannah. You go on and serve the dinner."

The baby came to her rapturously, drying his tears at once at the sight of the shining candles and all the smiling people.

But Joel was not smiling. "Give him to me," he said, masterfully.

"He's happy here, Joel," Jacqueline replied as she drew the child closer; "he loves the lights."

Joel's voice was sharp, "He's getting spoiled to death. He needs a bit of discipline."

Jacqueline thought nervously that this was no place to begin it. If only Joel would talk to Sue and Kit!

But Joel wouldn't. "Give him to me," he said again. So small Joey went to his father, and from that time on things were dreadful. For Joel, intent on discipline, held the child in an iron grip, and Joey, sensing a hostile atmosphere, howled to the heavens, and in the midst of it all, Hannah brought in the salad and passed the cream cheese and bar-le-duc, and her old hands trembled.

And the sight of those trembling old hands gave Jacqueline courage. "Take the baby upstairs, Hannah," she said, quietly; "we'll do the rest."

"Jack!" Joel protested.

But Jacqueline was laughing, carrying it off with a high hand. "Kit will help me," she said; "He can play butler and I'll play cook, and you and Sue can see how well we do it."

THE next few moments were uproarious as Kit sailed out with the salad plates, with his nose in the air, and Jacqueline in one of old Hannah's fluted caps crumbed the table.

Sue played up to it; and so, after a startled moment, did Joel. And Kit played, too, but when he and Jacqueline were at last safely out in the kitchen, he shut the door behind him.

"If you think I'm going to let all this go on . . . !"

"All what?"

"This bulldozing—Joel's insufferable!"

"Hush, Kit—not so loud."

"Do you think I care if he hears me? What does he think you are? A lackey?"

"Kit, help me through with it," her cheeks were flushed, Hannah's cap almost covered her ears, the blue dress floated and flowed about her. "Help me through with this dinner. Make it a joke, and we'll talk about it afterward."

He towered above her. "I'd like to beat Joel up."

"Kit, you *couldn't!* You've got two legs, and he . . . . hasn't."

He began to laugh, suddenly, "Jack . . . . was there ever such a child . . . . such a darling . . . !"

They went in presently with the dessert. The game went on, and at last Kit carried the tray with the coffee service into the living room, and their labors were ended.

Kit was to take Sue home. "I hate it," he had said to Jacqueline frankly, "for I'll lose the evening with you."

"We'll have a week of tomorrows, Kit."

"What's a week in a desert of months ahead?"

They played bridge until it was time for Sue to go home. Joel had recovered his equanimity, and was again gay and gallant. He had Jacqueline for a partner during the first rubber. Young as she was, she played an excellent game. Sue couldn't hold a candle to her, and even Joel condescended to compliment her. "That redouble of yours was masterly, Jack. I wish you'd look at our score."

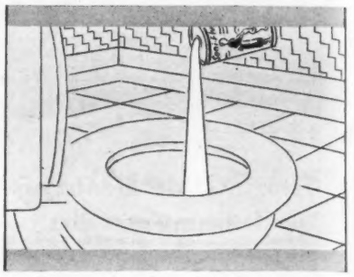
She was proud of the score, but she hated to beat Kit. It was much nicer when she had Kit for a partner, and they could stand or fall together. It was wonderful how well things went for them. And when Kit kissed her "Goodnight" in the hall, while Joel and Sue added up the score, he whispered, "You're as lovely as you look, my angel," she had a singing sense of triumph.

And when Kit had gone with Sue, she came back into the living room and faced Joel. "I'm sorry about the dinner."

"Hannah made a mess of things."

[*Continued on page 166*]

The modern way is EASY



THE MOST unpleasant of all household tasks is *gone forever!* Sani-Flush makes cleaning a toilet bowl the simplest thing in the world.

Merely sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and the job is done. The bowl will be spotless—snow-white. All incrustations will be swept away, all odors eliminated, and *all germs killed.* Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, will be cleansed and purified.

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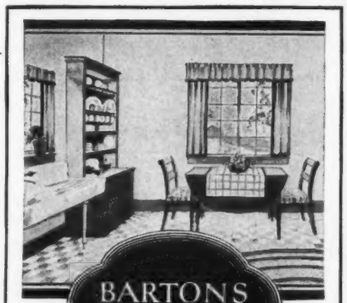

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NOW... right in your own J. C. Penney Company store are new Spring frocks, coats and jacket suits, inspired by those that so recently made their début in Paris.

Each one with a dressmaker's touch of flattery that even the prettiest frocks have not had in years. For the French originals, like our own adaptations, show the universally becoming lingerie touch on almost every dress... at the neck, the cuff, or in decorative bows of snowy piqué and soft white batiste.

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These are but two of the many details of new fashion interest faithfully reproduced in our collection for Spring. And each dress... coat... and suit that they adorn is made with all the care that women expect to find in J. C. Penney clothing.

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And the result of this steady growth is a great purchasing power that commands for us the manufacturer's *lowest price* on the fine things we buy.

As we open one new store after another, we continually discover new efficiencies in storekeeping... more economical methods of handling our merchandise on its way to you. Consequently we never waste a cent of the tremendous savings our large orders earn. And we pass them on to you in values that are outstanding.

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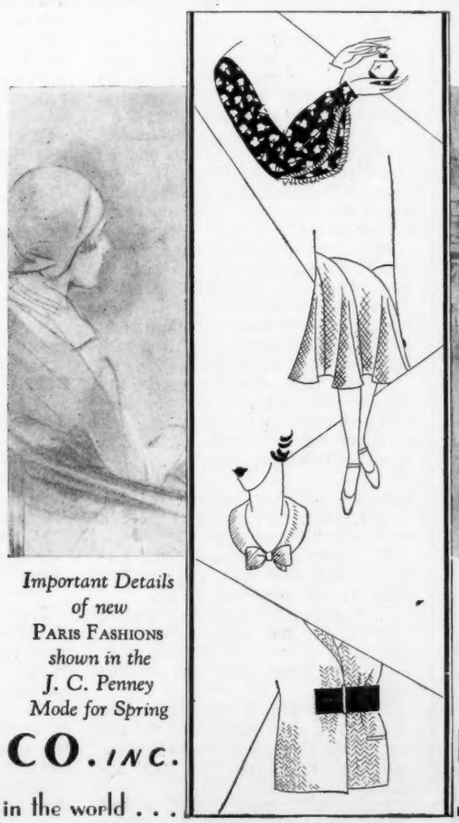
IN THE FASHION CENTERS *of the world these new modes are now being shown... and beginning March 21st you'll find them in your own J. C. Penney store. Three-piece jacket suits with coats slightly fitted at the waistline. Crêpe dresses with sleeves that cascade into graceful ruffles just above the elbow. All the high shades and black, with new Spring hats to match... turbans and narrow-brimmed styles in the new summer straws.*



Important Details of new PARIS FASHIONS *shown in the J. C. Penney Mode for Spring*

QUAINT PUFFED SLEEVES, *slashed and edged with organdie pleating.* DAYTIME SKIRTS *even all around... pointed panels are reserved for evening wear.* WHITE PIQUÉ COLLARS *with butterfly bows of the same material.* WIDE BELTS *of high-lustre leather that fit snugly so far as they go. Half way around, that's all!*

J. C. PENNEY CO. INC. DEPT. STORES

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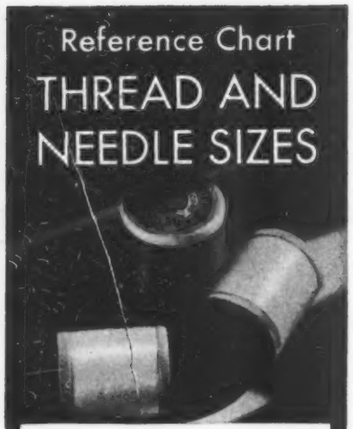


Black and white six cord threads are made in many sizes, each size for a purpose. In sewing, use threads and needles right in size for each other and for the fabric. Then they will glide easily through the material, the thread will blend into its texture, and the stitched seam will be as strong as the fabric itself. This convenient guide shows the types of sewing for which you should use ten important thread sizes:

No. 36-40 For buttonholes, buttons and little boys' suits—wherever sturdy, firm seams are necessary, use thread size 36 or 40, machine needle size 21, Milward's hand needle size 5.

No. 50-60 For blouses and dresses of firm fabrics, including woolens; for draperies, quilts, and household sewing; for children's tailored clothes, use thread size 50 or 60, machine needle size 16, Milward's hand needle size 5.

No. 70-80 For little girls' party dresses and dainty house dresses and aprons; for glass curtains, use thread size 70 or 80, machine needle size 14, Milward's hand needle size 7.

No. 100-120 For georgette, chiffon, light weight rayon, fine dimity, lawn, batiste and other featherweight or sheer fabrics. For infants' clothes and dainty lingerie, use thread size 100 or 120, machine needle size 9. For hand sewing, use Milward's needle size 9

No. 150-200 For gossamer fine sewing; for lingerie touches on dresses; for exquisitely fine handwork; for lace and delicate fabrics, use thread size 150 or 200, machine needle size 9, Milward's hand needle size 10.

Use hand needles that are perfectly polished and smooth in the eye to avoid cutting the thread. Milward's needles are the highest standard of quality.

Wherever you live, you will find at a store near by J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. six cord black and white threads. This chart is your guide in asking for threads by number. These famous brand names are your guarantee of quality.

For complete Thread and Needle Chart in permanent reference form send to Spool Cotton Co., Dept. 12-R, 881 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Clark's O.N.T. or J. & P. Coats

BEST SIX CORD SEWING THREADS

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 164*]

"Hannah couldn't help it. I told Mary we could have two courses, and Hannah would be equal to that. But she insisted on five."

"Mary planned it?"

"Yes. She plans everything. And you and I must let her. She has so little in her life, poor dear. But I'm not going to take the blame for her mistakes, Joel. I'm here because you need me, and Mary, and the children, and I'll do my best. But I'm not a doormat."

"My dear girl," Joel stammered.

She smiled at him, "So that's that," she said, serenely, and left him staring in surprise.

When Sue and Kit arrived at the house in Salem, they found Paula waiting up for them. "Better late than never," she said, as the two young people came in.

Sue dropped her fur wrap on a chair, and sat down at the piano, her back to the keys, "Shall we tell you all about it, Paula?"

Kit still stood on the threshold. "I'm sorry," he said. "But I'm going over next door. There are some papers and documents I want to take in with me to Boston tomorrow morning."

"It will be freezing, Kit. You'd better stay here."

"There's wood in the library, I can get a blaze in a second. And there are a lot of things in my desk I must look over."

Sue turned to the piano and began to play softly. Paula, said, "We have seen so little of you, Kit."

Sue flung over her shoulder, "Why complain, Paula? We'd better be thankful for crumbs from the king's table."

Kit, unconscious of the forces warring about him, laughed lazily, "You'll be glad to be rid of me. A man in love isn't the best company. But you've been no end good to me."

"We've been good to ourselves," Paula said, smiling; and Sue whirled round and demanded, "What did you expect? That we'd show you the door? Don't our years of friendship count for anything?"

Paula's heart almost missed a beat. Would Kit see what she saw in Sue's eyes? And if he did, what then?

But Kit saw nothing. He only wished Sue and Paula wouldn't be so insistent. He wanted to be alone with his thoughts of Jacqueline.

He said "Goodnight," presently, and left them, and when he had gone, Sue rose and stood by the fire. "He doesn't know we're on earth, Paula. And in a week he's going away."

PAULA with her eyes on the fire, said, "Sue, have you ever let him see how much you—care—?"

The room was dead still for a moment; then Sue said, "Paula, how could I? He loves—Jacqueline."

"I know . . . . But she's hurting him. Sending him away, unhappy. If that is love, well, let her think it. He'll grow tired. Turn to someone else."

She stopped, and there was a long silence, and when they spoke again it was of other things, until Sue yawned, and said, "I'm sleepy," and went upstairs.

Paula, left alone, smoked a last cigarette by the dying fire. Everything was, it seemed to Paula, dying. Her sisters were old. It was only a question of time with them. Her own beauty had a blight on it, the spring and summer of her life had passed, winter was upon her.

But Sue was young, her beauty unblemished. Might she not claim of life all that it had to give? Why let one's pride, one's sense of personal dignity stand in the way of happiness?

Sue upstairs, still dressed and prone on her bed, was asking herself the same questions. Paula's words had shaken her:

"Have you ever let him see that you care?" Well, what if she did let him see? What good would it do?

Yet, it was pride which had brought Paula to lonely spinsterhood. And Jacqueline was making Kit unhappy. Might not these things weigh in balance against those reticences that the world called womanly?

She rose and looked out of the window. A faint light in the library next door showed where Kit was still at work. She could see the dark shadow of his head against the curtain.

A half hour later, Kit, very busy, became aware of sounds in the house. It seemed to him that somewhere a door had opened and shut. He listened and half rose from his seat. Then again there was silence, except for the weak whimper of the wind as it swept around the corner.

HE TURNED once more to his desk. He had found the papers he sought, and he had found something else. A little book which his father had sent to his mother, long years ago, when he was far away at sea. At the time of her death, Kit had tucked it away in his desk, after glancing through it. But now he was giving it more than a glance. In the light of his own love affair, the words which his father had written seemed to flame with sacred fires. There was a verse here, a verse there—from the Bible, Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley—copied in fine and perfect penmanship, and the book was bound in hand-tooled leather. He turned down the corners of certain pages, marking them for Jacqueline—*"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day . . . ." "She walks in beauty . . . ." "She is coming, my own, my sweet . . . ."*

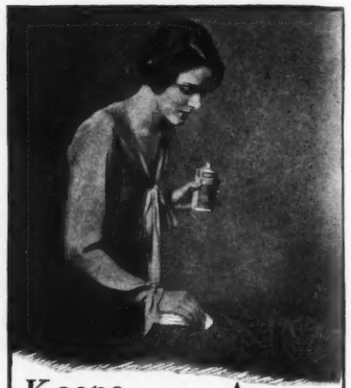
And there was the one of Christina Rossetti. He read and reread it:

"My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple tree,
Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea,
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me."

Taste in poetry had changed since his father had copied that. Yet to Kit there was something strong and sustaining in that simile: *"My heart is like an apple tree . . . . whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit . . . ."* He leaned back in his chair, smiling. His love for Jacqueline was a golden orchard, hung with shining globes . . .

Again a door seemed to open and shut. Then a line of gold shone now

[*Continued on page 167*]



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WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 166*]

beneath the dining room door; and all at once it opened, and standing in a square of yellow light, he saw Sue Gilman.

The light of her candle illumined him, and as she saw him, she laughed. "Kit, you idiot, to stay over here and freeze. I've brought you some coffee."

Her words were light, casual, and how could he know that she was trembling with more than cold. "Come in to the fire," he said; "this is awfully good of you, but you shouldn't have done it."

SHE preceded him into the library and set the tray on the table. There were cups on it and a plate covered with a napkin. "I made some sandwiches, and there's a thermos jug of coffee in the dining room. Will you go and get it? There was more than I could carry."

"I thought I heard someone in the back of the house," he said, as he returned with the coffee, "but I wasn't sure."

"I made two trips," she told him.

"Why didn't you let me help you?"

"I wanted to have it all ready before you knew. And I had to wait until everyone in the house was asleep."

She was pouring coffee, and did not look at him. "I wanted to wait," she repeated, "because I thought it would be nice to have a bit of time to ourselves over here . . . and they're such old tabbies . . . they wouldn't have thought it proper."

Kit selected a sandwich. "It's a rather late day to worry about the proprieties with us, isn't it?"

"With you and me? Yes. We never thought of chaperones in the old days."

"I'll say we didn't," he went on, eating sandwiches.

"They were nice old days," she said, presently. "Do you remember"—she went down on her knees before the fireplace—"you put our initials here on the woodwork, with a heart around them?" She settled back on her heels and looked up at him. "I was twelve and you were fifteen . . . such a silly pair of youngsters, Kit." And still kneeling there, she said, "I wish we were back in the old silly days—before you knew Jacqueline."

He had a startled sense of something impending. But he told himself he was mistaken. "Why before I knew Jacqueline?"

"Because you were happy then, and she is making you unhappy, and I can't bear it . . . ." Her upturned face showed tears upon her cheeks.

He said, uneasily, "I'm all right. Don't let it worry you, old girl."

"But it does worry me, Kit. You don't know what's ahead of you. The loneliness, the uncertain years. If she loves you, why doesn't she go out with you to India? Tell me that, Kit, why doesn't she go?"

There was a touch of sternness in his voice, "You know why. Mary's illness."

"But if Jacqueline were not here, Joel would work things out. And why should Joel be made comfortable at your expense? Oh, if she cared, Kit, as some women care, she'd go in a minute."

The thing which had impended had come. He knew now what he had not known before. It was in Sue's voice. It was in her wet eyes as she looked at him.

He chose not to see what was in the eyes, nor to hear what was in the voice. He reached out his hand for the little book which he had laid aside when she came. "Let me read you something, Sue. It is a verse my father copied long ago for my mother. I have marked it for Jacqueline."

He began to read:

"My heart is like a singing bird,
Whose nest is in a watered shoot,
My heart is like an apple tree,
Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit . . . ."

"My love for Jacqueline is like that," he said, when he had finished, "and so is hers for me . . . ."

There was a long silence, then Sue got up from the hearth and drew her fur wrap about her. "Perhaps I shouldn't have . . . . protested. Perhaps it is all . . . . none of my business . . . . But I thought our long . . . . friendship . . . . made it . . . . possible . . . ."

He had risen, too, and laid his hand on her shoulder. "It has been a good friendship," he said, heartily, and smiled down at her. "And now I am going to take you out of this freezing house. Even the fire doesn't seem to warm it."

He carried a candle with him to the door, then extinguished it, set it on the hall table, and joined her beneath the stars. The air was very still and clear. The sound of their footsteps was audible on the frozen sidewalk.

Paula, who had not slept, lifted her head from the pillow. Then she rose, and standing by the window, drew the curtain aside a little so that she might see. The light from the street lamp showed Sue walking beside Christopher. Paula's heart gave a great leap. "She's been over there with him in the old house." She wondered what Sue had said to him.

She lay awake for a long time . . . . wondering . . . .

ON THE day before Kit's departure, Jacqueline wakened very early in the morning. She had slept little, and now as she watched the dawn come in, she told herself that in another day he would be gone. She wondered how she was going to stand it.

Yet she had sent her lover away to war with brave words; head high, drums beating, flags flying! But this was different. He had been torn from her then by his country's call— But this time by her own act she was breaking his heart—and her own—

She thought of what it would be if, even now, she should change her mind and go with him. What a glorious rushing-about there would be! A quick train up to town . . . . a whirlwind descent upon the shops . . . . another quick train back again . . . . a hurried heaping into new trunks of new and lovely raiment; a simple wedding service beside Mary's bed; a swift motor trip to Boston and to the docks! And then the boat! Kit's comfortable quarters made ready for two, her own feminine belongings lying about, the boat getting under way, the throb of its engines, the beat of wind and water, herself safe and happy with Kit, forever . . . . !

She began to cry wildly, with her arm over her eyes. Then as the dawn whitened the road, she rose and looked out of the window. A blanket of fog

[*Continued on page 168*]

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WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 167*]

lay over the town. Away off somewhere, she could hear the boom of the sea—the sea that would carry Kit away . . . .

The air was freezing. She got back into bed and lay there, spent and despairing. The advancing light showed the white jade goddess on a shelf. "She's a heathen goddess," old Timothy had told her, "but I like her looks, and she's said to watch over sailors in their ships."

Men who go down to sea . . . ! The phrase beat against Jacqueline's brain. *Men who go down to sea . . . !* "Don't let Kit go," she found herself saying to the goddess on the shelf, "don't, don't . . ."

She was sobbing again, and presently she was aware of what seemed an echo to her sobbing. She listened, and was out of bed in a moment. Small Joey was awake, and Joel did not hear him.

The baby's crib was in Joel's den, which adjoined his bedroom. Jacqueline stole in on noiseless feet, and gathered the weeping child in her arms. Then she sped back with him to her own bed.

He stopped crying at once, and curled up beside her like a kitten. He murmured soft nothings, with his lips against her cheek. His hand beat on her throat. "Mum, mum, Mummy," he gurgled.

Jacqueline had tried to teach him to call his mother, "Mummy," but here he was saying it to the aunt who nightly crooned to him and cradled him in her arms, and who meant to him all that Mary had meant in the days before she had been tied to her bed.

She kissed his little hand. With the baby beside her, she was eased a bit from wild rebellion.

And then, another voice from the threshold, "Aunt Jack, may I come in?"

It was Yolanda, who charging across the carpet said, "Is there room on the other side of you?"

"Room for everybody, darling. But shut the door so you won't wake Daddy."

Yolanda did as she was told, and, first discarding her red dressing gown and red slippers, climbed up. Then, plunging beneath the warm covers, she embraced her aunt. "I've got something to tell you."

"What is it?"

MOTHER'S going to give you a party."

Jacqueline, lying straight and still between the two rapturous and wriggling youngsters, stiffened. "A party?"

"Yes. Tonight in her room. It's going to be a surprise. She hasn't told anybody but Daddy and Hannah," the little girl related.

"You shouldn't have told me, Yolanda."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because it isn't cricket to tell other people's secrets."

Yolanda raised herself on her elbow and looked into her aunt's eyes, "Didn't you want to know?"

"Well . . . yes . . ."

Yolanda dropped back on her pillow. "I told Kit, too, and he said, 'Gosh.'"

It was Jacqueline's turn to look, "When did you tell him?"

"Last night when he came to take you to town, and you kept him waiting," Yolanda answered.

Jacqueline reflected that in their long evening together, Kit had not said a word about the party. She knew he must have loathed the thought of it. On their last night together. But he wouldn't, of course, criticize Mary. He was tender of her helplessness.

JACQUELINE, going into Mary's room to get her ready for Joel's "good morning," found her sister wide awake and cheerful. The reason was, of course, easy to guess. And when Mary said, "I'm going to have Sue Gilman over this afternoon, when Kit takes you to Salem," Jacqueline braced herself for the ordeal.

"Mary," she said, flushing a little, "you mustn't plan anything tonight for Kit and me."

Mary demanded sharply, "Who told you I was planning?"

Jacqueline tried to take it lightly, "A little bird."

"Yolanda, of course."

"Please don't ask me, or blame anyone. But this is our last night—together, Mary."

"I know. But it isn't as if Kit were going away forever. You mustn't make such a tragedy of it, Jack. He'll be coming back when I am better."

"Yes." To Jacqueline braiding the invalid's bright hair, it seemed horrible that Mary should talk in that hopeful way. When there was no hope.

Mary went on. "It isn't as if you weren't so young, Jack. Much too young to take on the responsibilities of marriage. You'll be all the better wife for waiting . . ."

Jacqueline went to Mary's dresser and rummaged among the ribbons in a drawer. She wanted to cry out, "What are the responsibilities of marriage as against those you are imposing upon me?" But all she said was, "I'd rather not have the party."

"I think you are very foolish," Mary said, with a touch of severity. "It was Sue Gilman who suggested it. She thought Kit would like it. Having all his friends about him, and a gay, good time—not tears. Sue's very sensible."

Jacqueline turned and looked at her. "Do you think that Sue Gilman . . . do you think that if Sue were engaged to Kit, and he was going away, she'd want a gay party?"

"Jacqueline!"

"Do you think you would, if it were —Joel?"

Mary hesitated, then she said, "That's different. And anyhow I wouldn't make a tragedy of it."

"No . . ." Jacqueline was wrapping about Mary's head the wide pink ribbon which covered her hair in the morning. "Let life be rose-colored! Laugh and the world laughs with you, and things like that, Mary! Let's tie our emotions up in pink ribbons . . . !"

Her voice was hysterical. Mary caught at her hand and held it. "Jack what's the matter with you?"

Jacqueline was very white. "I . . . don't see how I can let him go, Mary. I . . . love him . . ." she fell on her knees beside the bed . . .

Then, through a haze, she heard Mary saying, *"If only I could get up . . . if only I could get up!"*

Jacqueline's arms went about her, "Darling Mary . . . darling . . ."

"Oh, Jack, I want you to be happy. But I can't let you go, dearest. Not yet, Jack, not yet . . . !"

[*Continued on page 170*]

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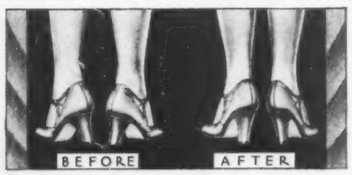

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WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 168*]

In the hours that followed, Jacqueline forgot everything but Kit. She forgot Mary, she forgot Joel, she forgot Sue Gilman, and all their demands and difficulties. She thought only of her lover.

She motored with him that afternoon to the old house in Salem. "It will be yours some day, Jack. Whether I live or die, it shall be yours . . ."

He built a fire in the library, put her in the big chair on the hearth, and wrapped her in a fine old India shawl which had belonged to his mother, and his mother's mother. Then he opened his desk, took out a blue velvet box, and showed her a necklace and brooch and earrings of seed pearls. "My father gave them to my mother on her wedding day." He made her bend her head while he looped the earrings over her little ears with a fine silk thread. He clasped the necklace about her throat and pinned the shawl with the brooch. "I shall like to think of you by my fire wrapped in my mother's shawl and wearing her pearls."

He sat on the rug at her feet, with his rough curls under her hand. "It will be like this," he said, "when I bring you here, a bride." He turned and kissed her hand and laid it on his eyes, and his eyes were wet.

She bent down to him: "Dearest!"

BEFORE they went away, he gave her the book with the verses which his father had copied for his mother. He sat again at her feet and read them to her and when he had finished, he put the little book in her hands: "If the time ever comes, Jack, when you don't want me . . . send this back . . ."

"Kit, that time will never come."

They went over later and had tea with the Gilmans. "We're coming down to the boat tomorrow," Sue said, as she moved about restlessly; "we're going to give you a great send-off, Kit."

"The more the merrier," Kit said with his lips, but his eyes denied it.

Their real parting was on the bluff. It was late that night when they climbed the hill. A wild March wind was blowing and the sea was rough. "If this keeps up we'll have some weather tomorrow," Kit said, as they stood looking out over the tossing waters.

Jacqueline clung to him. "This time tomorrow you'll be miles away. Kit, how am I going to bear it?"

HE HELD her close and after a while he said, "Do you remember, Jack, when I was overseas? You called and I answered? I shall answer again . . . when you call."

The next day when Jacqueline went down to the docks with Joel and old Timothy to see Kit off, the wind was still blowing, but the sun was shining. The cargo boat was fresh with paint, and the foreign crew was gay with the thought of going. Kit, with all his laughing friends about him, laughed with the rest. But when he had Jacqueline for a moment alone with him in his cabin, he kissed her and put her from him, "Dear love—don't make it too hard for me."

Later, she, too, among all the people, laughed and was gay. But when the boat left the pier, and she watched the waters widen, and Kit, waving his hand, was just a black spot against the sunshine, she was aware all at once of the blankness of the heavens, of the barren years ahead of her!

And then, at last, she told herself the truth. *Kit was gone. And her youth had gone with him.*

[*Continued in* MAY McCALL'S]

GIVING DEATH HIS DUE

[*Continued from page 27*]

plagued by "Variety's" box score: "Variety" is a theatrical weekly which has undertaken to keep a record of the judgment of critics and its accuracy. The standard of success is solely commercial. If a reviewer speaks ill of a play and that entertainment persists for five or six months "Variety" assumes that he has booted an opportunity and an error is chalked against him in the averages. Although the journalists scoffed at this crude compilation in the beginning they succumbed to its lure eventually. None of them were anxious to appear in the cellar of the standings. He felt that his professional acumen was impugned when it was publicly stated that his critical average was .291. He learned to walk more warily and look less into his own heart than into the happy countenances of those who sat near at hand on first nights.

But granting that dissolution is a mournful subject, *Death Takes a Holiday* remains a good play. Indeed it is written around the very notion that human beings are loath to face the fact that flesh is mortal. Death is presented as a sensitive gentleman who is acutely troubled by the circumstance that men abhor him. He wishes better and closer acquaintance. To that end he takes a holiday and appears, incognito, at a house party. But some few know his secret and manifest the greatest unease at his presence. Their fear is somewhat unreasonable for during his brief holiday a special sort of safety is conferred upon all about. Not even a leaf falls from a tree. For the moment Death is the guest and ally of the living. Of all the company just one is intuitive enough to realize that Death is not only kindly but glamorous and romantic. She returns his love and when the time comes for him to return to his distant kingdom she goes cheerfully with him. The mere matter of a somber black cloak cannot conceal from her the fact that here is one who essentially has the best of intentions toward human beings.

This somewhat startling play was written by Alberto Casella and adapted from the Italian by Walter Ferris. Its mechanism is imperfect in many spots. The advent of Death upon the scene is clumsily effected and yet because the play is founded upon an idea it gradually straightens out into engrossing entertainment. Philip Merivale plays the rôle of the visitor from a far country with great distinction and Rose Hobart is brilliant as the young woman who loves him. It is a play to command attention. It is one of the few dramas on Broadway which aims to provoke thought.

Robert E. Sherwood's *Waterloo Bridge* is cut from a more familiar pattern. This is one of the very many versions of *Camille*. For half a century young dramatists have been fascinated with the thought that even a courtesan may have a heart of gold. But Mr. Sherwood has given us a street woman even more virtuous than is the theatrical custom. His comedy has much animation and, though the theme is familiar, he has put it into a new setting. In the beginning it proceeds well, but by and by the pattern begins to show up too clearly through the fabric.

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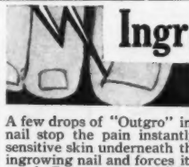

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HOLIDAY

[*Continued from page 29*]

Thank goodness, Louise knew where he had gone. At the store, at Amberger's, they would think, if they knew, that Dorothy was his sweetheart. Larry laughed to himself, feeling sick. Imagine him with a sweetheart. A man with two children. And he had felt guilty all day about the money he was spending—and that just once.

Anyhow, he didn't love Dorothy. He didn't want a girl. He didn't believe in married people acting that way. He loved Louise. He thought of her now with an aching sense of loneliness and separation. If this made trouble with Louise he couldn't bear it. He wouldn't ever two-time her. But she might not believe him!

Plain misery welled up in him, to think of Dorothy, of Louise, and himself. He sighed profoundly and wiped his eyes again with his sleeve. Bill leaned over him.

"Better try to get some sleep, Buddy," said Bill. "I'll give you a rub." He began to massage the weak, tired muscles. Larry was ashamed of his own body. How weedy his arm looked beside the other's solid brawn. He was as white as milk, as weak as a kitten. He became aware of his hollow chest, of ribs that protruded. This other man, with his bronzed, shining skin, his firm, hard young face, and bright teeth and keen eyes could feel nothing but contempt for a man like Larry. Larry struggled against the thought of that contempt.

"I can't sleep," Larry muttered. But presently, under the gentle slapping and rubbing, his blood began to flow more warmly. The hot soup was beneficent, too, and, worn and unhappy, Larry slept.

HE FELT considerably better when he wakened in the morning. He was alone now in the room with the narrow windows, and he was warm and relaxed. Downstairs he could hear a windlass creaking. His clothes were lying on a chair by the bed and he got up and dressed and washed his face in a basin by the wall, and felt of the stubble on his chin regretfully. He looked more of a man in his nice dark blue suit, with the blue shirt and striped tie. Even his beard was not too distinct, and his mouth did not look like it felt. He took his straw hat in his hand, and drew himself erect. His faltering ego needed what bolstering it could find.

The door opened out onto a little balcony. There was a stairway with a wooden rail. Below he found himself going along a boardwalk over the water. And there, like two eggs in a nest, were the boats of the coast guard. Boats as clean as a lady's handkerchief, as perfect as a gentleman's watch; the brass rails around the air-shell gleaming, the oarlocks, the ropes and paraphernalia all showing exquisite care. Larry shut his eyes and saw one of these boats out on the waves, completely hidden from sight half the time, with Bill standing in its stern, the tiller against his hip, his keen eyes searching the torn surface of the waves for a little white cap.

Larry opened his eyes abruptly and went out into the morning sunshine.

Great clouds billowed up in a sky of bright, dark blue. Larry looked involuntarily toward the water, and caught his breath. A deep, marine blue it ran out, far and fine, sparkling and beautiful. White caps rode the water like small curls of feathers as far as eye could see, and over the shimmering loveliness of Lake Michigan arched the aching sky. There were, far out, two sails in the wind.

Larry became aware of a man with gold braid on his cap sitting by the entrance on a wooden chair.

"Well, son," said the man, looking up pleasantly, "how are you feeling this morning?"

"I'm all right," said Larry, and then, diffidently, "How much do I—pay?"

THE other pretended not to hear.

"We've already made out papers for you, Mr. Donovan. Had to go through your pockets for the doctor's records. Don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all."

"We've had breakfast here, or I'd ask you to eat with us. I can give you a lift if you want to go uptown, or back to the doctor. But right there's a shack—" he pointed with his pipe, "good fish sandwiches and coffee. Guess the next thing you want is food."

"Thanks," said Larry. He began to move away and came back.

"I—goodbye. I want to thank you, sir, thank the men, for saving my life."

"That's our business, son. All the same, glad the boys got you out. Bill and Tony are heartsick over losing the girl. Mighty sorry." They shook hands and the coast guard said, "Sure you're all right and ready to travel? You can stay with us all day if you like."

"I'll go along, I think. You've been white to me, sir."

The other deprecated what they had done with a gesture, and Larry said, "Tell Bill goodbye, will you?"

"Sure will when he gets back. He's not here now."

Larry looked again into the cool, dark cave of the boathouse with the two fine boats lying there on their sides; the runway down into the water all set and grooved for them, men's slickers hanging against the wall; the trappings of a life mysterious and compelling. Larry knew nothing about it at all. One part of a boat was the same as another to him. But he felt the magnetism of the water. He had always felt it.

The little shack was clean and smelled of orange juice and frying things. Larry sat a long time, eating slowly and carefully the good rich food that was put before him. The coffee was especially satisfying. He was so thirsty. He had three cups of it. Afterward he sat staring out at the beach again. The water, the great sense of space and freedom, the movement, light and color, put its charm on him. Even now, after what it had done to Dorothy, he could not change. Lake Michigan was the most beautiful thing in the world.

A little strength flowed into him, who was still weary and weak from his experience of the afternoon before. The little old man behind the counter leaned toward him confidentially.

"Ain't you the guy that was near drowned yesterday?"

Larry nodded. The other turned to the shelf behind him.

"They's a piece in the paper about you," he said, and handed Larry the latest Chicago extra, pointing to the news. "Too bad they didn't get your little frien' out. Hard luck I calls it. Still, it might a' been worse. What if you'd both got drowned?"

[*Continued on page 172*]

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HOLIDAY

[*Continued from page 171*]

Larry took the paper with a sensation of uneasiness. There it was, at the bottom of the page. The type swam, then steadied. It was only a paragraph:

Another Drowning At Beach Haven

The heavy water running onto the Michigan Shore took its toll again yesterday. Miss Dorothy McKinna, 1527 Upton Street, Chicago, 18-year-old employee of the Amberger store, was carried out by the undertow. Due to the rough water the coast guard had great difficulty in recovering the body. Artificial respiration was used without avail. Her companion, Mr. Larry Donovan, 4957 Kent Avenue, was caught in the undertow at the same time, but was pulled out by the beach guard and resuscitated. Mr. Donovan is also at Amberger's.

There it was, for all the world to see. "Her companion, Mr. Larry Donovan." The reporter must have obtained his information from the doctor. Larry felt that everything was lost, and at the same time he experienced a definite relief that everyone knew. It had seemed dreadful that he could not speak of Dorothy's death. To try to ignore a thing like that! And however Louise took it, it was better that she should know.

IT WOULD mean his job, this paragraph on the first page of the morning paper. They were very strict about trifling at the store. Dorothy was gone, Louise would probably leave him, and he was out of work! And still he was glad, whatever they thought, that the fact of his being with Dorothy was public information. It didn't seem so much like ditching her.

He had touched bottom. His spirit began to revive a little. Some of the sense of disaster left him.

So now he paid for his breakfast and the newspaper.

A young man in overalls had come in and straddled a stool at the counter and ordered barbecue sandwiches and a bottled drink. He had listened intently to the conversation between Larry and the waiter. He had a lean brown face, under a big straw hat. His shoes were thick-soled, black and dusty, and cotton socks draped themselves over their tops, but not at all fashionably.

"When are you going back to Chicago?" he said to Larry.

"On the afternoon boat, I suppose."

"I'm trucking celery to South Market Street. Get in this afternoon. Give you a lift, if you like. I thought," diffidently, "you might not care for a boat ride, so soon."

"Why, thanks," Larry found his voice unsure, "I don't mind the boat. I'm never seasick. But I'll be glad to get back as soon as I can."

"I should have been in Chicago long ago," said the driver, as he climbed into the truck cab, with Larry following closely.

"But," he grinned engagingly, "my wife had a baby last night. Boy. Named Ralph, for me. I couldn't leave until I knew she was all right, and the baby all right, too. I won't get top price for my celery this trip, but at that, it'll be more than I'd get by tomorrow."

"Say, that's fine!" said Larry. "About the boy, I mean," and he added companionably, "I've got a boy nearly five years old, and a daughter almost three. Their names are Paul and Clara. Mine's Larry Donovan."

"I thought—" began the other, and stopped.

"The girl that was drowned, Dorothy McKinna, worked at the same store where I work. She was in the water

[*Continued on page 173*]

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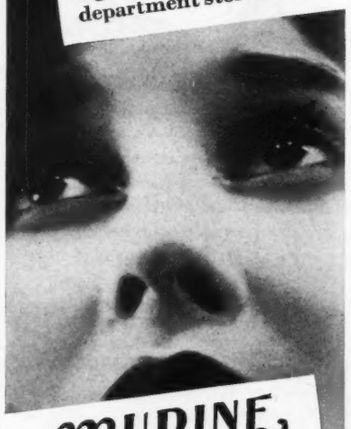

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HOLIDAY

[*Continued from page 172*]

with me, but she wasn't my girl, mister. She was just a young girl, and a nice one, too. Me—I'm a married man."

"It's all right with me."

The truck rolled through the clean town. The sand from the dunes invaded it; but everything was clean and orderly. Women and girls were out shopping, with children running beside them. Men in white shirts and dark trousers stopped on the street to talk, their straw hats in their hands. The truck went out across railroad tracks and came abruptly to the country.

"Guess we missed the bad part of that town," said Larry, looking back, but Ralph shook his head.

"Saw it all. There's no slums here. if that's what you mean. There aren't any rich people or any poor people. You won't see extremes like that until you reach Chicago. Everybody is comfortable and has a decent standard of living in a place like this, even the old fishermen."

As they went from country into town, and back into the country again, Larry saw, amazedly, that what the other said was true. There were no slums in the country towns.

They rolled along easily on a fine concrete road, as smooth as a boulevard. It followed the shore line of the lake as closely as it could, coming near to it at times, so that the bright blue dazzle struck up into their eyes.

TO THE left the farm lands stretched away between the frequent towns. Larry saw great barns and silos, fine houses with good care parked on trimmed and watered lawns. Men and women could be seen at work in fields and gardens. Great loads of hay being moved from meadow to barn brushed by them. Larry discovered that what he loved about the lake was here, the same sense of space and uninterrupted sky. Cows stood deep in grass, and clear creeks ran toward the lake, crossed by bridges of steel and concrete. And over everything was the brilliant sunshine, the cool wind from the lake, the sense of the nearness of water even when it couldn't be seen. A rich and glittering countryside, strong, prosperous, serene.

"I've never lived anywhere but in Chicago," Larry said unexpectedly. "I've never had a holiday except at some resort. I wouldn't want to live in the sticks."

"I wouldn't live in Chicago for a fortune," answered the farmer. "If I didn't have my own farm, I'd hire out, or rent one. In the city, we'd be poor. In the country, we have our own nice house and big yard and garden, our car, and our self-respect. My wife lives like a lady, by herself, not jammed up with a lot of people."

Suddenly, with a complete and dramatic revulsion of feeling that would have been impossible the day before, Larry hated Chicago. Not the boulevards and the parks and the marvelous buildings, but the Chicago that dealt with him. Where it took every cent of a good salary for bare living, and nothing for pleasure, nothing for the future. He hated Amberger's, and the continual gossip and backbiting. He hated lunch-counter meals, and the four small rooms which were home to Louise and the babies, hated the street cars, and the crowds. He was amazed at the thoroughness of his emotion. How could he go on—go back, feeling this way?

He watched the strong, work-marred hands on the wheel. He was enervated, weary. A great longing came into him

[*Continued on page 176*]

Gray hair isn't "distinguished" —it's OLD

A. A red hair showing how nature distributes the color throughout the inner fibers of the hair.

B. A gray hair, colorless and drab because nature no longer implants pigment in the fibers within the hair covering.

C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plates the hair and makes it coarse, stiff and brittle.

D. A gray hair recolored with Notox. Notice that the Notox coloring is implanted throughout the inner fibers of the hair, with no thickening of the hair's transparent covering — exactly as in the natural hair (marked A).

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Hot, freshly-made toast simply begs for a lot of tender, quivery golden marmalade to go with it

MARMALADE SECRETS

By EVELYN G. HALLIDAY, EVELYN C. AVERY, *and* ISABEL T. NOBLE
University of Chicago

ANYONE can make perfect marmalade if she will follow the directions in this article. Two of its authors, Miss Halliday and Miss Noble, wrote "Hows and Whys of Cooking," a book which taught even experts facts they had not known before. The principles explained here were discovered as the result of research work carried on in the food laboratories of the University of Chicago.—The Editors.

GOOD orange marmalade is a tender, quivery, golden-yellow jelly with bits of semi-transparent fruit distributed through it. Poor marmalade is either syrup with no tendency to form jelly; or if it does become a jelly, it is stiff and rubbery, or stiff and sticky.

The type of marmalade one makes depends on the proportion of sugar, pectin, and acid in the finished product. Too much or too little of any one of these ingredients gives a poor product. Thus a little too much sugar gives a jelly which is stiff and sticky—so sticky, in fact, that it is apt to follow the knife or spoon used to cut it. Too much pectin also gives a stiff jelly, but one which is hard and rubbery, rather than sticky. Too much acid gives a somewhat brittle jelly—one which tends to "weep"; in other words, a liquid separates from the solid part, spoiling the appearance.

How does one go to work to obtain just the right proportion of pectin, acid, and sugar in orange marmalade? The first problem is the selection of the fruit, in particular the oranges, since these vary more in size and thickness of skin than do lemons. All good oranges, large or small, thick or thin-skinned, would undoubtedly make perfectly good marmalade provided the proper proportion of acid and sugar were used with them. But the proportion of acid and sugar required for a given weight of large oranges would not be suitable for the same weight of small ones.

Once the fruit has been selected no further difficulty should be met until the very end of the process when the time arrives for determining whether or not the marmalade has reached the desired jellying point; in other words, for determining whether or not it is ready to be removed from the heat. If it is taken off too soon, there is so much water present that it dilutes the pectin and sugar so that no jelly forms; if it is left on too long, there is so little water left that the cencentrated pectin and sugar give a stiff jelly.

There are two other points which have to do with the appearance of good marmalade. The first is cutting the fruit into thin slices. It happens that we have cut ours by hand, but this is not necessary if a machine is available which will make thin slices. Thin slices are necessary, for thick ones do not yield pectin well, nor do they readily become semi-transparent when boiled with the sugar. Slicing by hand is not a tedious job if one has a very sharp knife.

Another point is that there should be enough liquid in the cooking pan at the time the sugar is added to allow the mixture to boil for a little while before the jelly stage is reached. This boiling period accomplishes two things. It permits the fruit to absorb sugar and thus become semi-transparent instead of opaque, and it changes some of the sugar to so-called "invert sugar," a mixture which helps to prevent crystallization.

Our Marmalade Method

Utensils—Cooking pan, capacity 4 quarts. The one used in this laboratory is 9 inches in diameter. Seven jelly glasses each with the capacity of 1 cup.

Proportions of Ingredients—

Oranges, sliced	14 oz. (2½ cups—2 large oranges)
Lemons, sliced	7 oz. (1½ cups—3 medium lemons)
Lemon juice	2 tablespoons
Water	5 cups
Sugar	2 lbs. 10 oz. (6 cups)

Order of Work—

(1) Select two large, firm, thin-skinned oranges which together weigh about a pound, and four medium-sized lemons which together weigh about 10 ounces.

(2) Wash fruit, cut off blossom ends, and weigh if scales are available; if not, measure after slicing. Cut the oranges in eighths, and three of the lemons in quarters; then slice each section crosswise in thin slices. Extract juice of fourth lemon and add to sliced mixture.

(3) Measure the water and add to it the fruit. Let the mixture stand overnight or cook it at once. We have evidence that there is no advantage in allowing the cut fruit to stand overnight.

(4) Boil the fruit gently until it is tender (about 50 minutes).

(5) While the fruit is cooking, do the following: *A*—Wash the glasses or jars in which the marmalade is to be stored. Place them, with their lids, in a pan, cover them with water, and set them over the heat. *B*—Weigh or measure the sugar. *C*—Place 2 or 3 silver or heavy metal teaspoons on a small plate and set them in the coldest part of the refrigerator.

(6) As soon as the fruit is cooked, remove it from the fire and weigh or measure it. If the weight is less than 2 lbs. 3 oz., or the measure less than 5 cups, add water to bring it to this weight or volume.

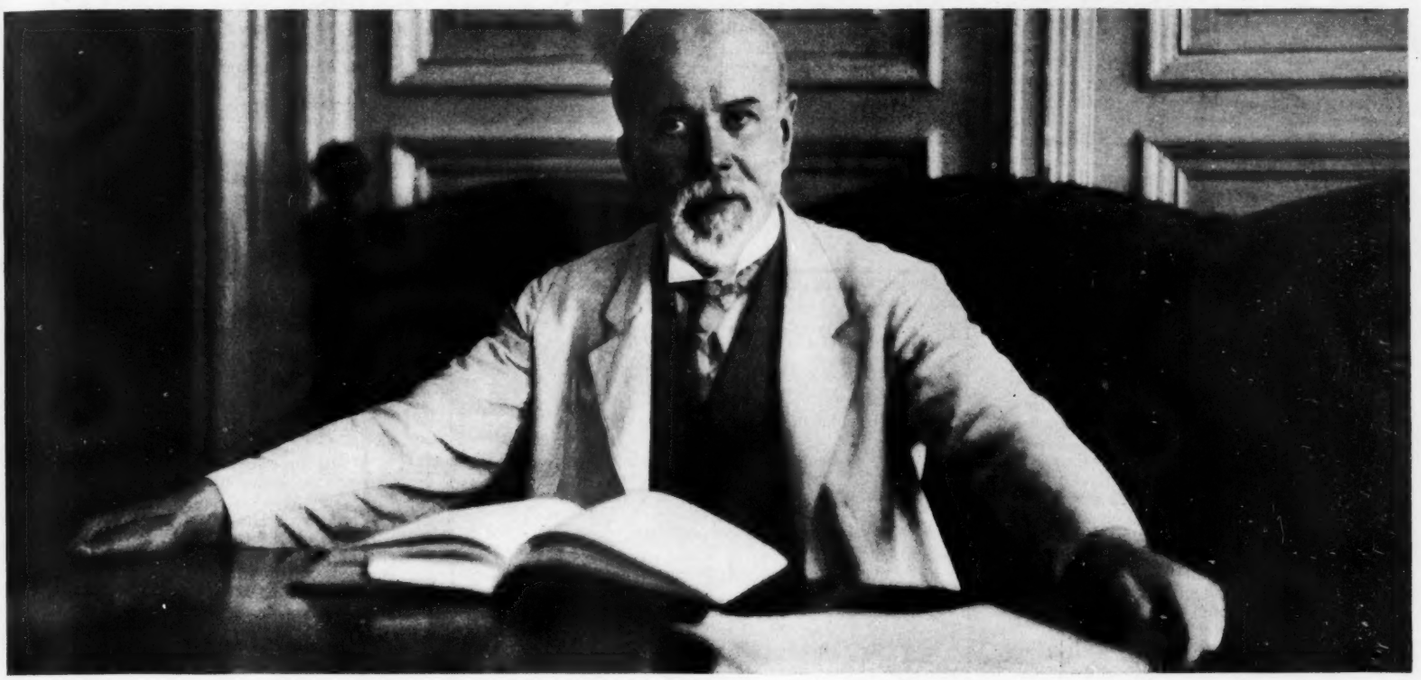
(7) Add the sugar to the cooked fruit and stir the mixture until all of the sugar is dissolved. Then heat to boiling, and boil to a temperature of 217° F. (If a thermometer is not available, note the time the mixture begins to boil and let it boil briskly, but without much foaming, for 20 minutes.) When the temperature of the mixture has reached 217° F. remove the pan from the heat and make the

(8) Spoon Test—Fill one of the chilled teaspoons 1/3 full of clear liquid, using an extra spoon to remove the hot material from the kettle. Replace the cold spoon in the refrigerator, making sure that the handle of the spoon is so supported that the liquid does not run out of the bowl. At the end of 5 minutes remove the spoon from the refrigerator and turn the mixture in the bowl over with a spatula or knife, noting the condition of the underside. If it is a jelly, the mixture is ready to be turned into glasses. If the underside is still a liquid, replace the mixture on the fire, heat it quickly to boiling and boil for 3 minutes, then repeat the test. Continue to boil and test until the desired consistency is reached.

(9) Turn into glasses.

(10) When the marmalade has cooled so that the surface has jellied, cover it with a thin layer of hot melted paraffin. When jelly is cold, add another layer of hot paraffin and place lids on jelly glasses.

"I have treated *Thousands of Cases*"



The famous head of a famous clinic tells his experience with yeast

IN THE FOREFRONT of German medicine today stands Dr. Ernst Kromayer, founder and head of the aristocratic Kromayer Sanitarium and professor in the University of Berlin. During the War, Dr. Kromayer headed the great 2500-bed Berlin Eastern Hospital. He says:

"Fresh yeast greatly helps intestinal action and prevents constipation. Through its strongly purifying effect on the intestinal tract, skin affections such as boils and pimples can be overcome.

"As the inventor of the first medical quartz irradiation lamp, I of course heartily endorse the irradiation of yeast. From my own experience—and I have treated several thousands of cases—I know that fresh yeast, when irradiated, will produce greater results than ever before. The 'sunshine' vitamin D which it contains has an extraordinary effect on strengthening the bones and teeth."

Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins—B and D. Eat 3 cakes every day, following the directions printed on the label. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

Medical Leaders Tell Yeast Benefits

DR. LOUIS DARTIGUES, famous French abdominal surgeon and former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris, says, "Cathartics cannot be often used with safety. Yeast is a harmless yet active intestinal cleanser."

GEHEIMRAT DR. FRIEDRICH KRAUS, the "father of modern German medicine," states, "Yeast stimulates the intestines to normal action, stops the growth of harmful bacteria in the colon and promotes normal digestion."

PROFESSOR DR. GUSTAVO PITTALUGA, most noted of Spanish physicians, says, "Yeast stimulates the glandular action and has a tonic effect on the general health. Its use will renew appetite and aid digestion."

Their experience matches what great doctors say

(Left) "Watch repairing means long hours with little exercise," writes O. J. Schaar of Salt Lake City. "When I relaxed after work, I often had a terrific headache. I was also troubled with indigestion. Fleischmann's Yeast improved my health tremendously. My indigestion stopped."

(Right) "Medicines every day! I had indigestion and constipation," writes Miss Blanche Irene Hill of London, Ont. "Bilious attacks made me weak. Then I developed pimples . . . Thanks to yeast my sick days are now past! No more pains or eruptions. I eat well and sleep well. The yeast gave me more pep, too."

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HOLIDAY

[*Continued from page 173*]

to be strong and quick, hard and brown. He leaned his head back and fell asleep.

When he awakened they were coming into another small town, and they stopped and ate.

"I want to see a man here, Larry. I'll pick you up in ten minutes or so. Will you stay here?"

"I think I'll walk down the road a way. You can look for me, and pick me up."

"Don't get off the highway!" Ralph ascended the truck. "We're in Indiana, now."

Larry walked along the edge of the road and came to a narrow strip of sidewalk that led by some small houses. There were flowers and shrubs in every yard. Three little girls were playing with mud in a tin bucket, playing absorbedly, in silence and haste against interference. They all wore overalls with thin cotton dresses tucked under them. They were barefooted, sunburned. In the next yard a woman came out and put a baby to sleep in his carriage under a tree. Voices called back and forth. Not far away the inevitable dunes tumbled, and beyond them lay the beach and the great lake. In almost every dooryard, there hung an assortment of swimming suits.

The little cars before the houses were unashamedly, cheerfully cheap.

The houses and yards grew more prosperous. Shaded side streets led off down gentle slopes, offering inviting calm vistas. Cars passed Larry rolling swiftly, almost silently, on the dark pavement. Larry sensed comfort and leisure, peace and tranquillity, human dignity. And this was Indiana, where Louise had been born, and had lived in her childhood. For the first time he knew why she was different, with her rigid pride, and quiet hands. He understood now why he loved her and needed her before all else.

He came without warning into a neighborhood of stores. A courthouse, a great clock, a public square, and then, almost before he knew it, houses again, and a lumber yard stretching out over an acre or more of ground. The town was so tiny, one might easily miss it!

LARRY passed the sign and then came back and stood before it. He stood uncertainly, with weakness and fear in him, and a strange new throbbing desire. The office of the lumber yard was hardly more than a cubicle. There was a window, screened and open, and a screened door, and between the two a sign:

MAN WANTED

There was no use. If the job amounted to anything, it would not be advertised so. It was foolish to think of trying to move his family to this clean little town, of trying to learn Louise's ways, of letting his daughter grow up in a serene world, to be like her mother. The wind from the lake brought him an odor of new pine, freshly sawed. He could hear the buzz and clatter of a saw mill out of sight down the slope. The sound of activity, the stirring scent hardened his resolution. No harm in trying. He had nothing to lose. He pushed open the screened door, and went in.

A fat man in a blue shirt look up at him in friendly wise.

"Come in. Can I do something for you?"

"I—I wanted to know about the job," stammered Larry.

The fat man looked at him more carefully. He got up and opened the wooden gate that shut off the small office. "Sit down. What's your name?"

"Larry Donovan. I'm from Chicago. I went to Beach Haven on the boat yesterday, and missed the boat coming back. I was there all night. A farmer trucking celery into Chicago gave me a lift this morning. He stopped here and I was just looking around and saw your sign."

"What have you been doing in Chicago?"

"I've been working at Amberger's Department Store. I'm their buyer in the curtains and draperies, sir," Larry replied frankly.

"My name's Clancy," said the other quietly, and he added, "This is my business—the yard and mill."

There was a little silence. It seemed to Larry that now was his chance to say things; how hard he would work, and so on.

"You've never worked in a sawmill, or around lumber?" asked Clancy.

"No, sir." Larry looked at the small numbered blocks of wood lying among letters and orders on Mr. Clancy's desk. "I've never worked anywhere but at Amberger's. I've been there fourteen years. I've never lived anywhere but in Chicago. I was born right in the same neighborhood I live in now. But it's different now from what it used to be. I've two children. I want to get my family out of the city." He waved a hand vaguely toward the bright world outside the door. He felt that Mr. Clancy knew.

"Married man, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Clancy." Larry sensed that this man didn't care for the sir. "My wife was born in Indiana. She lived in this state until she was twelve years old, when her parents moved to Chicago. She worked at Amberger's, too. She'd like it, here."

"Are you sure she would?"

"I could bet on it. But, of course, I'd have to ask her."

"Of course." Mr. Clancy considered. "Ever done any shipping?"

"Yes. I worked in our bundle room at the store two years, and worked in the shipping room, too."

RESURRECTION

by Edith Lombard Squires

THE nights of winter are so long and still
Save for the wind, that sings too sad a song,
And age-old stars with lights afar and chill
That gleam and vanish like an elfin throng.
So many months before the springtime rain
Brings gladness to the weary, waiting earth
And tells the shivering garden, numb with pain,
That winter's anguish shall bring forth glad birth.
Spring rain at last! What comfort in this sound
That wakes the tired garden from its sleep!
So long it waited, now the rain has found
The treasures of its heart to guard and keep.
O happy garden singing in the rain
Of spring and flowers, and heaven after pain!

"Then you might learn to ship lumber, to pack a truck or a car with the right number of feet, without cheating either us or the buyer. Have you a good eye? How many yards in the length of this room?"

"Two yards and one foot," said Larry.

"Right to the inch," answered the other. "You see, that's of use to you."

"I never thought my work in the store would help me on a job like this."

"All kinds of work is training for other kinds," answered Mr. Clancy. "I like it, too, that you've worked in one place for fourteen years. From the bundle room to buyer in your department. Maybe you've a future in the store. But if you have, you'll have it anywhere. Your future's your own. And we want a steady man who'll stay with us. It appeals to me—your moving your family down here, from Chicago. All the moving's been going the other way. I've lived all my life in this town, and I like it, Mr. Donovan."

"I'll stay if I come," said Larry earnestly.

"COME this way." Mr. Clancy took Larry out of the back door into a yard where lumber stood stacked in serried rows, redolent of resin. Fresh shingles, in bundles, made a hill. They walked about; Mr. Clancy explained what the work would be.

"We need a man for the yard, you see," he concluded, after being quite technical. "I don't know that you'd need experience. Not if you're quick to learn and willing to try. I'll look out for you at first. Our own young fellows all go into Gary and Hammond and work in the factories and steel mills, or else they go into Chicago into the stores and offices. There's a good chance for a family man to work up here, though the job isn't much to start with. It's hard, out-of-door work and you have to tend to it without much bossing. After you can take care of the shipping, it'll be worth more. Maybe you could become a runner, later—no limit to the things you can learn in this business."

They came back through a graveled driveway to the street. Larry spied Ralph coming slowly along, looking for him, and he waved.

"Can you wait?"

Ralph looked significantly at the sign and said for Larry to take his time, and he leaned back and began to fill his pipe.

Larry and Mr. Clancy returned to the office. "If you want the job, Mr. Donovan," said Mr. Clancy, "we'll take you on, and give you a real try-out." He named the pay. Larry turned his hat about slowly.

"I've been getting almost twice that," he said slowly. "Can I live comfortably, here, on what you give?"

"That depends on your wife," said Mr. Clancy judicially. "We'll boost you as fast as we can. I should think you could be as comfortable here as you were in Chicago. Maybe more so. Do you want the job?"

"Yes, I want it. I want to work out-of-doors, and I'd like to have my children here. And I'm sure my wife would like it."

"Tell you what I'll do. The lumber company owns a nice little house about two blocks from here. We had to take it back from the builder for the lumber bill. It's a five-room bungalow, and modern. There's even a fireplace in the living room, and a good yard and garden. We'll give you rent free while you work here."

"I'll take it, Mr. Clancy, if my wife's willing. I want to talk to her first."

"That's only right. Suppose you call me? Can you get home in time to call me tonight? I'll be here until six. And this is my house number, after six." He gave Larry a card with the telephone numbers on it. "You talk to her, and give me a ring. If it's O. K. with her, when can you start?"

"Next Monday? I can finish things up and get them in order at Amberger's, and move my family on Saturday."

THEY shook hands. Larry's face was radiant. Mr. Clancy came out with him and shook Ralph's hand, too. He seemed very pleased and possessive. He told them where to look for the house as they drove out of town. They stopped the truck and looked at it, where it sat, empty and waiting, in a yard where the grass had grown tall, and some late lilies bloomed along a narrow walk. A clean, new, bandbox of a house, with a deep shaded porch, and a great tree leaning over it. In the winter the yard would be white with snow, the grate in the little parlor would glow cherry red in the twilight. A place like this in the city would be far beyond his means, probably for years. And it was only two blocks from his job!

Ralph and Larry looked at each other.

"Will you stop and see me, when you go through?" Larry asked.

"Sure will. I'll bring my wife and boy to visit."

They talked intimately as they went on, about Larry's new life, and the other gave him wholesome advice about getting along in a little town. Larry was wide awake now, thrilled and eager. They went across a great waste of sand and railroad tracks and ran into thickening traffic as they neared Chicago. It was nearly four when Ralph set him down in the city.

Larry was too early for the home-going crowd, and sat strangely in a half-empty street car, and so came to his own corner, and his own flat. Louise opened the door, and looked at him, and then they were within, weeping in one another's arms.

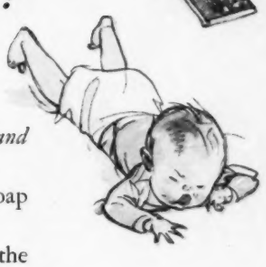
"Oh, Larry—Larry! And I almost lost you. Oh, I knew—even before you called me, before I saw this morning's paper—yesterday I knew you were in some horrible danger. All day I regretted that I let you go alone. Oh, it's been so long since you left, years and years. Don't ever go away again without me. I'll go with you anywhere."

They sat down on the little settee, in the parlor; and Larry, like a small runaway who is overjoyed to be home again, told her everything: how he had met Dorothy, and the fun and the dancing, and the great waves, and the coast guard, and Ralph and the truck. And when he came to the new job, her face shone with anticipation.

Finally she rose. "I must go and cook some supper, and you must telephone Mr. Clancy and tell him how pleased we are. Oh, Larry, last night and today, I knew what it would mean to me—if I lost you—to some other woman, or, if you died. I've been too terribly practical. I haven't considered you enough, but only thought of the future. And it might have been empty! Oh, Larry, it doesn't matter so much whether we're ever rich or not, if only we have each other, Larry—if only we have each other!"

Come into a beauty conference with 10,000,000 babies

they will give you complexion advice - free!



We've persuaded a few of America's youngest bathing beauties to pose on this page for you—without pay!

Perhaps you think it would be difficult for them to take grown-up problems seriously—especially complexions! Yet really they are among the most eminent living authorities on this very subject. All rosy and smooth and contented from their morning baths, they gurgle and squirm and kick. They display their whole and perfect complexions to any and all beholders. But this is *not* mere vanity. This is their way of saying a very simple truth—

"Ivory soap-and-water is a perfect beauty treatment for very sensitive skins."

And you'll find that doctors everywhere know this simple truth, too. They prescribe Ivory Soap for sensitive grown-up complexions just as confidently as they recommend it for the care of peach-blossom babies. And this is their whole reason, packed in one sentence—

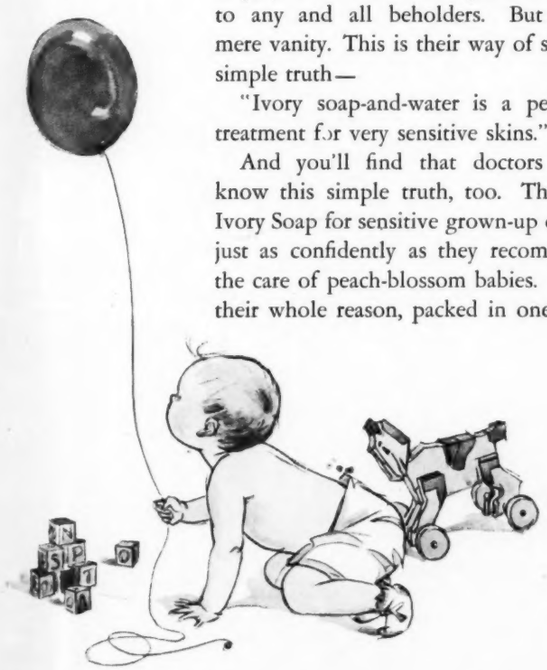
"Only washing with a pure soap and water really cleanses the pores."

Naturally, they advise Ivory Soap because they know it is *pure.*

So, while you're doing all the other things that make for skin-beauty (such as drinking lots of water, taking brisk outdoor exercise and sleeping eight full hours each night) don't forget that a daily thorough cleansing is every bit as important! Every night, let Ivory's pure cloudlike foam clear away every trace of powder and rouge that tends to clog the pores.

Then when your face feels so fresh and smooth and silken, you'll know why Ivory keeps ten million babies from having a single complexion worry! PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free—A little book on charm. What kind of care for different skins? For hair, hands, figures? The "why" of wrinkles. Send a post card for *On the Art of Being Charming,* to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VM-40, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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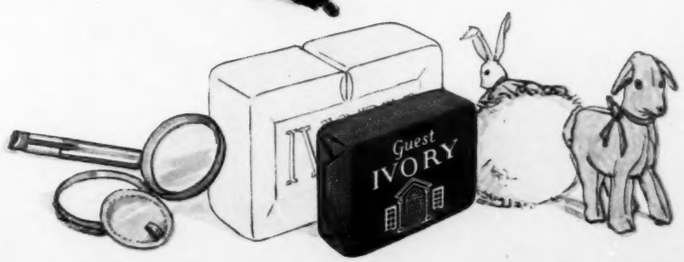

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